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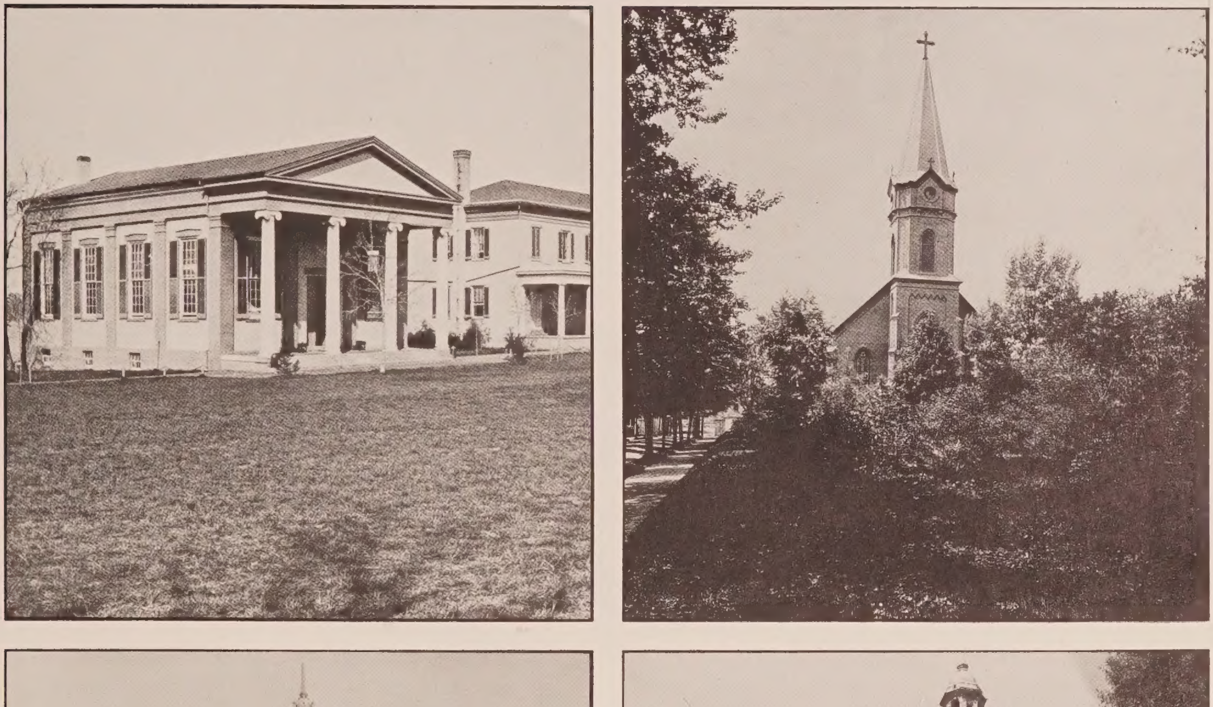

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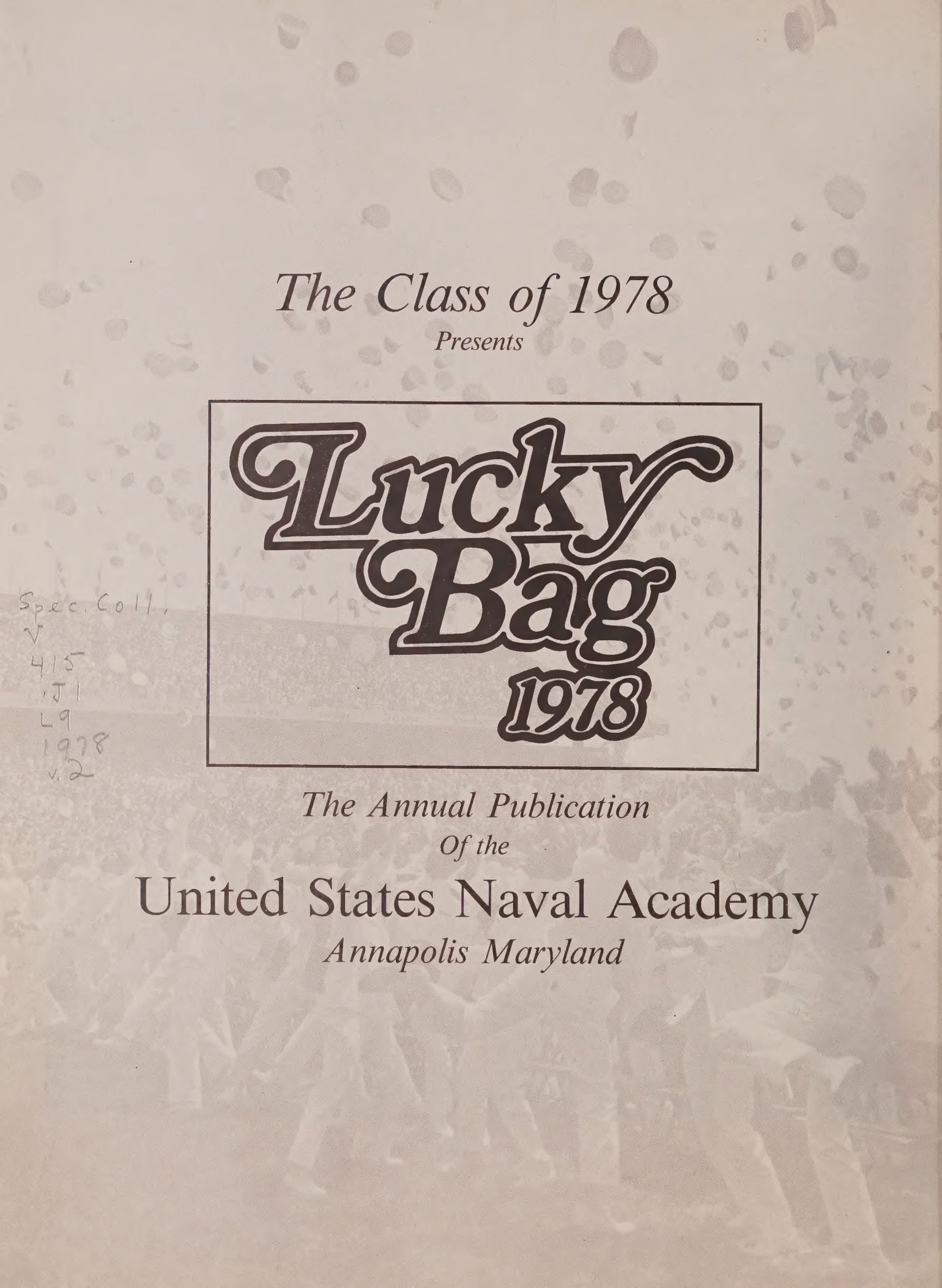

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1978

The Annual Publication
Of the
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Annapolis Maryland

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United States
Naval Academy

Class of 1978

Volume II

Proceedings

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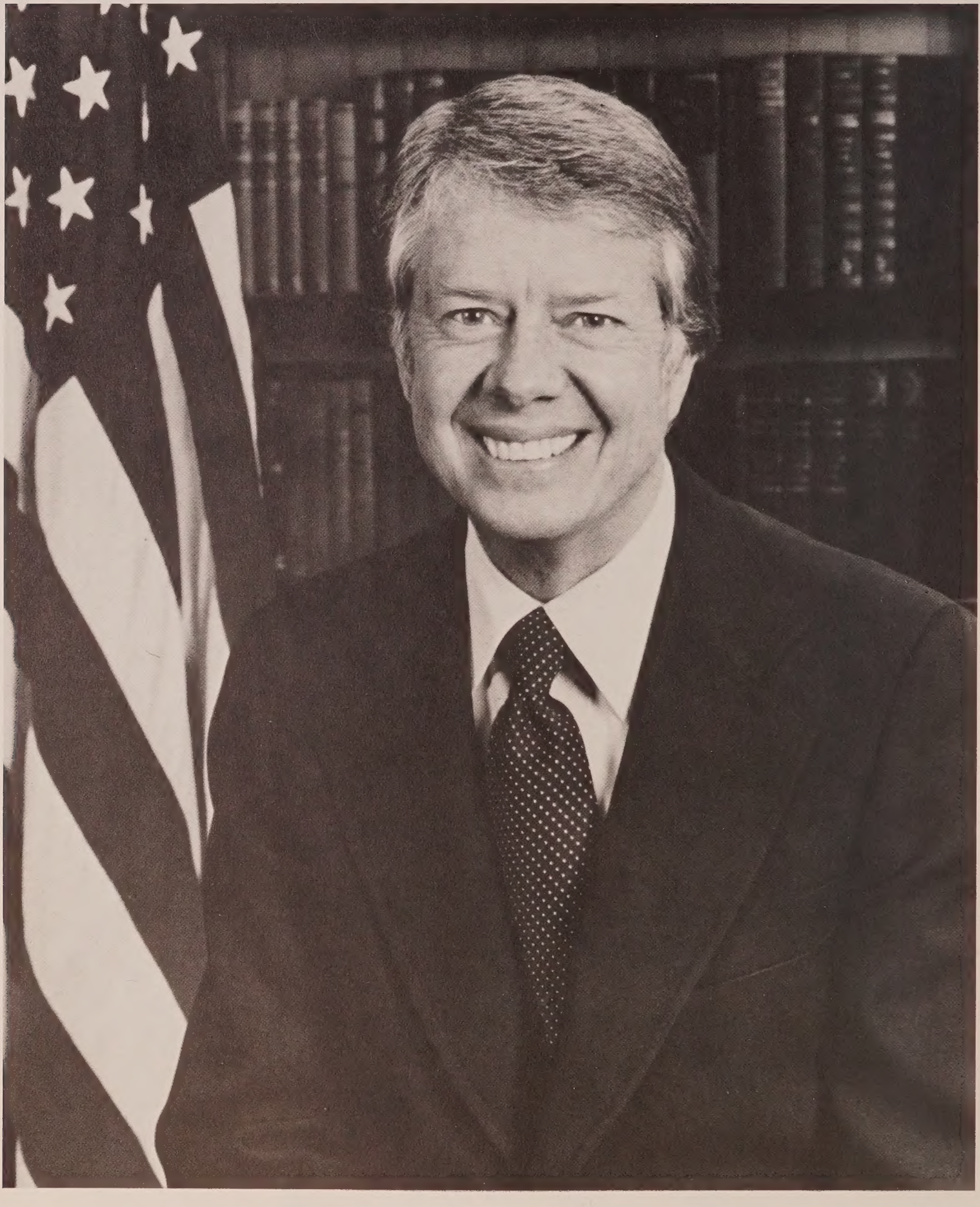

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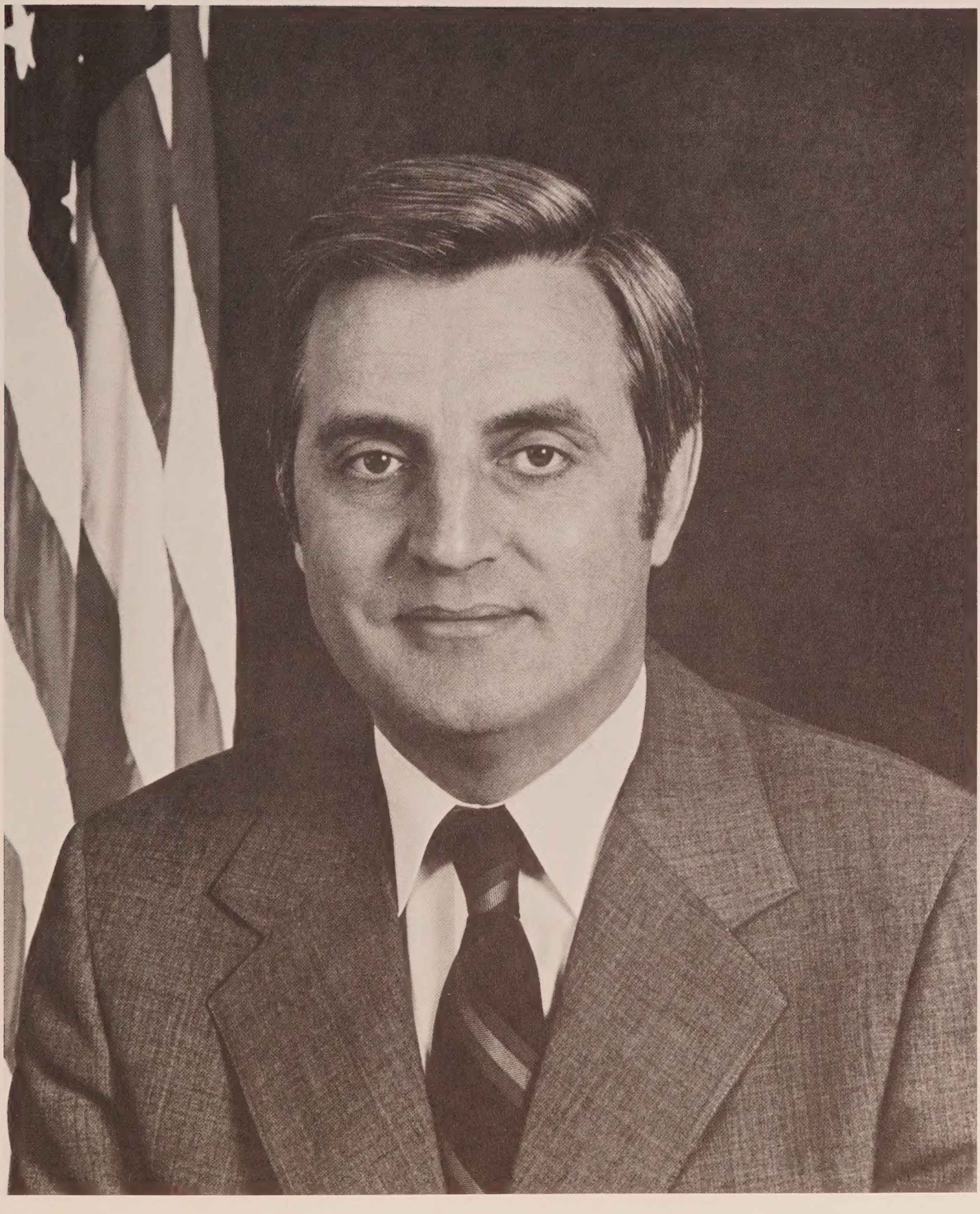

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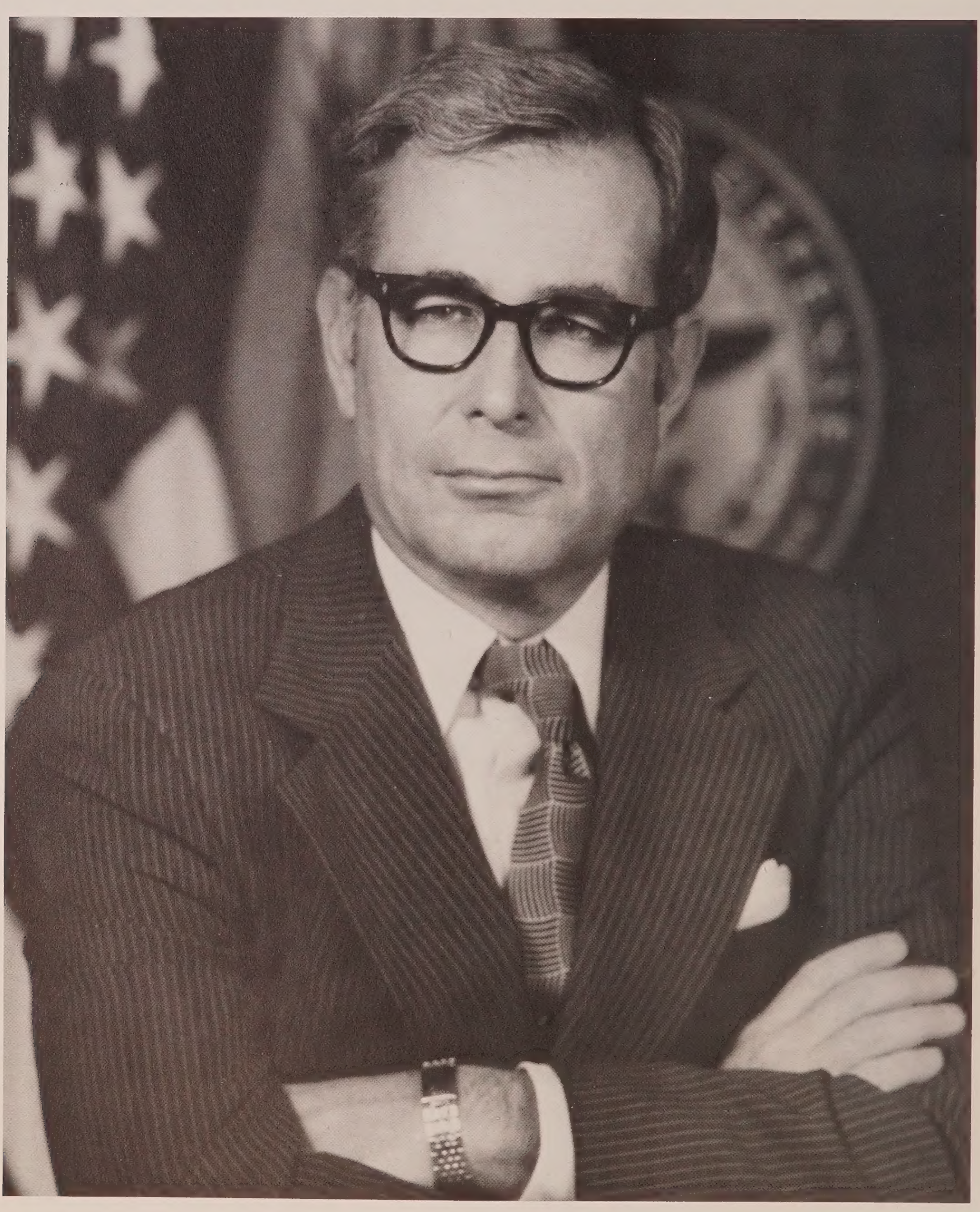

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Vice Admiral Kinnard R. McKee, USN

COMMANDANT

One summer afternoon in 1976 Captain James A. Winnefeld reported on board the United States Naval Academy to assume the post of Commandant of Midshipman. He was a tall, dignified looking senior officer. The rumors flowed through the halls that he was a classmate of the Superintendent Rear Admiral McKee. This was all that was known about Captain Winnefeld.

In a few short months, he began to leave his indelible mark on Academy life and the Midshipmen who attend the Academy. He was warm, considerate, polite, and understanding of the problems of all, from the lowliest Fourth Classman to the First Class about to graduate. He listened, reasoned, debated, and always acted fairly. His support was felt on the athletic fields, in extra-curricular activities, and in Bancroft Hall. He was never too busy to be attentive to any Midshipman who was in need of advice or guidance. During his tour of duty, he was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral

In January, Washington called Admiral Winnefeld away to a new position in the Bureau of Personnel. In the wardroom, during the final change-of-command ceremony, the Brigade enthusiastically demonstrated their appreciation for Admiral Winnefeld. He is an officer who will be greatly missed and memories of Admiral Winnefeld and his wife will be in many Midshipmen's hearts forever.

Admiral Winnefeld has a most difficult act to follow, but there is no one more capable, confident, or dedicated to follow him than Captain Jack Darby.

We wish the Winnefeld's Godspeed and Captain Darby great success in his position as Commandant of Midshipmen.

— Midshipman Arthur J. Athens, 1/c

There are few Superintendents who have worked as dilligently for the Betterment of the Academy, or smoked as many cigars as Vice Admiral Kinnaird R. McKee.

No matter whether he was cheering on Navy's sports teams or improving the Academy's academic curriculum, Admiral McKee did so with tremendous enthusiasm, pride, and dedication. He was famous for telling the Brigade that they had to "do it all," and that the First Class had to finish at a "dead run." He was a motivator of people.

Admiral McKee worked countless hours to make academics more meaningful, and prepare the Midshipmen for commissioning in today's Navy and Marine Corps. His efforts will benefit not only the present classes at the Academy, but many many classes in the future as well.

We shall all fondly remember Admiral McKee and the influence he has had on all of us.

— Midshipman Arthur J. Athens, 1/c

Captain Darby at the Change of Command Ceremony.

Rear Admiral James A. Winnefeld USN

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FIFTH BATTALION OFFICER, CDR. R. BRANQUIST, USN

SIXTH BATTALION OFFICER, LTCOL. B. MURPHY, USMC

ESQUIRE
FORTNIGHTLY

The Ten Best Dressed Midshipmen

Fall Set

Brigade

L TO R: P. GALLATI – 1ST LT; J. WISSLER – ADM; A. ATHENS – CDR; G. RONCOLATO – ADJ; J. FOWLER – OPS; G. MANZO – SUP; J. ACLIN – SUB

First Regiment

L TO R: D. ROBERTS – SUP; S. HOPKINS – ADJ; J. WILL – CDR; M. YURINA – SUB; R. ZALASKUS – ADM; J. MATHRE – OPS

Second Regiment

L TO R: J. MIESNER   SUP; K. O'KEEFE – OPS; A. QUATROCHE – SUB; C. NICKELL – CDR; D. HEINTZMAN – ADJ; J. STANIK – ADM

Spring Set

Brigade

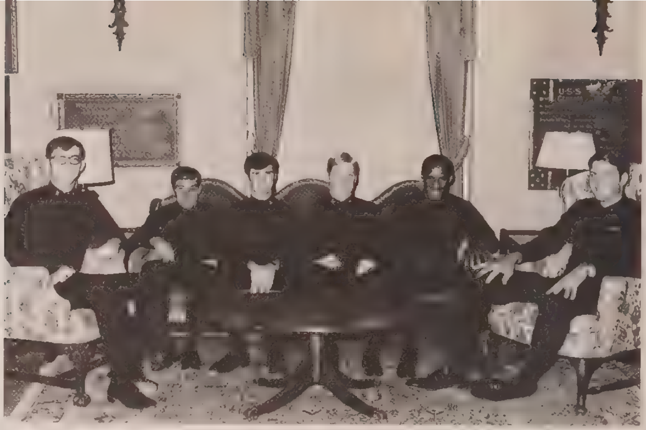
FRONT ROW L TO R: T. MILLER – DEP; D. TRUNDY – CDR; D. BUSS – OPS; BACK ROW: G. BILLY – ADM; L. OLSEN – SUP; C. WILSON – ADJ; C. WENDT – 1ST LT

First Regiment

FRONT ROW L TO R: C. SERIO – SUB; S. PETRI – CDR; M. LAX – ADJ; BACK ROW: M. MUNSON – SUP; R. WESTBURG – ADM; M. MURPHY – OPS

Second Regiment

FRONT ROW L TO R: J. COOKE – SUB; J. OLIVER – CDR; B. BRAVER – OPS; BACK ROW: J. BUTLER – ADJ; O. BULICH – SUP; M. JAMES – ADM



L TO R: W. CLARK – SUP: D. VAN HUTTEN – ADJ; W. LEVIS – OPS; D. MERCER – CDR; J. PETERSON – SUB; B. ZIMMERMAN – ADM

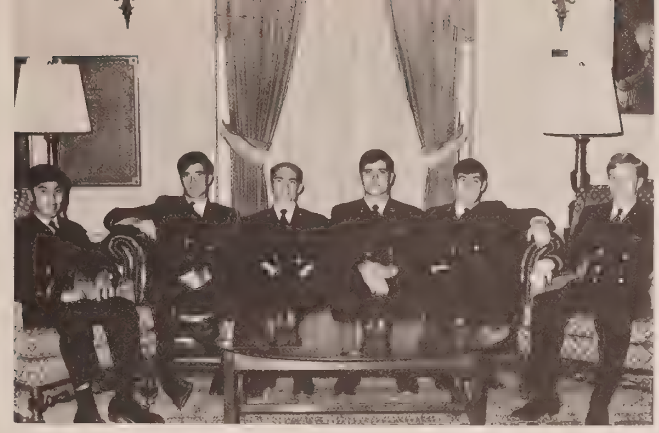
First Battalion

FRONT ROW L TO R: R. CELLON – OPS; W. LANDAY – CDR; W. PEARCE – ADM; BACK ROW: R. CHANG – SUP; M. DUETT – SUB; B. CARTER – ADJ

L TO R: A. BAKER – OPS; J. RUDDER – CDR; S. LANGDON – SUB; S. PETERSEN – ADM; R. SAENZ – ADJ; H. GUTHMULLER – SUP

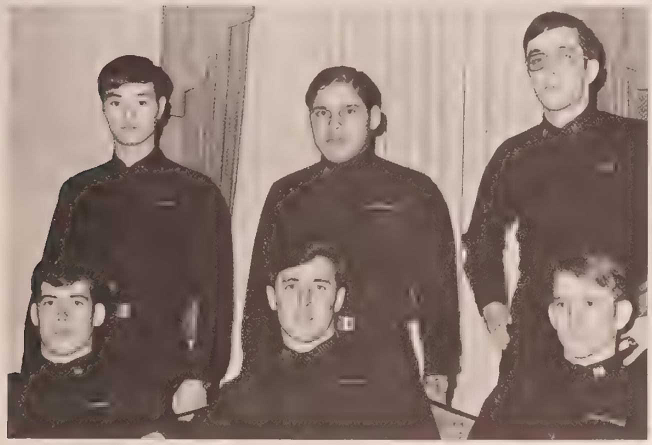
Second Battalion

FRONT ROW L TO R: S. DARLING – SUB; M. FERGUSON – CDR; BACK ROW: P. MONAGHAN – SUP; R. SCHWARTZBECK – OPS; M. LEWIS –

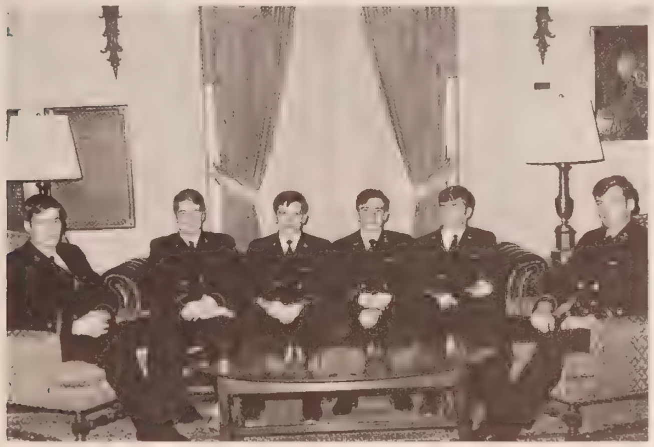


L TO R: J. ALVITE – ADM: J. SMALL – SUB: D. BRUCE – OPS: K. OLSON – SUP: C. JONES – ADJ: C. LEIDIG – CDR

Third Battalion



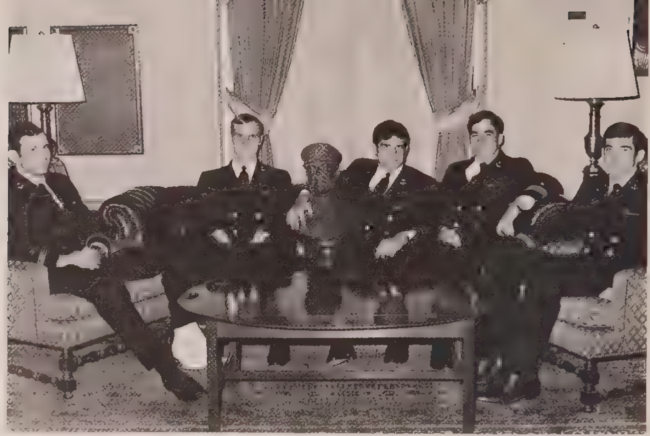
FRONT ROW L TO R: J. ROOT – OPS: J. KUTLER – CDR: F. BOETTCHER – SUB: BACK ROW: C. SETO – ADM: E. RODRIGUEZ – SUP: L. GALVIN – ADJ



L TO R: M. RAUSCH – ADJ: L. NORTON – SUP: S. COPELAND – SUB: M. DUNCAN – CDR: K. SAULS – OPS: D. REILAND – ADM

Fourth Battalion

L TO R: J. ORZALLI – SUB: C. GOODLET – ADN: C. SLACK – CDR: T. ABERNATHY – SUP: S. NIELSON – OPS: T. HOLMAN – ADJ



L TO R: T. RUBENSTEIN – OPS; D. MORRIS – SUP; S. PATERNOSTER – ADM: F. FARWELL – CDR; C. GODDARD – SUB

Fifth Battalion

FRONT ROW L TO R: A. CALLAS – OPS; D. BENNETT – ADJ; E. CALDWELL – SUP; K. NORRIS – ADM; BACK ROW: A. GONZALEZ – SUB: R. GILLESPIE – CDR

L TO R: A. FUNKE – CDR; P. RUSSO – OPS; L. CHASE – ADJ; F. WAINDLE – SUP; D. SCHOON – ADM; G. GORDON – SUB

Sixth Battalion

FRONT ROW L TO R: W. McKEAG – OPS; J. GATTUSO – CDR; M. BURANSKE – SUB; BACK ROW: D. COSTELLO – SUP; C. HUNTER – ADJ

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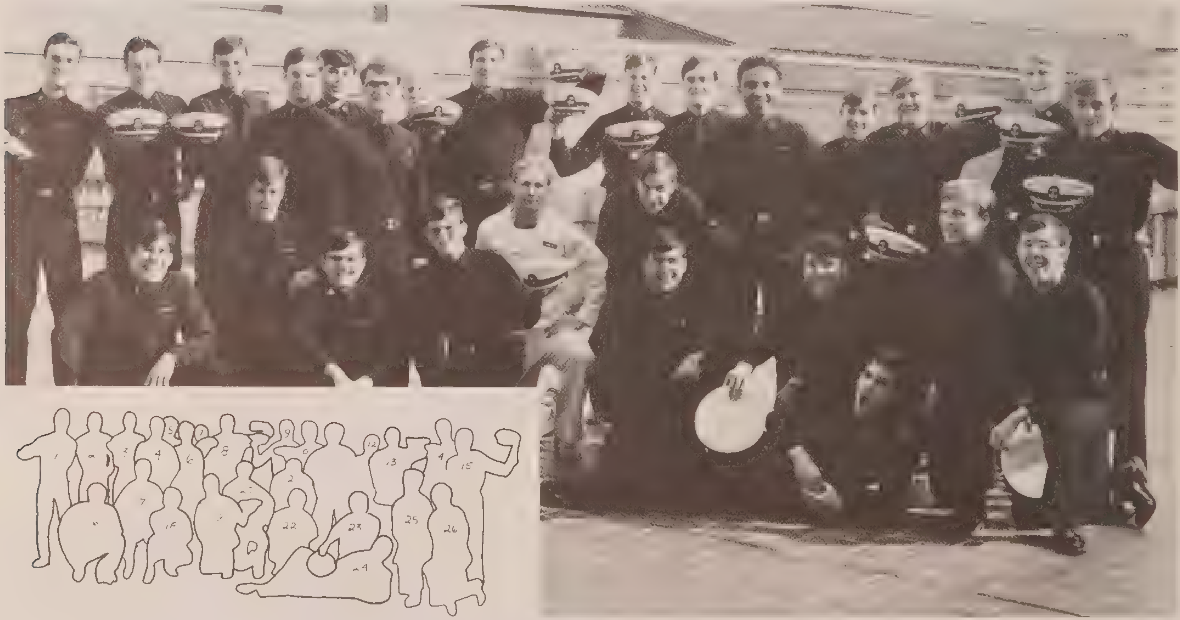

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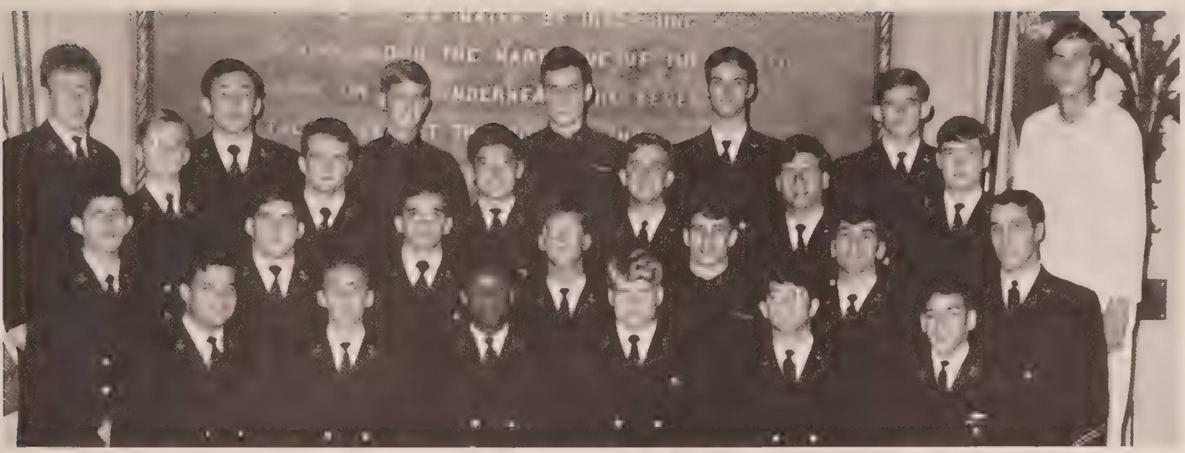

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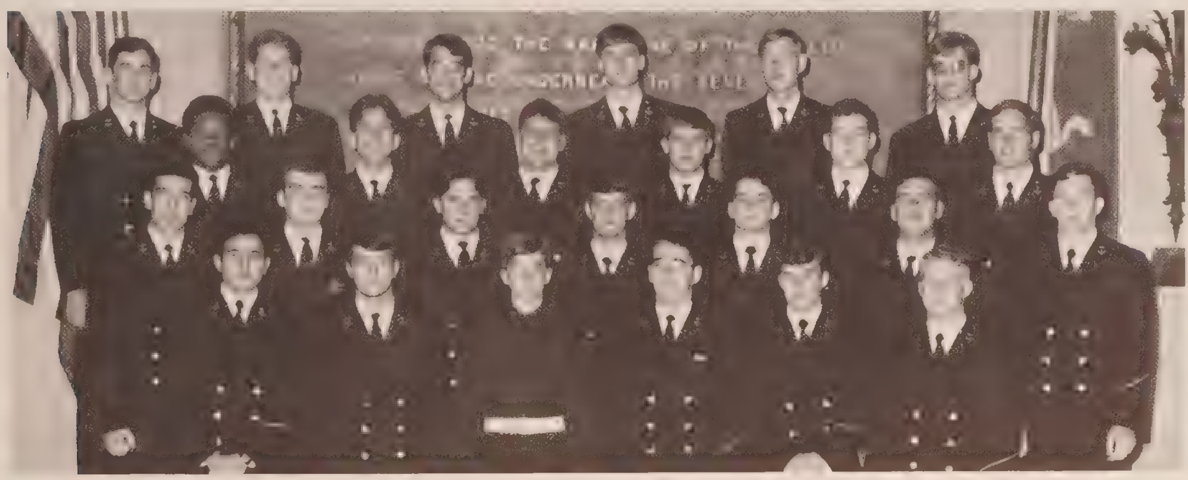

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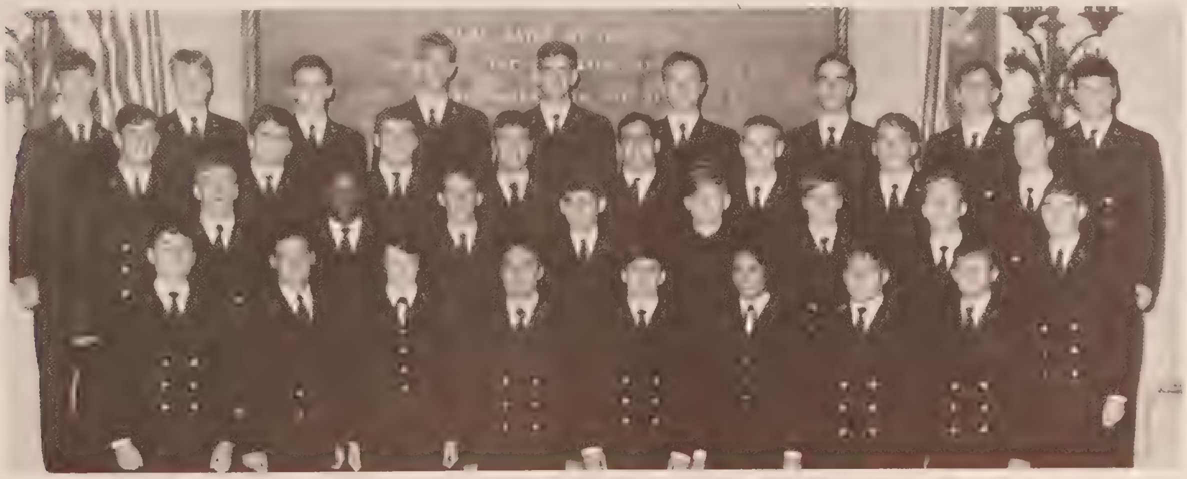

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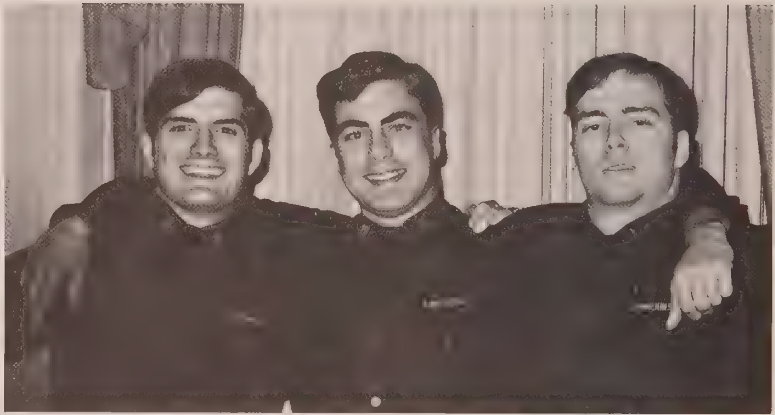

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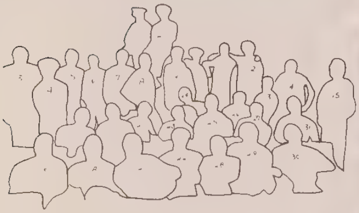

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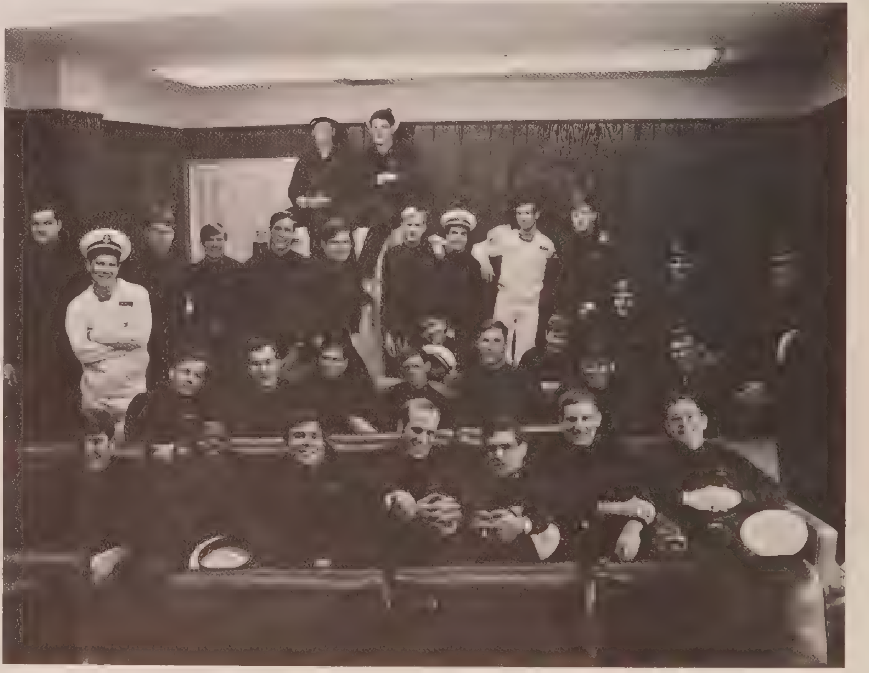

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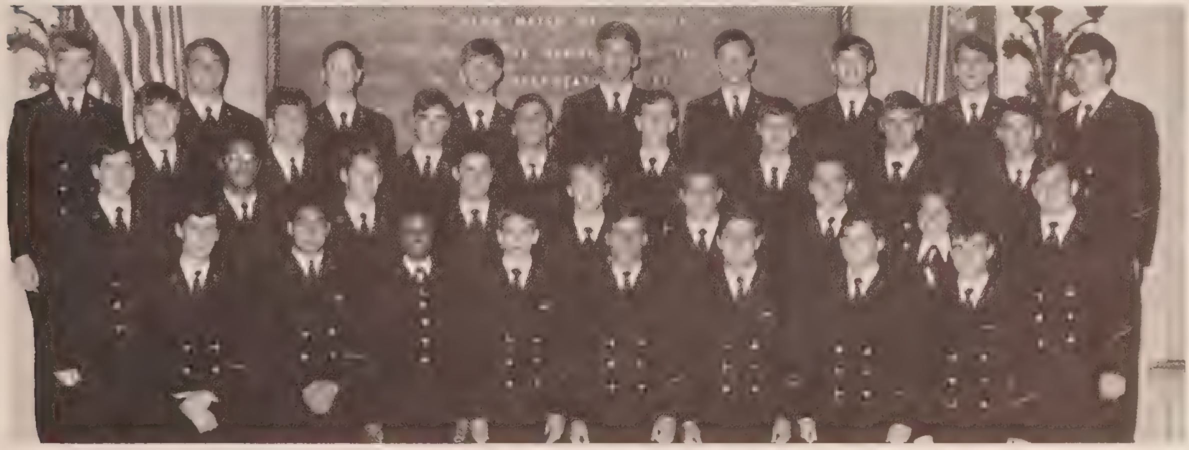

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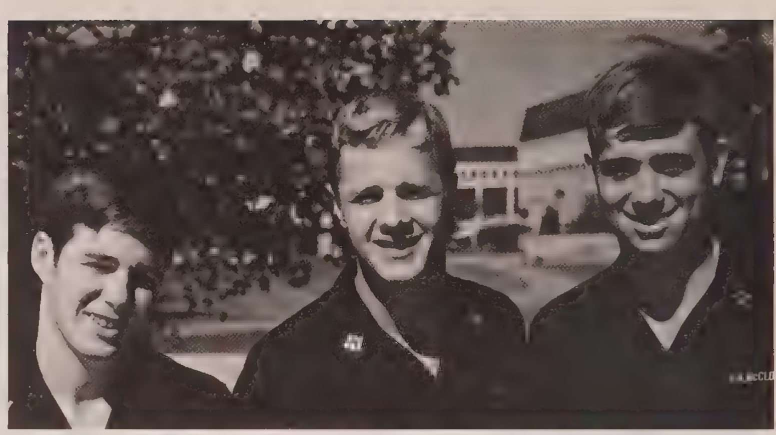

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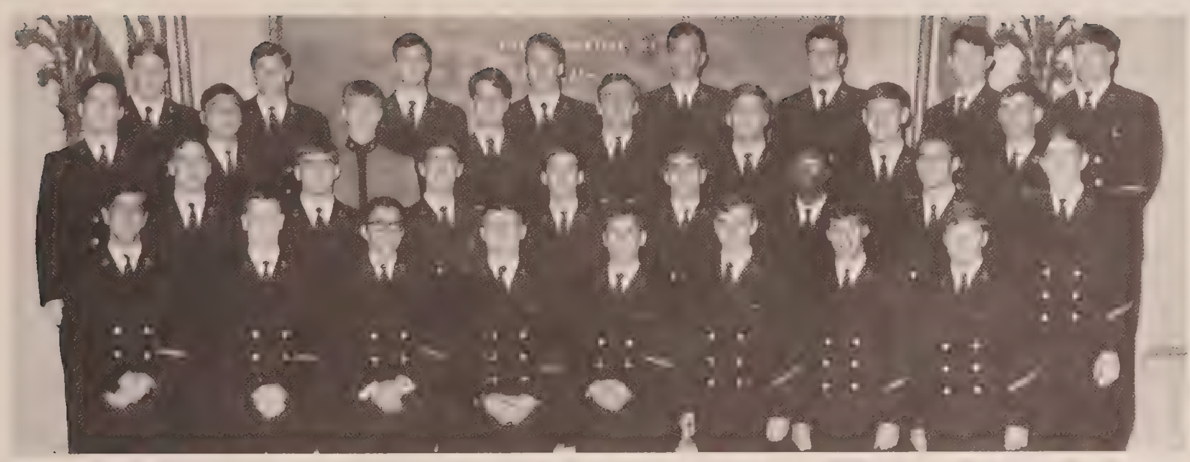

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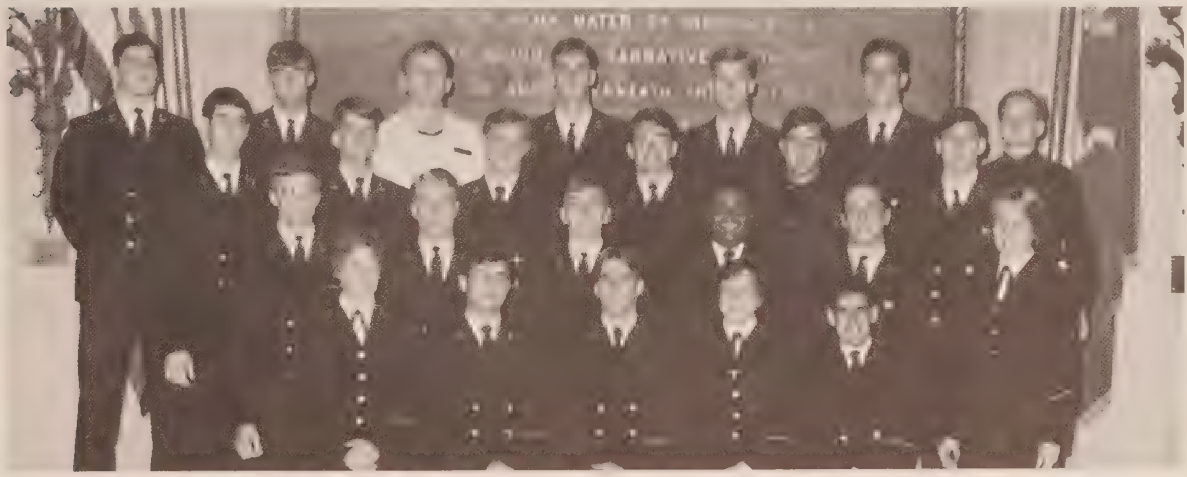

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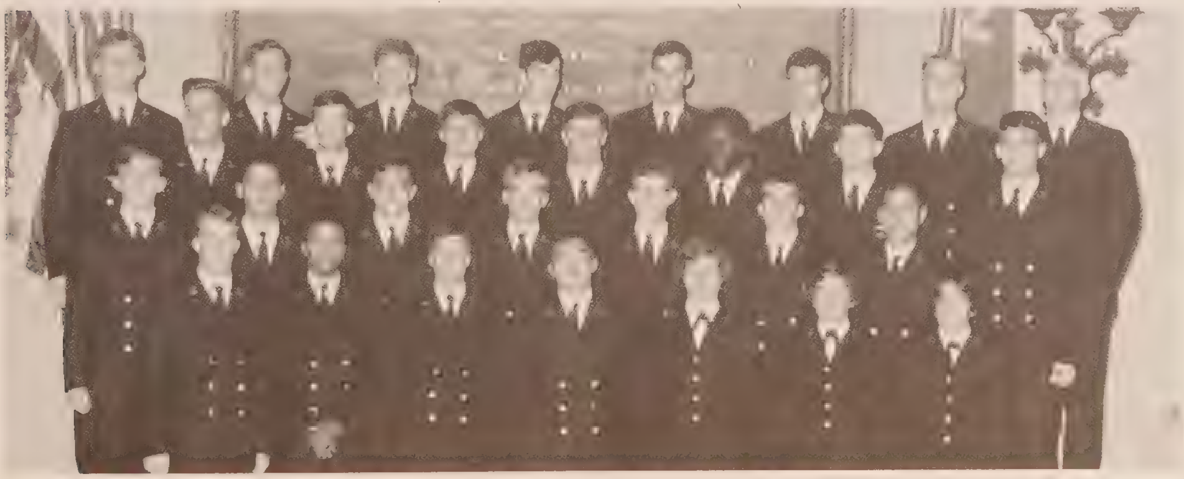

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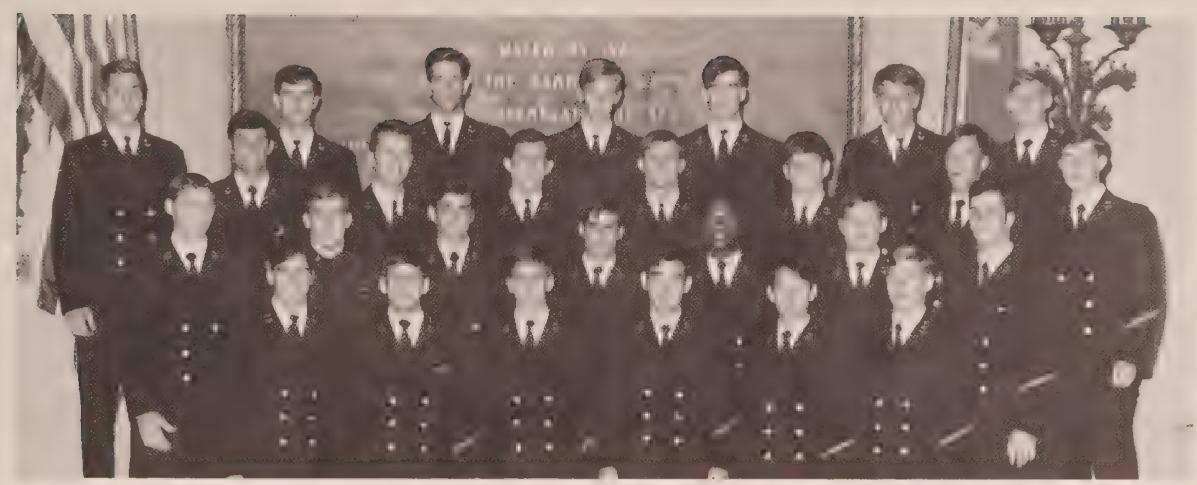
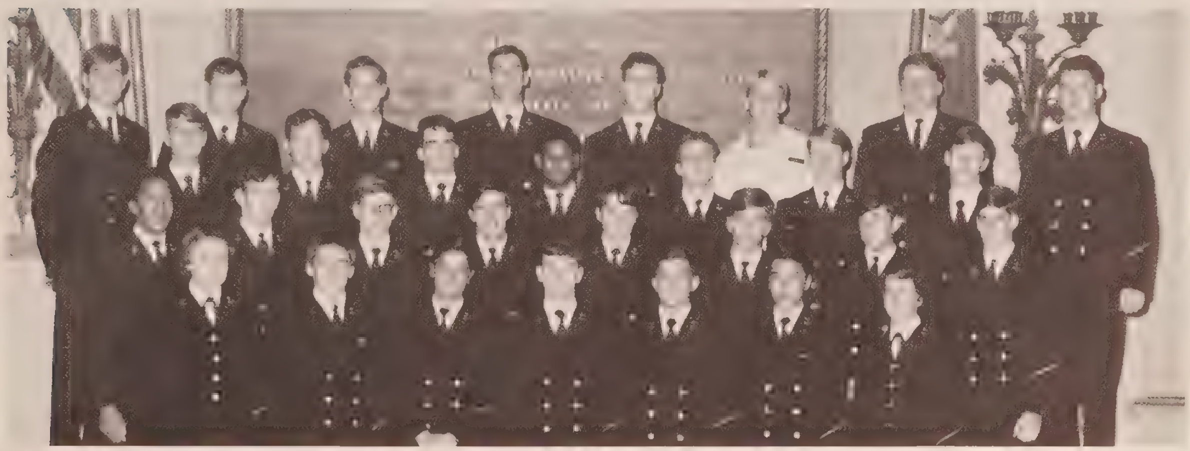
CAO D. MERCER, CDR. M. WARNER, SUB. J. GARDINER

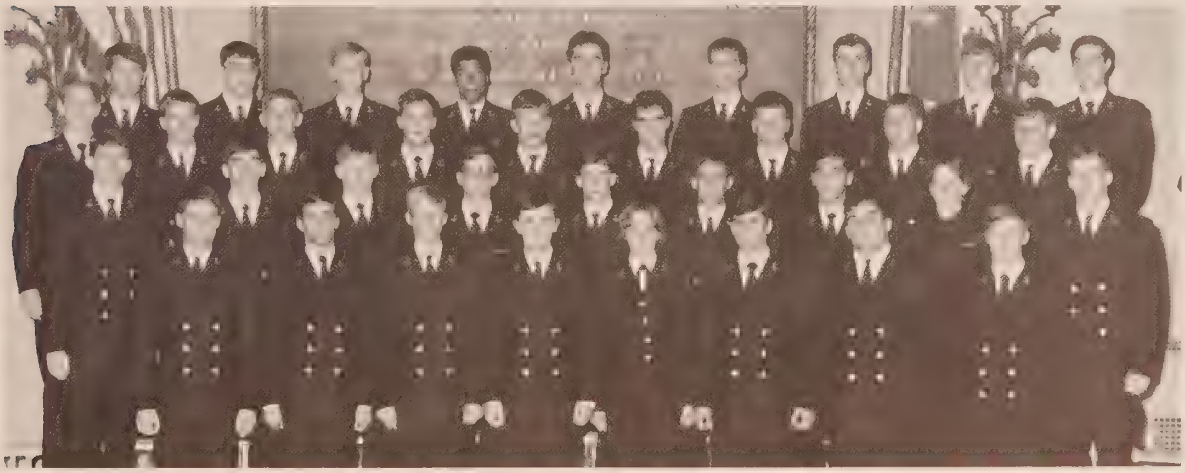
1. M. WARNER, 2. B. STOWE, 3. M. MANTHEY, 4. D. MERCER, 5. S. BARTIE, 6. J. YOUNG, 7. M. MURPHY, 8. K. COLBY, 9. S. LABAK, 10. F. SCHRAML, 11. J. WOODWARD, 12. C. PERRY, 13. E. VAUGHAN, 14. J. GARDINER, 15. J. NEWCOMB, 16. T. SPRAGUE, 17. M. HOLDEN, 18. R. GORDON, 19. P. MANSFIELD, 20. D. BALESTRIERI, 21. R. CHANG MISSING – J. CASEY



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. OWEN, M. BUTLER, K. MATHISON, D. YOSHIHARA, D. AKIYAMA, J. MILLER 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. HOFFERT, K. FRENCH, R. FITZSIMMONS, C. FIRNENO, C. WOODWARD, J. PINKSTON, P. KOUFOS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. DENNIS, I. IKSTRUMS, J. CRAWSHAW, J. CLOYD, L. LINN, M. ACKLEY, P. McLARNEY 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. AMATO, J. STAUDT, J. BRIGANTE, R. CLYMAN, R. WILKENS, J. HOFFMAN, D. CARSON



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. DANIELS, R. WOHLSCHLEGEL, F. NIEMANN, J. McGETTIGAN, R. GREEN, A. GRAGG, P. O'NEILL 2DR ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. JOHNSON, J. ERVIN, T. CALLAGHAN, W. STANLEY, M. CRAIG, K. RADER, M. WACHTER, S. JASPER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. NITTLER, M. WILKE, J. GRAHAM, R. SMITH, M. GRABBE, A. HOOVER, D. LANCASTER 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. ZOHORSKY, D. HARKER, J. PARIS, N. ANTONOFF, B. NIXON, M McDANIEL, T. FELDMAN, W. COLLINS



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. FOSTER, W. CRENSHAW, P. IMS, R. BLUNT, P. CRANDLEMIRE, J. ZURLO, W. TATE, P. HART 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. NOLAN, P. MAJKOWSKI, S. HOWE, S. METZ, M. FOERTCH, D. PHILIPS, F. PITTELLI, L. CHICCINI, R. BALL 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. EUBANK, R. BEAUPRE, J. CRAVER, P. BRANNIGAN, E. JUBA, P. GIOSA, J. GELSOMINI, P. GALLAGHER, J. SULLIVAN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. GERDING, M. BODROG, J. KESSEL, L. CHRISTOPHER, C. WINGO, D. MARRIN, A. HAUGH, F. MOREMAN, M. VILLALOBOS NOT PICTURED: A. ROMERO, G. PACE

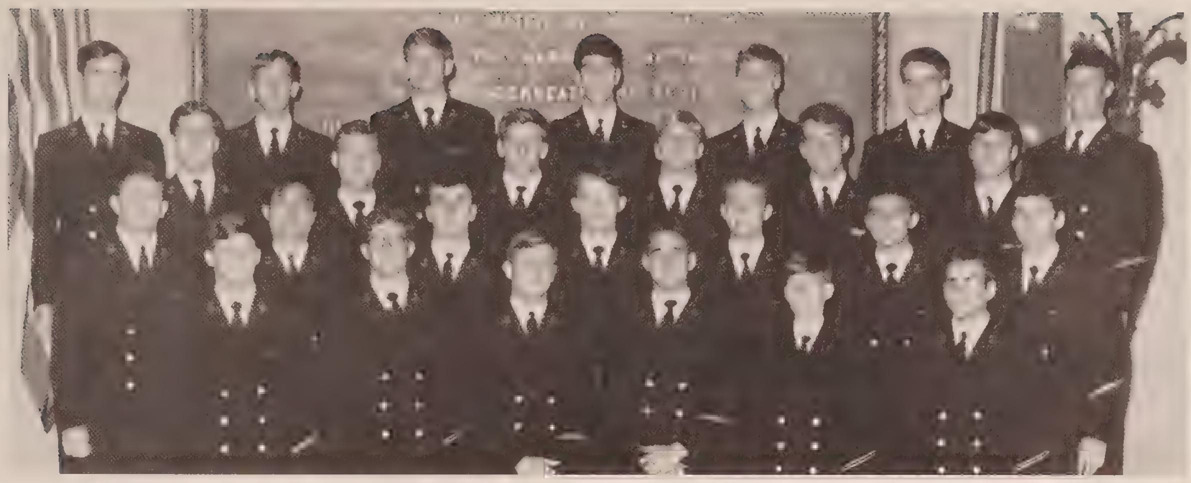
5th Co

SUB. F. HILDER, CDR. J. LADEMAN, CAO W. PEARCE

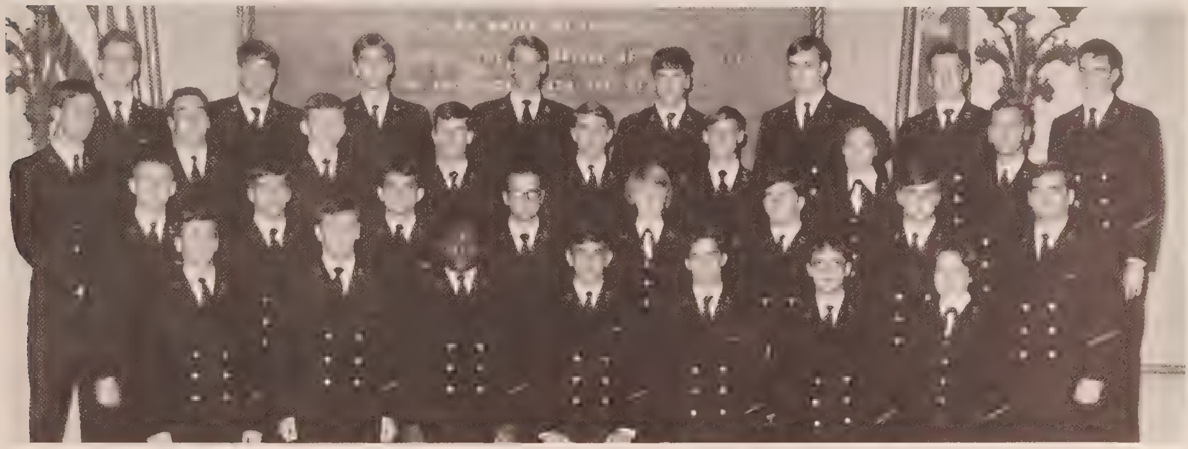
LT S. J. WILLATS, USN

SUB. M. McGEE, CDR. J. HANSON, CAO R. BORCHARDT

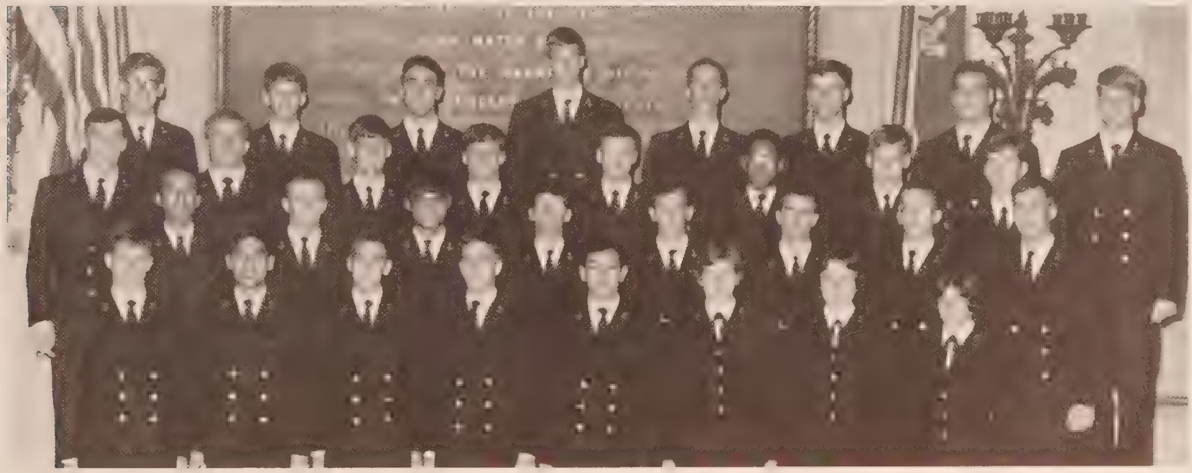
1. F. HILDER, 2. D. KEUHLEN, 3. P. FLYNN, 4. T. RENTZ, 5. S. BRADLEY, 6. C. ESPINOSA, 7. J. ODWYER, 8. W. CLARK, 9. B. TOBEY, 10. M. McCAFFREY, 11. M. MUNSON, 12. J. LADEMAN, 13. B. TRAPNELL, 14. S. BRADLEY, 15. W. PEARCE, 16. G. BALL, 17. D. KARCHER, 18. A. PORCELLI, 19. B. BORCHARDT, 20. S. ZEHNER, 21. M. McGEE, 22. M. YURINA, 23. K. BATES, 24. M. CRUM, 25. J. HALEY MISSING – J. HANSON



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. HOUSEMAN, L. SNIDE, R. REYNOLDS, J. KAISER, T. CUMMINS, P. TETREAULT 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. THORNTON, N. CAMERINO, E. BERKO, S. GRANT, J. STOKES, E. ZEIGLER, A. URRUTIA 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. CHEVRIE, C. BUTLER, K. ANDERSON, J. KASISKI, M. COLEMAN, M. MANY 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. GRUBBS, R. PHARES, J. STUMBORG, C. KUZMA, D. EMERLING, M. SCHREIBER, R. VOIGT

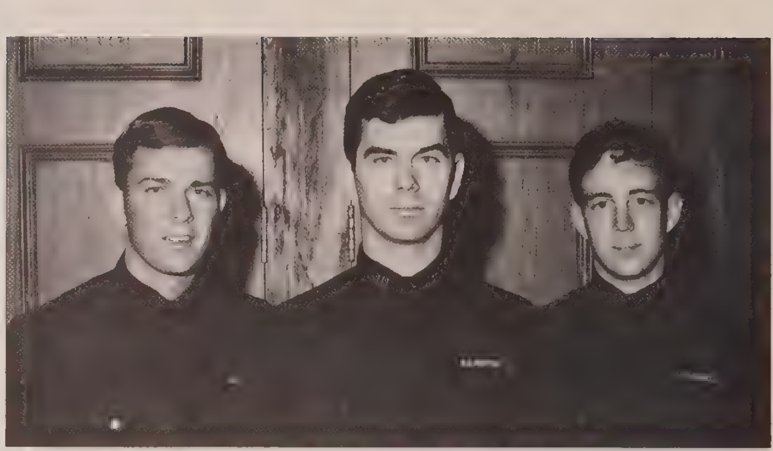


BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. STUEHLER, W. REIF, C. GIST, E. FORNI, C. LEMAY, D. STARR, B. LEADBETTER 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. SMITH, R. JANISKO, C. BOSNIC, J. HERLOCKER, J. SMITH, M. GREY, R. STUCKY, C. MARSH 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. OSBORNE, D. ARCHER, W. BLACKWELL, E. CONNOLLY, C. CHAPMAN, J. McGEE, S. SHEFFIELD, M. LUNDGREN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) H. RAUM, P. LORDITCH, J. MAPEL, R. HUFFMAN, P. DEVLIN, D. SCHRADER, M. RUSSELL, D. D'AMBRA



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. FUQUEA, D. FERNANDEZ, T. MARKUSHEWSKI, A. RATLIFF, A. DICKINSON, C. THOMAS, E. JILLI, R. BOTTERO 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. OLIVER, G. CHAMBERS, R. LADAO, G. SCOTT, M. PORTER, F. ZUCCO, A. BONWIT, J. REYNOLDS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) A. SCHRIVENER, T. HUXEL, K. HAULER, T. PAYNE, S. HAMPTON, R. WARE, M. ASHLEY, K. JOYCE 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. BERRY, B. BARTON, D. TILLES, M. McGUIRE, P ROANE, J. ANDERSON, M. MATTHES, S. WADDLE

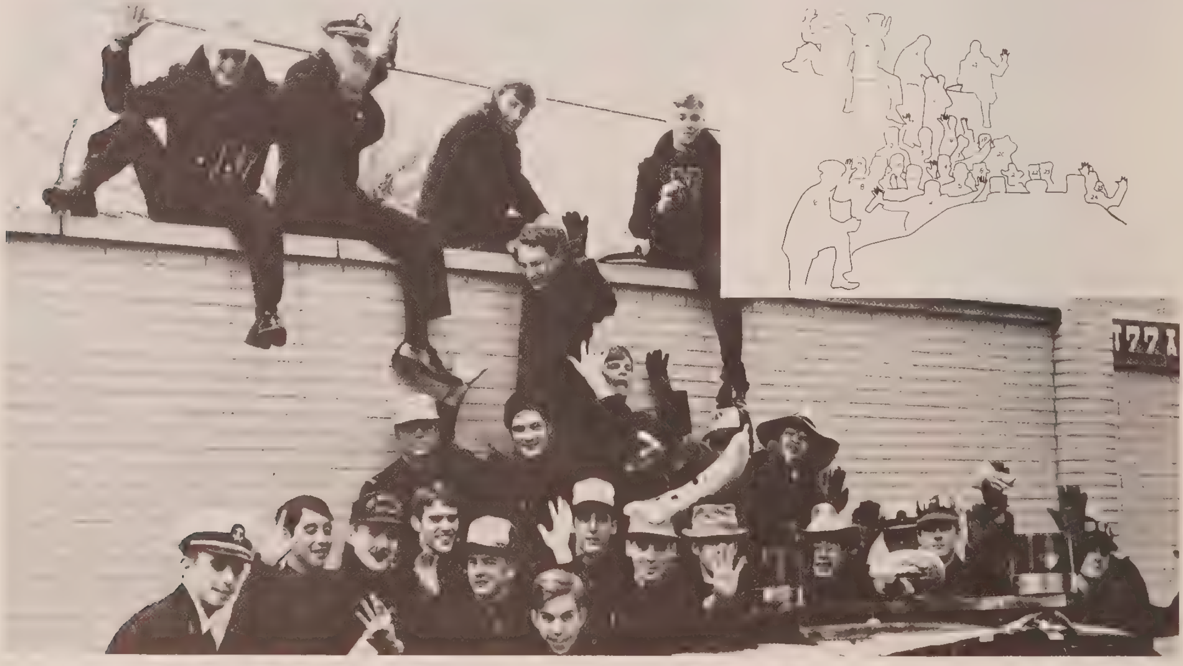
6th Co



SUB. J. O'NEIL, CDR. H. HOPPER, CAO S. DOWELL

LT S. H. STEPHENS, USN

SUB. D. BABCOCK, CAO P. McCORMICK, CDR. R. GODFREY



1. D. BABCOCK, 2. S. HINCES, 3. B. BACKUS, 4. J. O'NEIL, 5. R. DOWELL, 6. R. GODFREY, 7. J. ANDERSON, 8. T. GRODEK, 9. D. SERFASS, 10. K. WAMMACK, 11. M. PATTON, 12. L. RIDENHOUR, 13. L. PRICE, 14. K. STEIN, 15. C. COBB, 16. B. LILLY, 17. J. LYVER, 18. R. KAHN, 19. J. DAISHER, 20. R. LUEVANO, 21. J. PLENCNER, 22. N. CAYABYAB, 23. G. ATCHISON, 24. T. SAWYER, 25. J. PETERSON

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. WILLIAMSON, W. BORGER, D. TAGGART, G. FLESHMAN, G. CURTIS, C. ONEILL, J. SPILLER 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. HOLLY, P. BRANUM, R. KUTCH, J. GAY, R. GAGNE, R. HUDDLESTON, M. RANZ, M. McGONIGLE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. ROHRS, M. DOYLE, H. LARSEN, K. KAKER, J. ZIOLKOWSKI, G. MONROE, P. EVANS

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. SMITH, A. BARTON, L. ROSSETTI, M. MOHLMANN, G. ROBINSON, M. DORRIS, G. CAMACHO 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. SMITH, M. HALE, B. RUSSELL, J. GRUNEWALD, B. GORDON, K. BUNKER, B. BERKEBILE, G. LARSON 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. BOENSEL, S. LAUKAITIS, B. WATTS, F. RYMSZA, B. ROSS, D. HUEY, J. DENICE 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. FITZPATRICK, K. McADOW, J. McGLOCKLIN, R. JONES, D. QUESSEBERRY, E. VANDENHENDE, J. GALLI, K. BRADY

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. NORTON, Q. CURTIS, K. MAHOSKY, C. FRANK, S. SCHAWANG, L. RAMERIZ, J. OSALBO 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. PATTON, T. GARROLD, J. ALLEN, P. SKOPEK, D. ROBINSON, K. COOPER, R. MOLINA, S CHRISTIE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. BRONG, B. PELOQUIN, T. HARTLINE, M. VREVICH, M. OROURKE, M. HANSON, T GAVIN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. NEBEL, J. HUFNAGLE, S. SMITH, F. TEETS, D. WASCOW, M. SHILEDS, R. WENDT, K ARNOLD

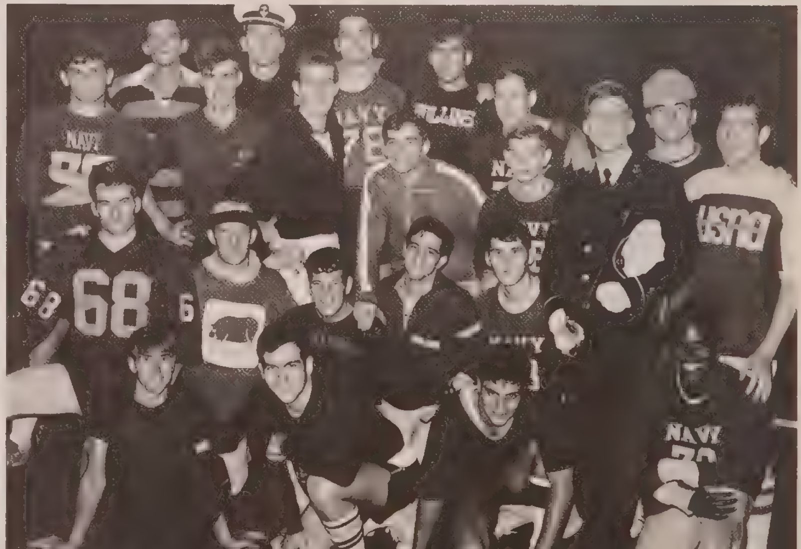
7th Co

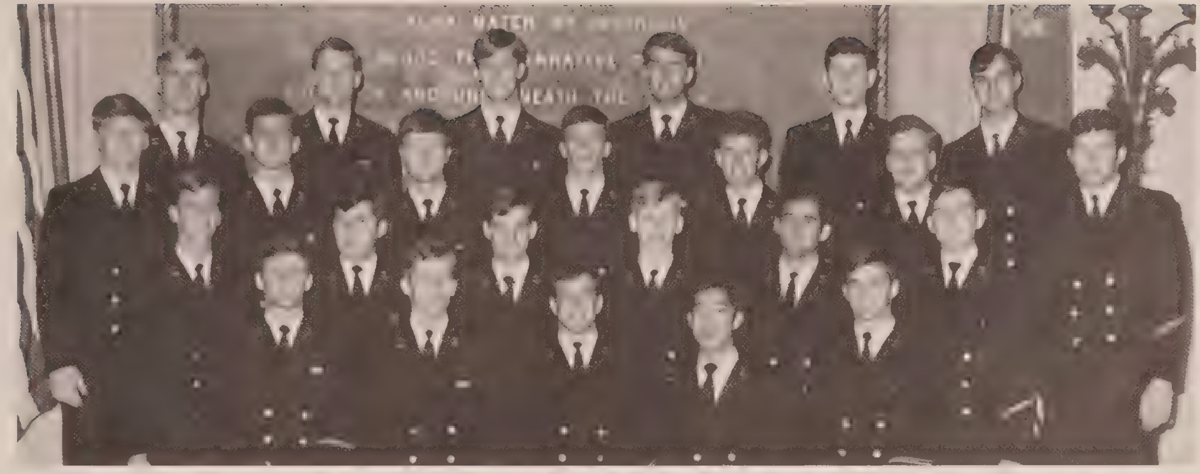
SUB. J. PETERSON, CDR. G. BURGESS, CAO S. MILLER

LCDR R. L. CAPLINGER, USN

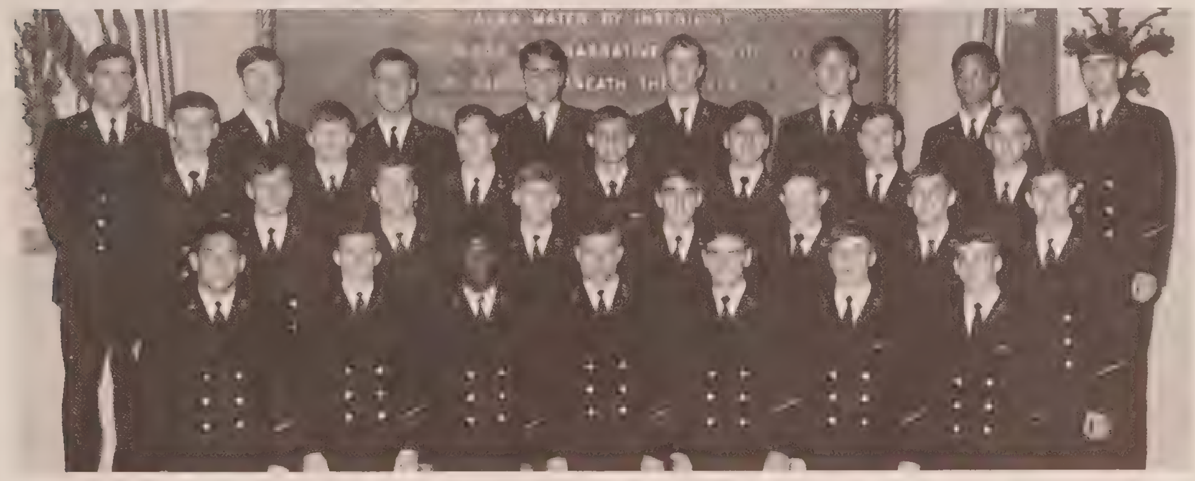
SUB. J. WEBSTER, CDR. W. ERVIN, CAO S. PETERSEN

1. W. ERVIN, 2. G. BURGESS, 3. M. FERGUSON, 4. M. ROBERTS, 5. E. DAVIS, 6. R. WESTBERG, 7. J. CHARTRAND, 8. D. BROWN, 9. S. LANGDON, 10. C. STEPHENSON, 11. D. POPIELA, 12. C. BRESLIN, 13. J. PETERSON, 14. C. HAREN, 15. C. WITTEN, 16. S. MILLER, 17. S. KLOPPMANN, 18. J. WEBSTER, 19. J. CHEEVER, 20. S. PETERSEN, 21. J. CLITES, 22. L. PRINCE

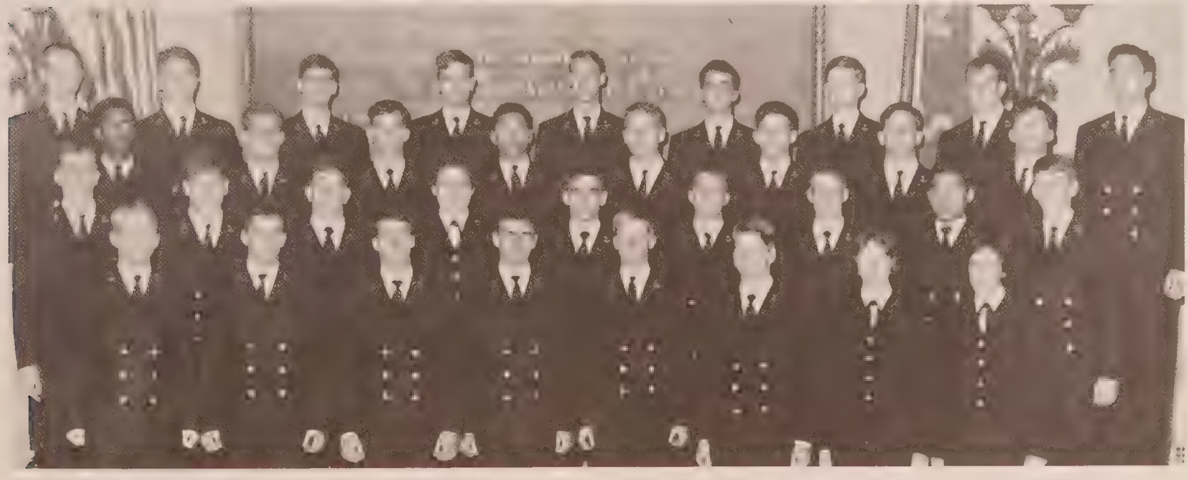




BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) F. PATTERSON, B. BROCATO, D. WILSON, B. PONG, D. PALMER 2ND ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) N. MITENIUS, J. GONZALES, T. WETHERALD, W. MACHT, T. OLIVER, D. STEVENSON 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. LESZCZYNSKI, G. PARKER, G. KIEFER, C. DOWD, J. FRASER, R. LEE, W. HORTON 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. LONG, G. STOUTENBURG, S. MORRISON, J. GALWAY, T SMITH, A. GONZALEZ



BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. MORISHITA, D. FOY, T. JILES, L. HALL, R. THOMPSON, D. VAUGHAN, S. CATHCART 2ND ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. COX, M FITZGERALD, K. BADEN, F GAITON, S. BARBOUR, C. SUTTER, M. BOROWSKI 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. LEPPER, D. FORSYTHE, G MORISSETTE, D. KISH, R. FRIDDLE, J. WELLS, M. HAHN 4TH ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. CASTLEMAN, J. GIBSON, R PARNEL, R POWERS, C CONROY, W CLEMENT, E. BROOKS, R PETERSON



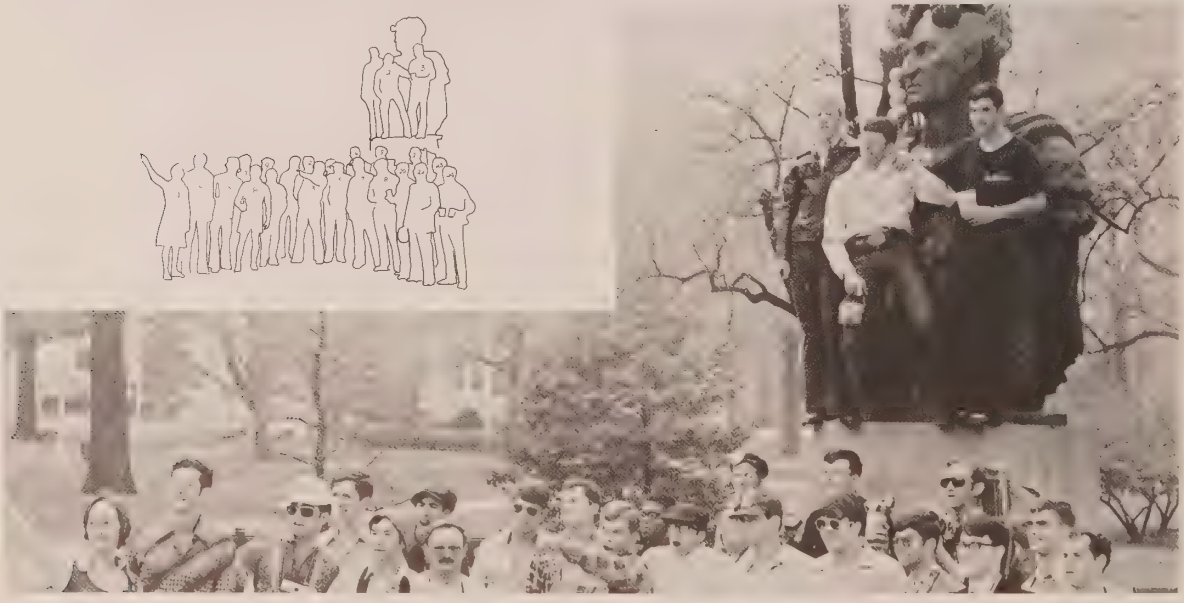
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. PEABODY, A. GORIE, J. WELCH, G. HENNING, J. WILSON, J. SPALDING, L. YATES, L. HANKS 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. RODGERS, T. FLEISHER, M. KELAHAN, B. BOSKA, D. WAGNER, J. WOOKEY, M. SCHMID, E. BARRERA, T. HELLMAN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. BUTTS, D. MacDONALD, R. HARKINS, T. QUINTERO, G. JONES, T. HOMAN, C. MORRISON, S. HANLEY 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. LIPPOLD, R. TRENTI, J. GALLIADI, D WARREN, P. LEWIS, S. WHITFIELD, R. TAYLOR, G. HITT, C. AYUSO

8th Co

SUB. M. McCRABB, CDR. D. BOLAND, CAO K. WALSH

LT G. R. KNIERIEM, USN

CAO D. TOPOLEWSKI, CDR. R. CHAPMAN, SUB. S. HOLMAN



1. G. SHIPMAN, 2. D. TOPOLEWSKI, 3. J. HOLLYER, 4. TOUR GUIDE, 5. S. HOLMAN, 6. M. HURLEY, 7. P. MONAGHAN, 8. K. ROEY, 9. K. WRAY, 10. TOURIST, 11. J. ADOLPH, 12. K. WALSH, 13. B. ROCHON, 14. W. ROBINSON, 15. T. STARK, 16. W. TALLMAN, 17. A. WELCH, 18. J. OLDHAM, 19. D. BOLAND, 20. J. GONZALES, 21. V. MOORE, 22. R. CHAPMAN, 23. J. WILL, 24. M. McCRABB NOT PICTURED: J. COSTELLO, R. STIVERS, D. LOTT, G. MANKEY

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. KENNEDY, H. LYON, R. LARYS, R. GARCIA, M. WEISS, M. SEAMAN, J. WALLIN 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. TOLIS, R. ROLL, R. BOND, R. DUPUIS, J. BURTON, P. SHEPARD, T. SUMMEROUR, B. ZELL 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. MILLER, N. LARIMER, B. DERODS, J. KORCAL, G. LABUDA, J. LYONS, J. FROST, R. LEEKER NOT PICTURED: T. THOMPSON

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. SECOR, J. SPEER, A. SABALLA, D. ANDERSON, B. HUDSON, C. SPOHNHOLZ, B. SMITH 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) L. DATO, J. McCARTHY, J. GARRETT, W. NIXON, M. GUIDOBONI, J. SMITH, B. MARKS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. CALLAHAN, G. JOY, E. SPEAR, J. HUCK, R. SCHOENECK, D. YOUNG, M. ALES 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) A. BARTOW, R. McINNES, M. SEAWARD, B. SMITH, J. COLEMAN, D. KING NOT PICTURED: J. BROWNLOWE, S. STAPLER. S. MOREAU

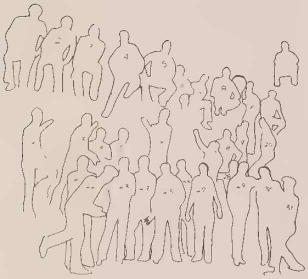
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. CAUSEY, M. McCORMICK, J. ATANGAN, T. WEBER, J. SNEVELY, J. SALYER, R BUTLER, M. YOUNGBLOOD 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. KROCK, H. FERREL, M. MOORE, N. KUSUMOTO, W. HIGGINS, T. GRIMM, M. GEOGHEGAN, D. SCHOENE, P. KELLER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. HANEY, J. CALDWELL, R. BEATON, R. FANNEY, W. JOHNSON, M. DAVIS, K. RHODES, D. GILLILAND, T. LANSDALE 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. PAULSON, A. HENSCH, J. BISHOP, J. FOGGO, M. BRADLEY, P. STATION, D. CASE, M. WILSON, R. VESSELS NOT PICTURED: B. JOHNSTON, M. SHERLOCK

9th Co

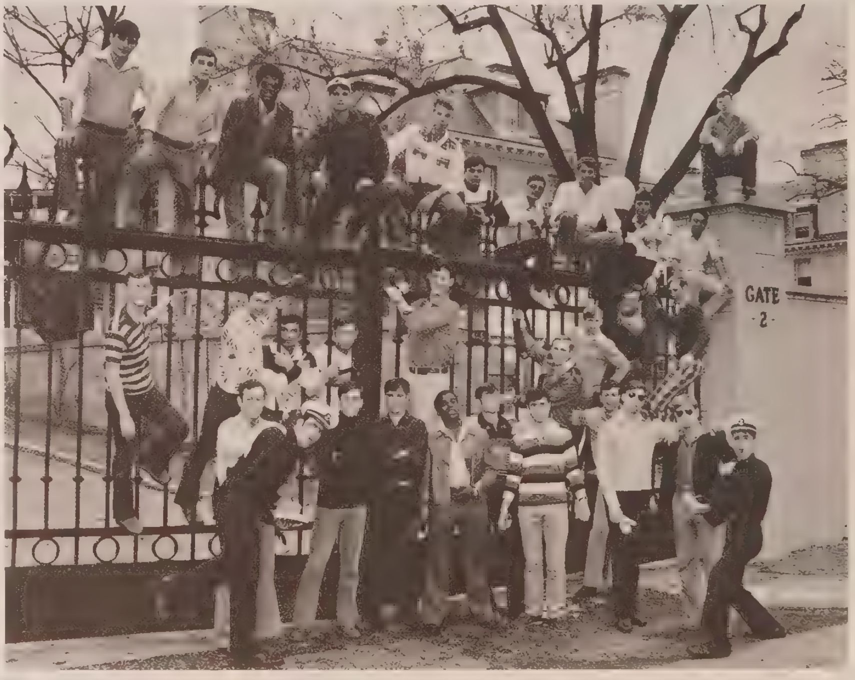
CAO M. SAGNESS, CDR. W. MILES, SUB. G. HERRAULT

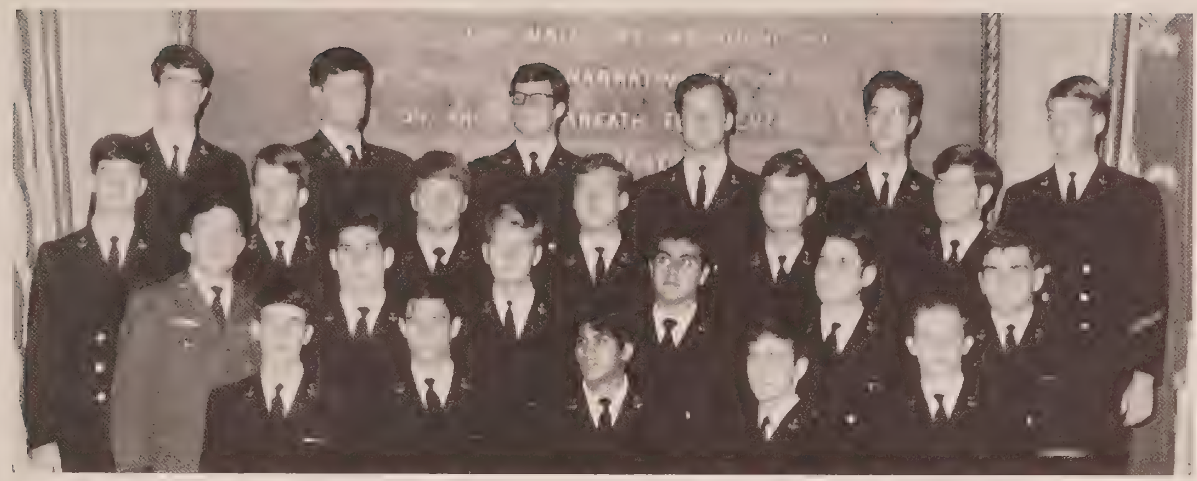
LT J. M. GARMAN, USN

SUB. M. FISK, CDR. D. SMITH, CAO. M. RUTH

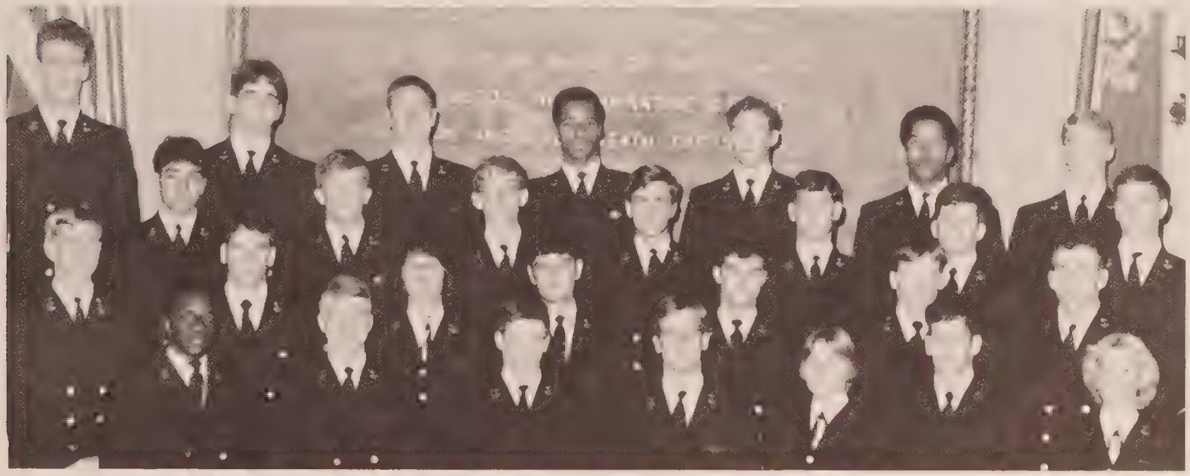


1. L. PRICE, 2. S. BRADY, 3. B. GOODMAN, 4. B. MILES, 5. L. YARBERRY, 6. J. SPEGELE, 7. F. SHUTT, 8. T. GLASGOW, 9. D. SMITH, 10. W. LEONG, 11. R. BARTH, 12. T. GOODWIN, 13. M. HARING, 14. G. HERRAULT, 15. S. STAFFORD, 16. D. MCCREADY, 17. M. MATACZ, 18. L. TUCKER, 19. C. WEILLER, 20. B. ZALASKUS, 21. R. SCHWARTZBECK, 22. C. JENSEN, 23. M. FISK, 24. M. SAGNESS, 25. H. WOODS, 26. S. OLECHNOWICZ, 27. M. RUTH, 28. J. ROSA, 29. S. KORONKA, 30. K. FOLEY, 31. J. FERNANDEZ

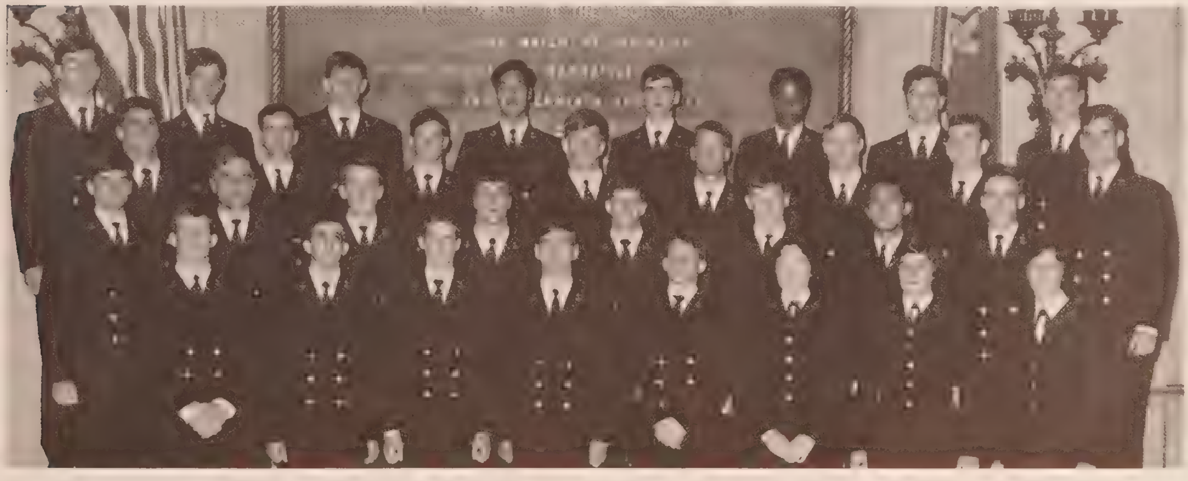




BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. TOTI, J. BRUMMETT, G. ADAN, G. STAHL, K. BECKER 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. SCHUBERT, M. MARCIANO, M. STATLER, S. ATTAIE, D. PATTON, T. CONCANNON 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. PRICE, R. VANDERMERKEN, M. SHELL, P. CORKILL, S. FILLIPOW, J. LEMMONS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. STEPHENSON, L. REESE, G. COSTELLO, C. JACOBS, P. NICOLAI, J. MCCLOSKEY

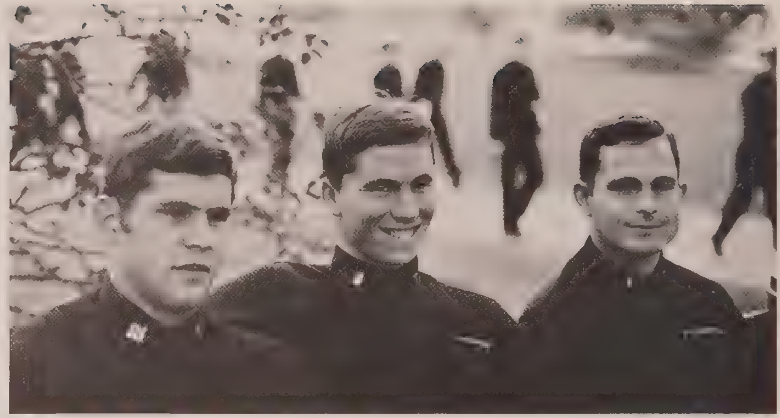


BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) E. GAY, B. KASTNER, D. STREED, L. SMITH, J. KOTOVSKY, M. GRISSOM, P. MURPHY 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. WETMORE, K. SCOTT, S. GRUBBS, B. INCZE, M. SOWELL, S. STANKO, J. MARTINSON 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. RIVERA, R. STOTTS, KENYON HISER, M. CHAPLIN, R. LOYER, J. HILL, F. DIEMER 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. DAVENPORT, R. FARLEY, E. BAYLOR, K. LINDSEY, D. SCOVIL, J. WALKER, M. BUDNEY



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. HUSS, P. BARNA, M. MCCLARY, R. SCOTT, F. FLIGHT, L. VOSBURY, C. GILLILAND, J. JOYCE 2ND ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. MAYER, M. PARKE, J. PUTTRE, C. SNYDER, F. CARTER, E. LINDENBAUM, E. AMENG, D. GALASKA 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. WASHINGTON, T. MOORE, D. SPANGLER, M. BEHL, D. MCGARVEY, L HUMPTON, M. CALDWELL, M. VANBROCKLIN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. MURTHA, K. KENNEDY, G. STASCO, S. LARIOZA, R. WINSOR, R. ABERNATHY, J. HAMILL, P. CAREY

10th Co

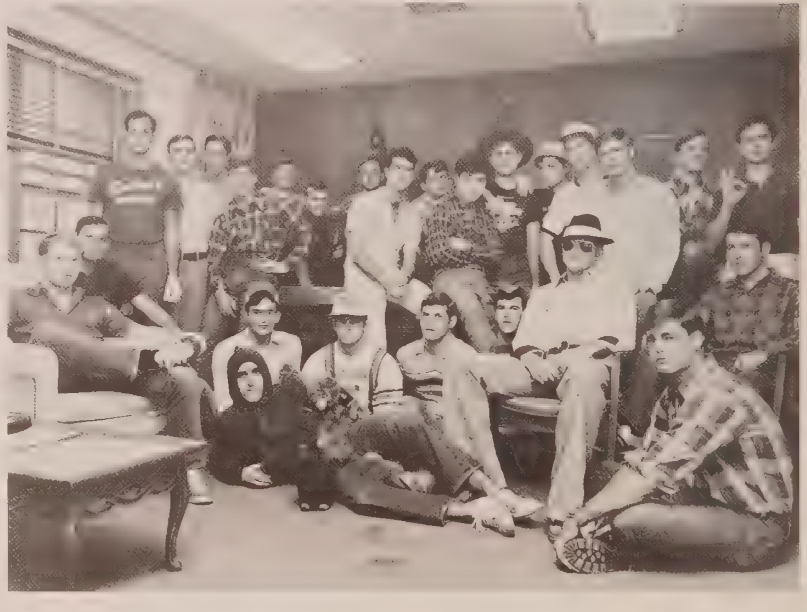


CDR. S. SELLNER, SUB. L. McCRACKEN, CAO B. COUNTRYMAN

LCDR R. H. STOLL, USN

SUB. K. WALDIE, CDR. R. UGLOW, CAO J. CURTIS

1. B. GULLEY, 2. B. COUNTRYMAN, 3. G. DEMARCO, 4. T. WHITEHOUSE, 5. D. COOK, 6. S. PETRI, 7. L. McCRACKEN, 8. J. CURTIS, 9. R. SAENZ, 10. C. WALSTON, 11. B. YEAGER, 12. A. NUGENT, 13. A. BAKER, 14. S. SELLNER, 15. T. O'BRIEN, 16. G. IVES, 17. G. SIMPSON, 18. J. KATILIUS, 19. J. EHLERS, 20. R. UGLOW, 21. L. DIVERS, 22. K. WALDIE, 23. S. SOWELL, 24. J. HERBIG, 25. J. MARTIN, 26. C. DIFFIE



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. McDONALD, S. AHMADI, D. RODGERS, S. JORDAN, T. BRANDL, R. ODONNELL, D. OLMSTEAD 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. SHEPHERD. R. SORGE, B. BRITTAIN, S. McKENZIE, J. EDMUNDSON, J. GUNZENHAUSER, W. McAULIFFE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) A. KONECNY, T. GIBSON, K. GRAY, P. VAN CLEVE, S. WHITNEY, C. MOLLESON, E. BADEN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. BELLES, F. SCHOLLEY, J. JOLLIFFE, R. WILSON, E. WILLIAMSON, P. LEON-GUERRERO, R. KOMPIER NOT PICTURED: S. JONES, C. MARK, K. MOLLESON, K. OSULLIVAN

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. ESPARZA, B. ANDERSON, M. MATSON, J. ALLEN, G. MARTINEZ, J. REED, P. HAYASE 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. KLEINT, D. MACESLIN, C. RAYHILL, D. DELONGA, S. MATTS, C. EDWALL, B. TAYLOR 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) E. FORDE, F. CLEVELAND, S. SOUTHARD, D. SENERIUS, C. ZINGLER, J. BARRETT, C. EDWARDS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) V. CINNAMO, K. DUERMIT, M. SERAFIN, T. KOBOSKO, W. PERSONIUS, S. STRUBLE, M. ATKINS, W. KELLY NOT PICTURED: C. KLEIN, M. SONNEFELD, E. STEIN, J. STENZOSKI

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. ODOM, L. MYERS, C McFADDEN, K. WAIDELICH, B. MIKESELL, R. JARAMILLO, C PIERSON, B. BARLOW 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. DOAK, S. GUY, C. SAMUEL, K. WIEDENKELLER, E. HAMPTON, J SUGGS, L. SMITH, S. HAUPT, W. WENDEL 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. BENSINGER, J. FLEMING, M. McLAUGHLIN, M THOMAS, G. GEORGESON, P. AUSTEN, B. ANDREWS, W. EVANS, J. ADAN 4TH ROW – R. SPRAGUE, R. EGAN, B. MILLER, M KENNEDY, R. DECK, W VICTOR, J. DORGAN, J. GILES, C. BAKER

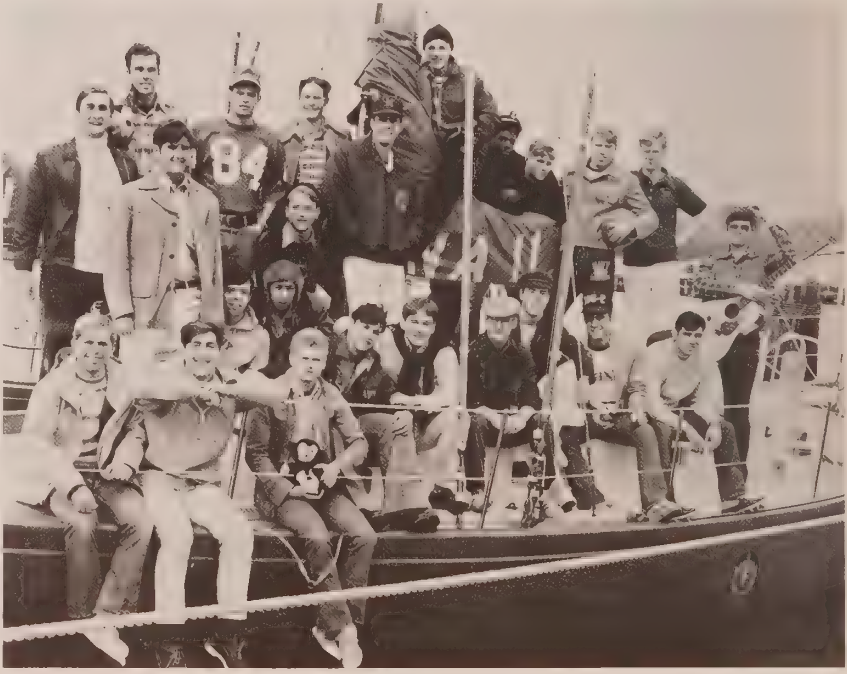
11th Co

SUB. S. BRASHEAR, CDR. R. WELCH, CAO G. BILLY

LCDR M. E. MOFFAT, USN

ADJ. R. GILLETT, SUB. C. CONE, CDR. KUROWSKI

1. S. LASER, 2. R. WELCH, 3. P. WINTERS, 4. S. RODGERS, 5. M. LEWIS, 6. T. PLANTZ, 7. P. HALL, 8. T. CROWLEY, 9. D. WOOD, 10. D. DWYER, 11. R. CONE, 12. B. GILLET, 13. B. BUECHNER, 14. T. WOOD, 15. V. BALDERRAMA, 16. G. LOVEGREN, 17. M. ELIAS, 18. M. DRAKE, 19. D. MARZETTA, 20. B. DOROSHUK, 21. G. BILLY, 22. W. BROWN, 23. S. BRASHEAR, 24. J. VANDERCAMP, 25. NOT PICTURED – J. KUROWSKI, 26. PEDRO



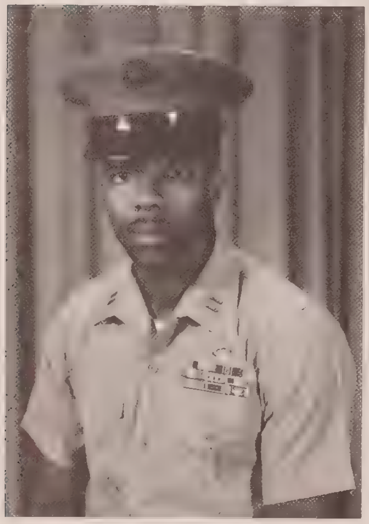
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. SKOGSTAD, J. AVALLONE, B. BURROWS, G. McFATHER, J. DANIEL, D. SHIKADA 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. BEELER, J. BYZEWSKI, B. WALSH, J. SMITH, M. KING, S. GRAY, V. MONTERO 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. PILEWSKI, E. PATTERSON, M. ENSOR, J. SEBASTIAN, B. SAMPSON, B. POST, B. SPARKS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. BOYLE, W. LEWIS, D. INMAN, P. NETTLES, T. GIARDIAN, S. COLENDA, A. HOWELL

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. SOPCHACK, J. GOSNELL, S. WELCH, M. BENNETT, B. GERAGHTY 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. HEAD, J. COLVIN, E. DIGIROLAMO, G. GLOSSER, S. LANTZ, D. JENNINGS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R SEXAUER, J. BOWDEN, P. BRISSETTE, B. BASTIAN, G. GALLOP, B. CLAGER 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. BOTT, T BOURASSA, K. McICHENNY, P. JONES, S. LLOYD, H. BARKER

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. BELLITTO, M. DOTSON, D. PORTNER, S. HUFFER, J. YOUNG, R. HARRIS, B. LEWIS, D. SNYDER, B. MAGRI 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. NICHOLSON, T. HENRY, M. SHERMAN, J. UNGER, L. GEORGE, B MONTOVA, B. HAHN, G. JONES, M. McCROARY 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. TALLON, D. JUDY, A. DODGE, B THWEATT, D. NORRIS, D. MYERS, S. CALLAHAN, R. SEXTON, P. BAILEY, J. HARVEY 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K THOMPSON, P. LOUGHLIN, C. GAINER, R. DAVIS, J. DAUGHERTY, R. CAVETT, B. MacMILLIAN, B. MORAN, H. HOPKINS

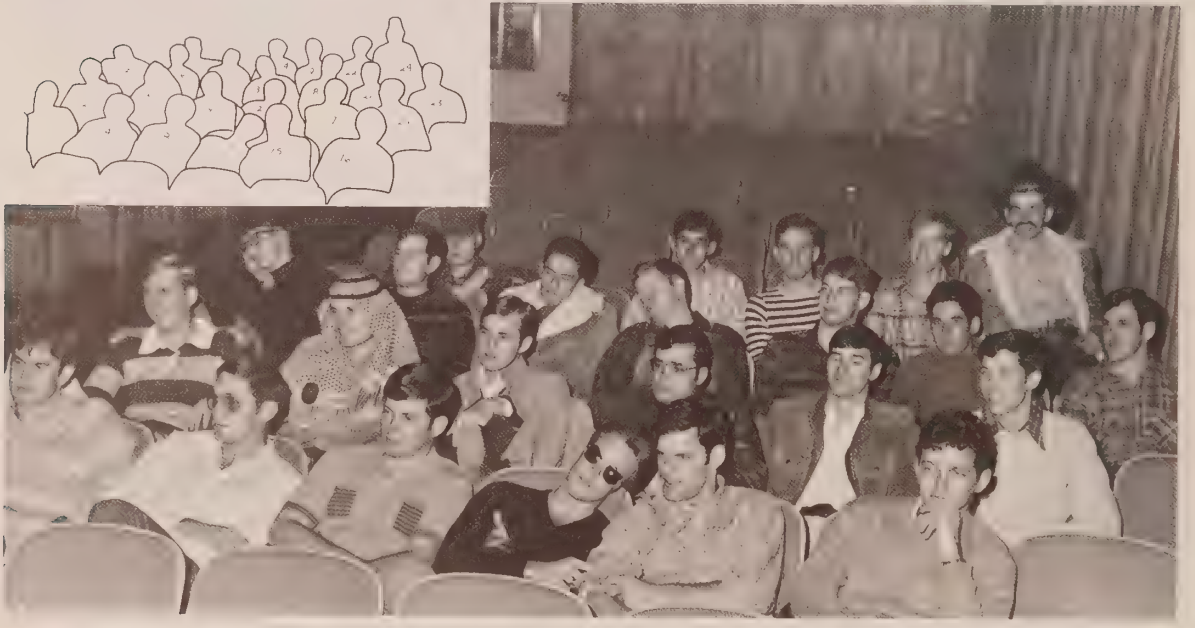
12th Co

CAO W. GRAY, CDR. F. STEED, SUB. N. KENNEDY

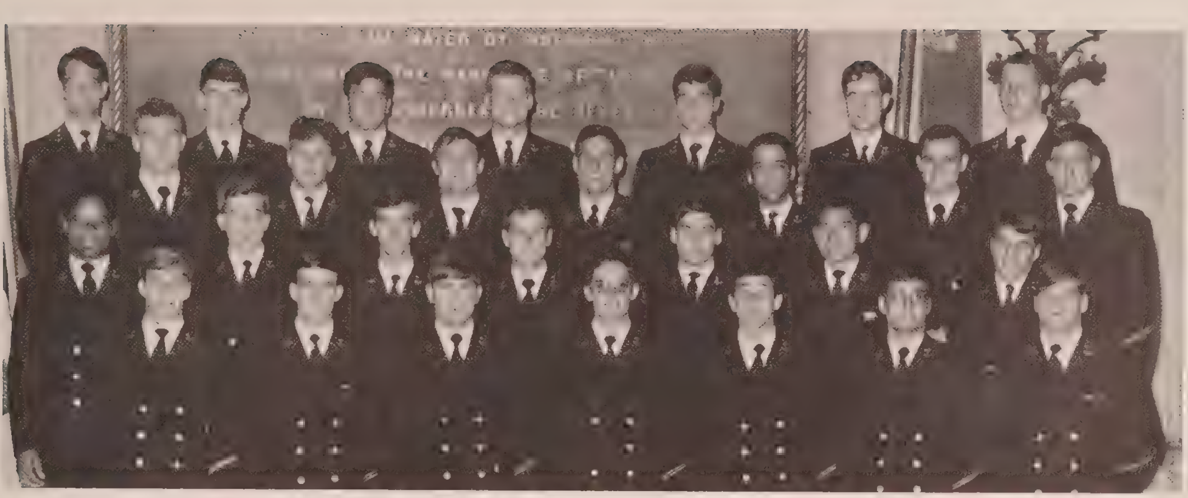


CAPT A. P. ARMBRISTER, USMC

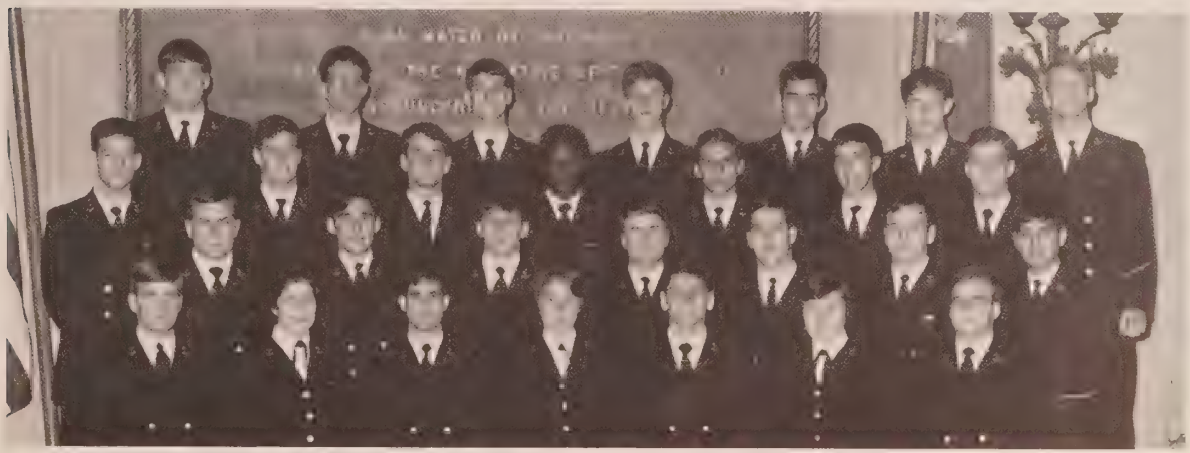
CAO J. CLAGER, SUB. L. WHITMEYER, CDR. D. KOEHL



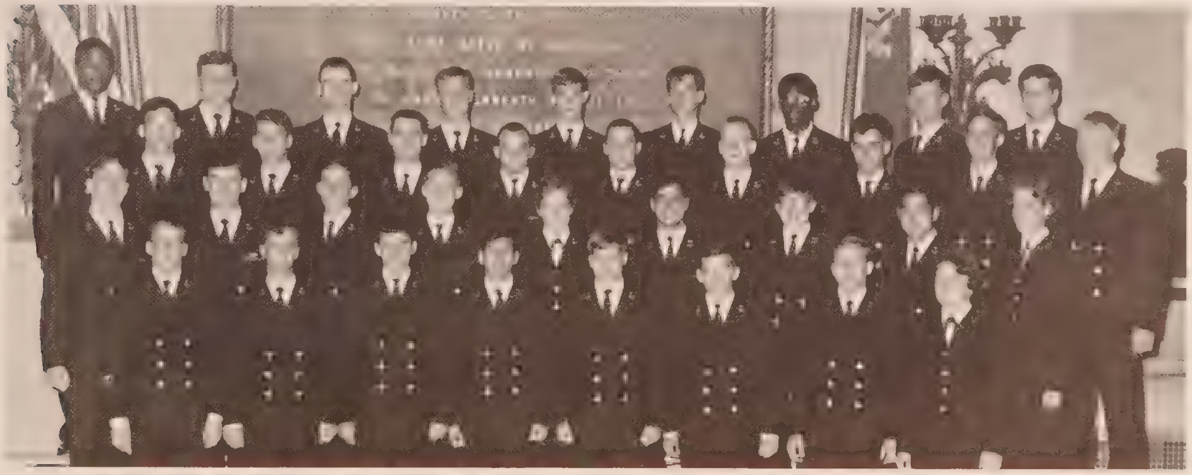
1. F. STEED, 2. T. HANIFEN, 3. S. DARLING, 4. J. RENNIE, 5. N. KENNEDY, 6. J. FOWLER, 7. W. GRAY, 8. R. ESCHER, 9. J. CLAGER, 10. T. ROSE, 11. R. WREN, 12. D. KOEHL, 13. R. WITHERS, 14. T. DUDLEY, 15. M. GURNY, 16. F. SHEEHAN, 17. L. WHITMEYER, 18. C. BICKMORE, 19. G. PEET, 20. R. McMASTERS, 21. C. SATTLER, 22. J. RUDDER, 23. D. WILLIAMS, 24. W. DAVIS



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) L. KIHLSTADIUS, K. WARD, S. GRIFFITH, A. BROWER, J. BOLAND, R. AUGILAR, D. OLSON 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. MILLER, T. TEYNOR, J. RIOUX, B. GRAHAM, B. GRANGER, T. ORTEGA, J. UNGER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. KLINGENSMITH, B. LUTI, B. PHILIP, J. BALLARD, T. McPHILLIPS, A. STEEL, M. FOREMAN, 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. CABLE, D. RICHARDS, P. CUCCIO, M. SMITH, M. DECKER, P. MORONEY, S WALSH

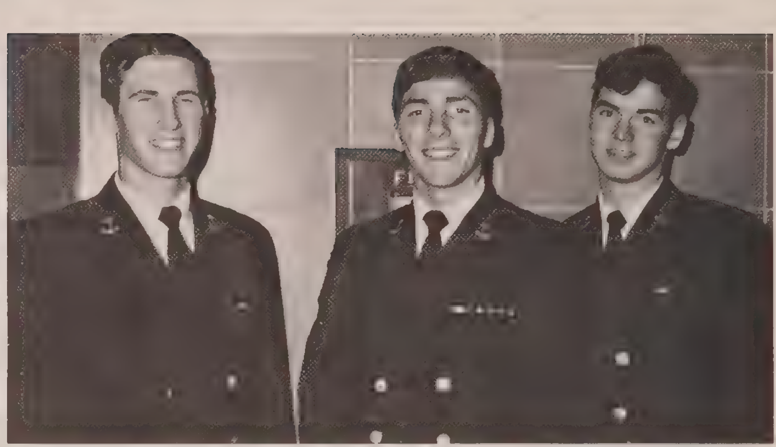


BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. HULTS, J. BUXBAUM, D. HALLER, L. DANCER, S. BETHMANN, P. FELDMANN, T. ULLRICH 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. EDMONDSON, C. PINO, E. GRUBMAN, R. McCALLION, K. NEUBAUER, D. McVICKER, J. SALDANA 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. PRATT, P. KELLEHER, S. MARTIN, I. CLARK, J. NIES, F. BOTERO, D. FRAWLEY 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) H. FRERICHS, N. FROSTENSON, M. MAJKOWSKI, B. WOOD, L. BARKELL, R ROGERS, S. ROEHL



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. LANE, B. MEGLIO, R. PUTNAM, S. CAMACHO, E. ARMOUR, G. BILLY, J. SEVERINO, R. LEBLANC 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. DISHER, M. DORSEY, M. CHRISTOPHER, S. FRANKLIN, J. FORSYTHE, T. PEROTTI, P. RYAN, K. NONAKA, K. ENGLEMAN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. HAWKINS, M. HYMAN, T. RYAN, E. HACKER, M. BAUMGARTNER, J. HETRICK, K. VOORHEES, K. O'FLAHERTY, B. FOREMAN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. GROSS, D CROWELL, D. QUINN, P. JAEGER, S. FINN, T. BURGESS, A. THOMAS, C. LESKO, M. THORNLEY

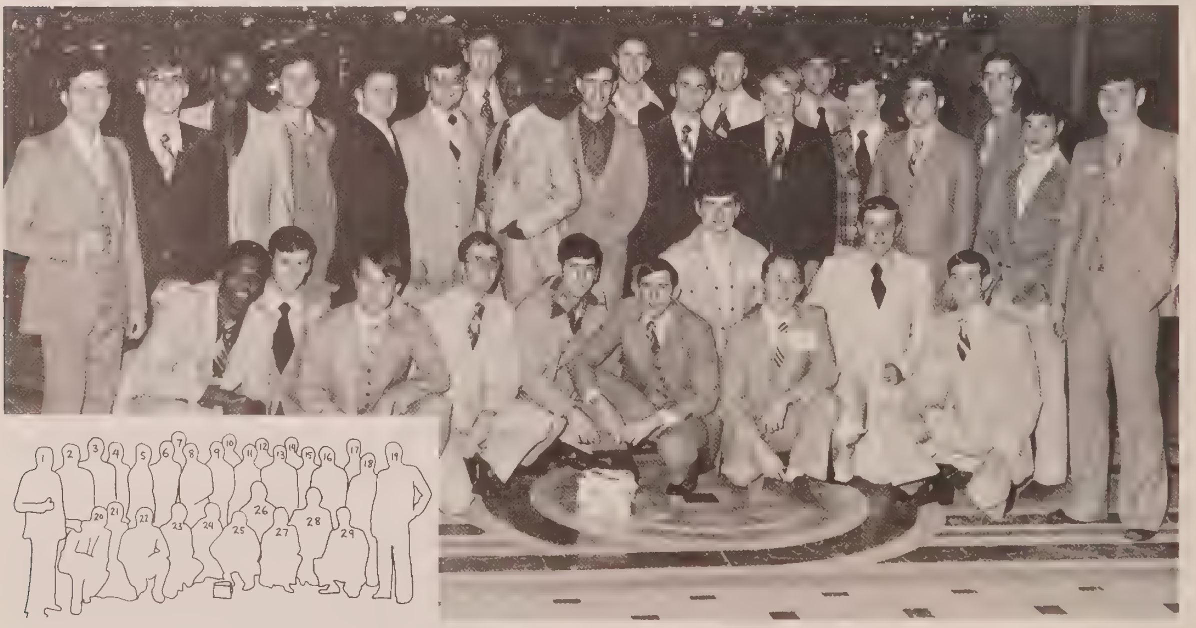
13th Co



CAO M. SHUMAKER, CDR. R. HOLZKNECHT, SUB. J. COFFEY

CAPT K. DIETERLE, USMC

CAO F. BRINK, CDR. T. LESH, SUB. F. VON AHN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1. F. VON AHN, 2. M. CLELAND, 3. H. REDDICK, 4. M. MOONEY, 5. T. LESH, 6. P. SANCHEZ, 7. C. JENSEN, 8. M. SADDLER, 9. A. HNARAKIS, 10. M. SHUMAKER, 11. D. BRUCE, 12. R. HOLZKNECHT, 13. C. WHITE, 14. T. BENSON, 15. K. HANNAN, 16. D. BRUTZMAN, 17. L. KLIKIER, 18. C. SETO, 19. J. COFFEY, 20. C. MOORE, 21. C. SERIO, 22. G. TYREE, 23. M. LEARY, 24. F. BRINK, 25. G. WOODS, 26. F. KLEPACKI, 27. J. BRITAIN, 28. G. EVANS, 29. K. BENNETT

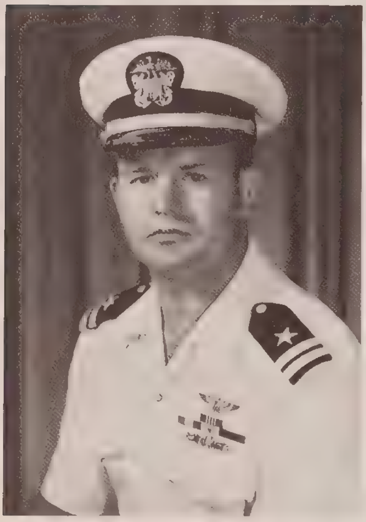
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. BARTLETT, S. WEIS, J. FALLONE, M. DAVIS, W. CALKINS, J. REUSS, D. THOMAS 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. JOLLY, R. SCHNEIDER, J. CURRENT, J. BRUNO, A. HARLOW, D. RICH, S. VALDEZ3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. MARSHALL, R. WRAY, G. GRAY, C. BREHANY, J. DOSWELL, D. GEHWEILER, J. ROGERS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. LEIBLE, E. DOYLE, J. HARRISS, R. SASSMAN, P. KURZENHAUSER, D. ENLOE, S. HANSON, R. PIERTZ .K

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. NOWAK, D. FISHER, D. RAY, D. KERN, J. HUEGEL, T. GOTTLIEB 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. GRAY, R. PARKER, H. COKER, JR., R. LANGMEAD, I. MINOR, D. KENNEDY, C. A. MILLER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. C. MILLER, L. DIRITA, M. STAPLETON, S. STROUP, G. BYERS, M. WHITFIELD, S. PEREZ 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. TAYLOR, J. TOMEO, R. RYAN, B. SCHNECK, K. MCBRIDE, G. KRAUS, B. KILKENNY NOT PICTURED: J. J MCGUIRE, G. F. JAMES

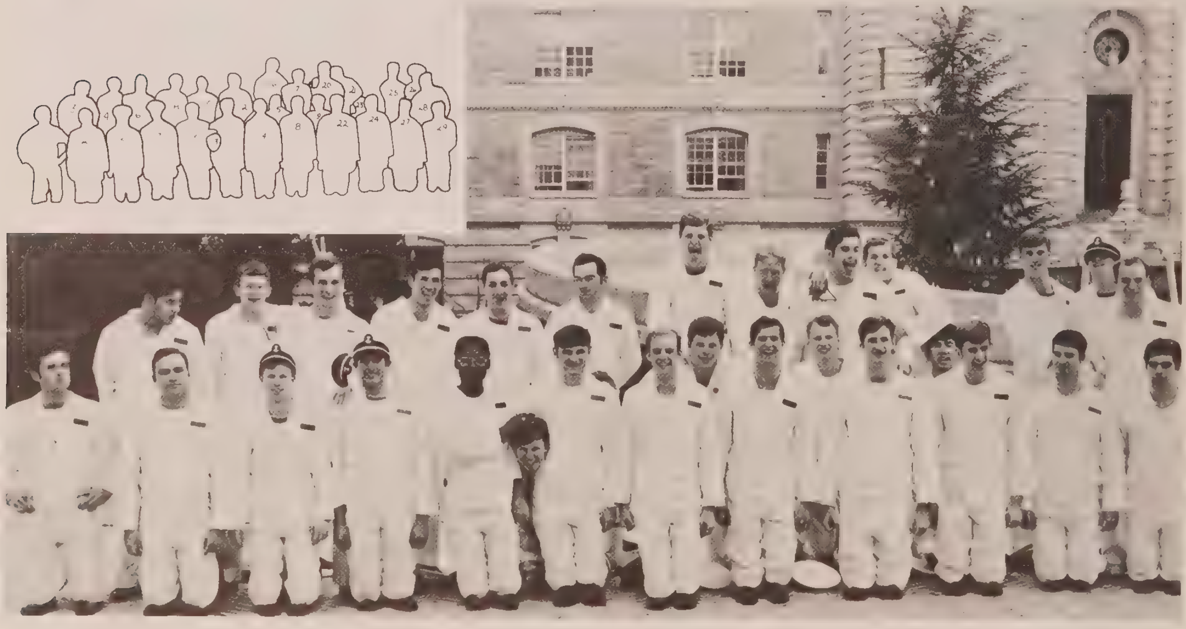
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. BLANK, L. GREEN, C. STULB, D. WASMUND, S. HEON, S. ASTOLFI, T. PINTO, W. LAWRENCE 2ND ROW – J. HUBBARD, B. BEGLEY, D. PAINTER, K. HOPKINS, D. KREV, R. SHAFER, P. ACHOR, C. COOKE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. ZIEGLER, M. HAMELE, J. NAVARRO, R. TAYLOR, M. JOHNSON, R. DIXON, J. BENDER, T HERROD 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. VANANTWERP, B. MCDOWELL, G. TONKAY, D. ROSS, L. LAULETTA, T. MCLARNEY, T. MEIER, M. MYKITYSHYN

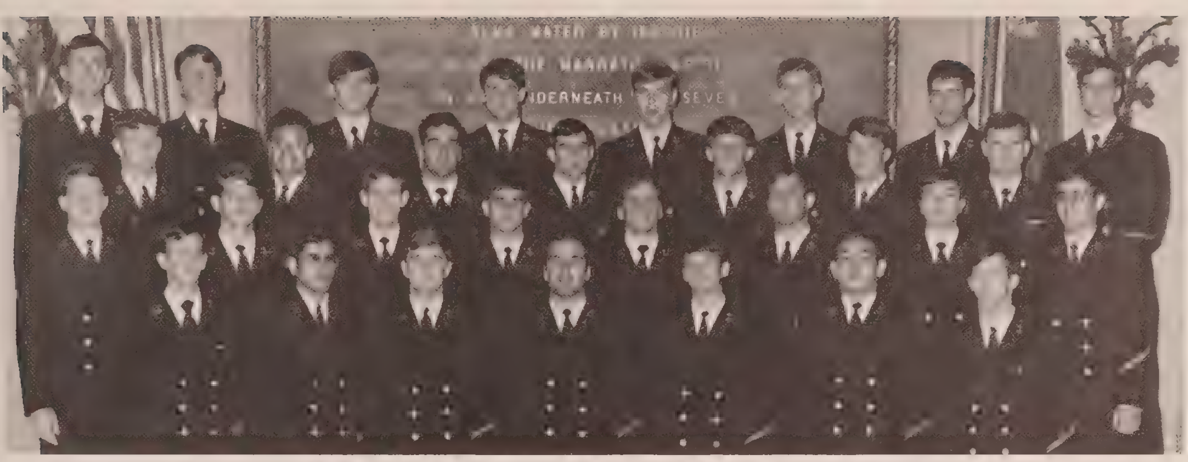
14th Co

CDR. C. JAMES, SUB. D. BEVERLIN, CAO R. BALTERA

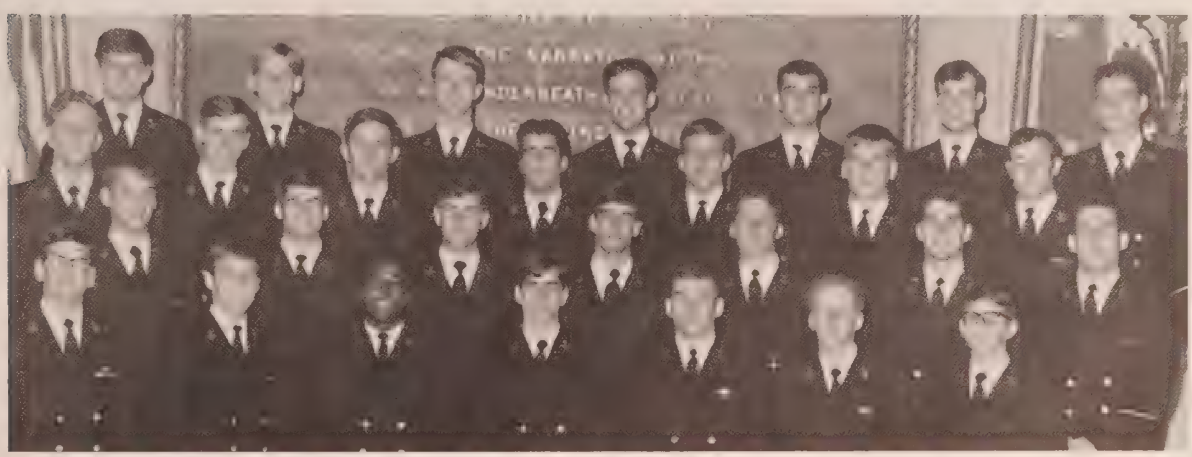

LT R. G. PLANK, JR., USN

CAO V. BERRY, CDR. C. DOUGHTERY, SUB. D. MEYER

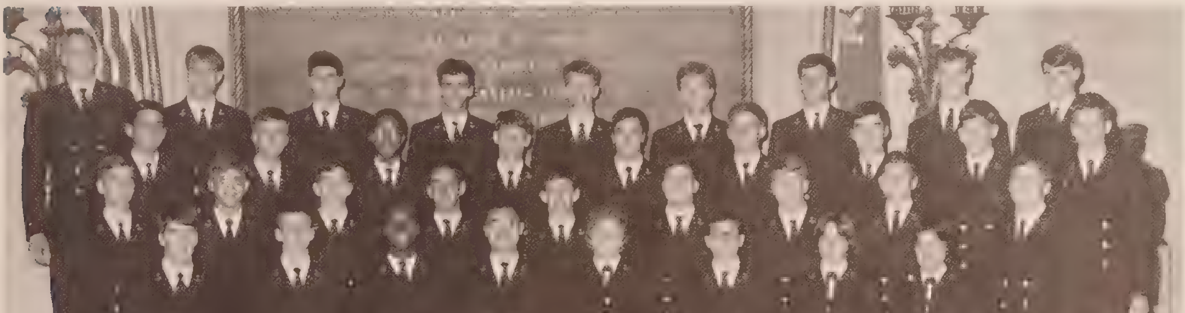

1. T. BLY, 2. E. KAMRADT, 3. E. RODRIGUEZ, 4. R. GUY, 5. C. LEIDIG, 6. C. JAMES, 7. G. MARTIN, 8. E. SHELDON, 9. M. FIELD, 10. J. RICHARDSON, 11. C. BELL, 12. R. McCABE, 13. C. WENDT, 14. B. RICHTER, 15. D. BEVERLIN, 16. D. MEYER, 17. M. BOLIN, 18. R. SMITH, 19. M. KOZLAREK, 20. J. LIPPARD, 21. R. DESTAFNEY, 22. F. WEBSTER, 23. E. SZELIGOWSKI, 24. K. McGHEE, 25. V. BERRY, 26. C. DOUGHERTY, 27. L. DUCHARME, 28. C. MASZUN, 29. R. BALTERA



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) H. MAMBLET, A. MUNOZ, M. DIVINNIE, M. PARROTT, M. HECKER, F. CRUZ, T. RUDDY 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. POTTER, D. ZAISS, K. DELANEY, S. HERNING, J. PODOBA, B. GRIDER, D. BARBER, B. MEADER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. FITZWATER, L. BROWN, G. REINHARDT, D. REILLY, F. AALBUE, G. WILSON, F. COBLE 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. QUARLES, D. KARP, K. CHURCH, G. MAYER, P. WASILEWSKI, G. HAMRICK, D. HAVRILLA, L. RICE



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. LOWE, L. KORGAN, A. JOSIAH, M. PETERS, H. SKIDMORE, F. McKINNEY, K. FLACK 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. ALBERTSON, R. SEILER, M. ARNOLD, D. WHITLOCK, J. PEARSON, B. DAVIS, J. BERRY 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. CATOE, B. LESCHER, J. KUNKLE, J. KOVALCIK, J. BRINKMAN, B. PETERSON, T. STAMBAUGH 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. ZIESER, J. STUART, J. BUSH, A. PORTILLO, B. GIERI, B. JORDAN, T. DAGOSTINO NOT PICTURED: J. HENAO

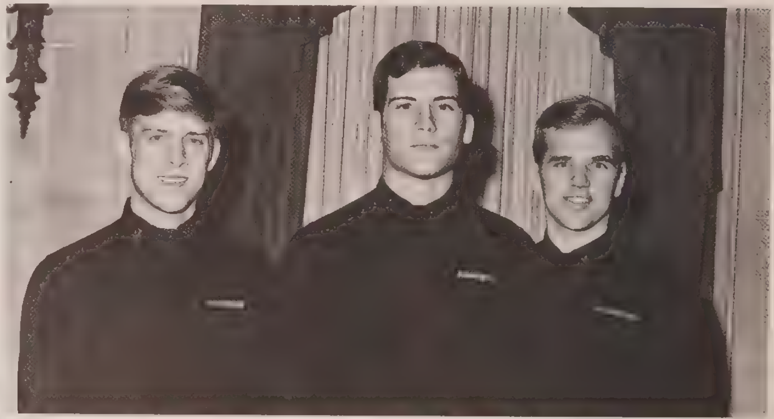


BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. CAIRNEY, J. BARRON, T. COKER, R. MUSICO, L. ZANA, C. SPATARO, L. MIKLOS, I. GOMEZ 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. ADAMS, E. SEDY, D. HARRINGTON, S. McCROSKEY, D. TRAUB, A. CHIFFOLO, D. HILL, K. LISS, B. KENNY 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. RACINE, G. BUCZKOWSKI, R. WEEMS, D. PERRY, P. PERRI, A. WILSON, P. LOUGHLIN, F. THORPE, R. SAGER 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. GESHAY, J. HAUGEN, D. IREY, C. OWNES, K TAYLOE, C. BOBLIT, G. NOSAL, J. GIFFIN, M. KENDAL

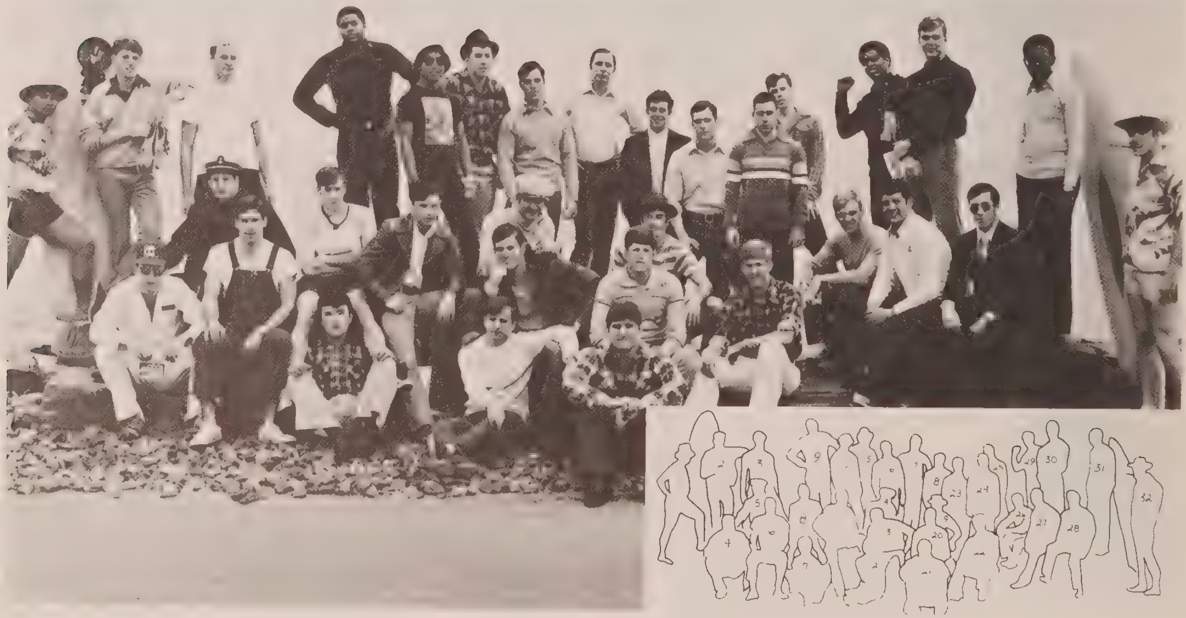
15th Co

CAO C. RUNOLFSON, CDR. C. MAY, SUB. W. HANNA

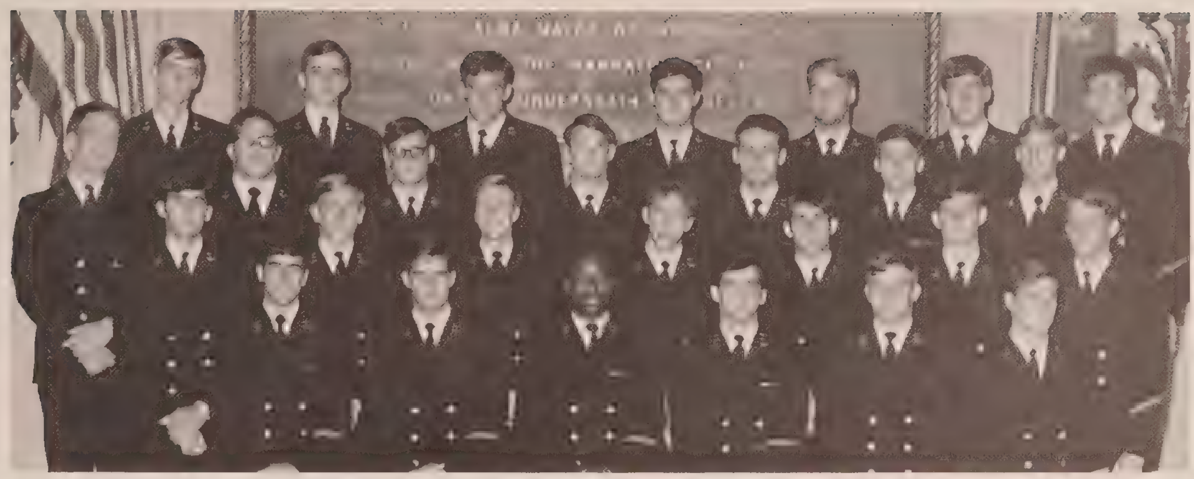
LT. M. KAAHANUI, USN



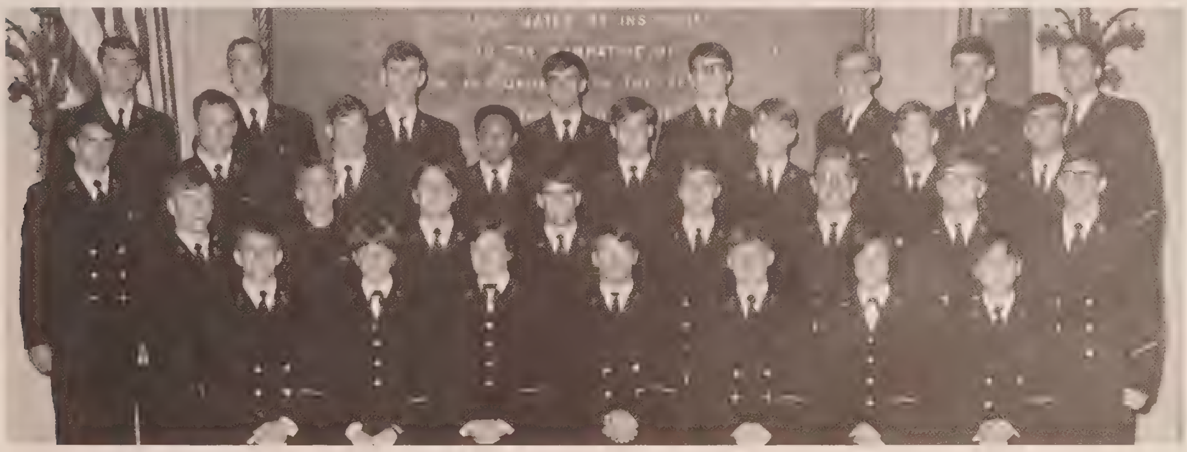
CAO R. ROMAINE, CDR. M. MAKOWICZ, SUB. R. RUNOLFSON



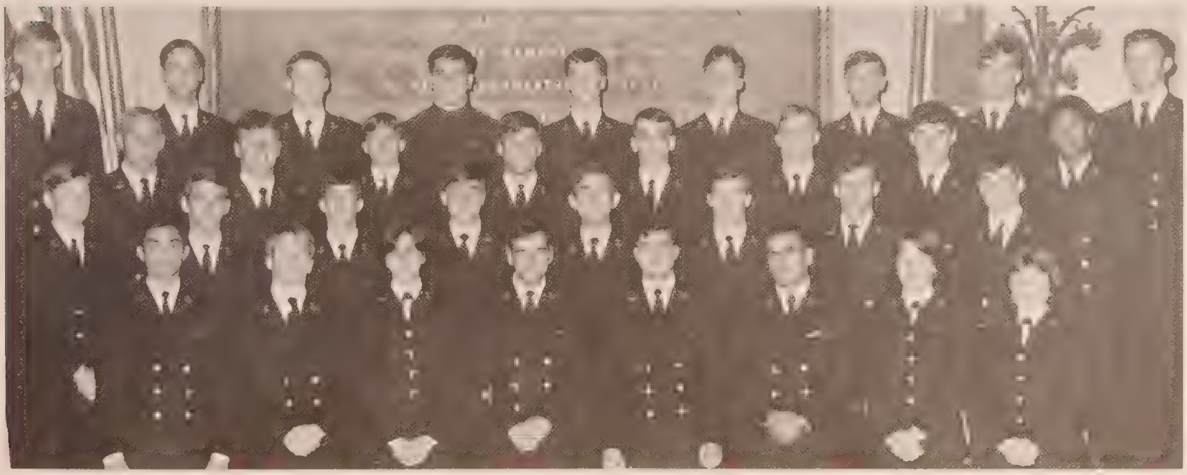
1. E. KELLEY, 2. C. HAUTAU, 3. R. DUNCAN, 4. D. FINDLAY, 5. R. FRITSCH, 6. G. MANZO, 7. H. HARRIS, 8. K. CARMODY, 9. B. HARRIS, 10. D. RODRIGUEZ, 11. B. HANNA, 12. C. NICHOLS, 13. C. MAY, 14. B. SCHMERMUND, 15. J. KOLJESKY, 16. M. LAX, 17. D. LAFONT, 18. T. McGEE, 19. A. WATTS, 20. M. RAY, 21. K. OLSEN, 22. B. ROMAINE, 23. M. MAKOWICZ, 24. R. BLANCO, 25. L. SEMANYK, 26. C. RUNOLFSON, 27. R. MISKOWSKI, 28. L. GALVIN, 29. B. SCOTT, 30. L. KONRAD, 31. M. BECERRIL, 32. J. McINERNEY



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. SORANNO, J. FOTHERGILL, S. JONES, M. SUSALLA, J. PENDLEY, W. HOKER 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) F. HERNANDEZ, D. RICHARDSON, J. LUXHOJ, B. REICHERT, K. GIGLIOTTI, C. MILLER, W. McKINNEY 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) F. BURKE, K. SCHAFER, K. ALBRIGHT, S. MASON, R. SOLIK, J. ROGERS, K. COBURN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. SMITH, R. McNEELY, G. JONES, H. BOUKNIGHT, D. OTTERSON, P. RENAUD, G. LAST

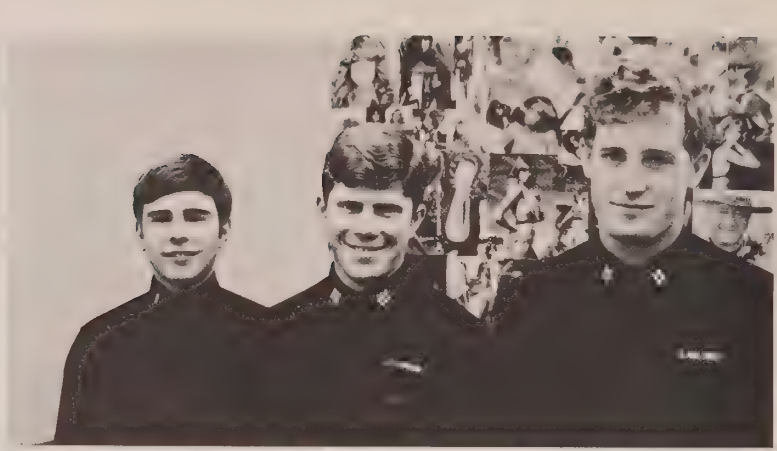


BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. HAYNES, A. STENCIL, C. CARLIN, P. SCHMIDT, L. INGENERI, J. JIMENEZ, A. OKA 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. HOUCK, N. HARMON, A. MULLEN, K. DALE, M. MEINHARDT, J. MILLER, R. COTTERELL, M FREIX 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. VAUGHAN, D. BISSOT, R. BEARD, W. PAUL, D. BROADBENT, R. PETERSON, H. STOVALL, S. HUBER 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. RAMSAY, M. McBRIDE, J. O'CONNOR, M. BROWNE, M. VREEDE, R. FLAK, K. GUSTAFSON, S. PALMER



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. AKANA, F. MACEK, N. McQUADE, K. KEOGH, G. GULLIVER, I. ORTIZ, S. WESSELS, E DAWLEY 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. WILLIAMS, M. SCHWAN, A. KARATZOU, C. DASHIELL, H. PARKER, P. MUCCIARONE, M. MANAZIR, A. FARRELL 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. ANGELL, J. ASPER, D. PEDERSEN, K. O'CONNOR, C. KLEIN, C. ARNDT, G. BECKER, A. SWOOPE 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. AMEND, J. NOWAK, S. FITZGERARD, C KOWALSKI, G. GIVAN, P. McBRIDE, D. GIBSON, D. McCURDY, K. SCHAFF

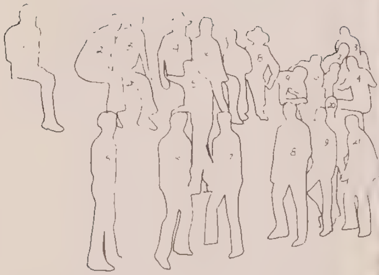
16th Co



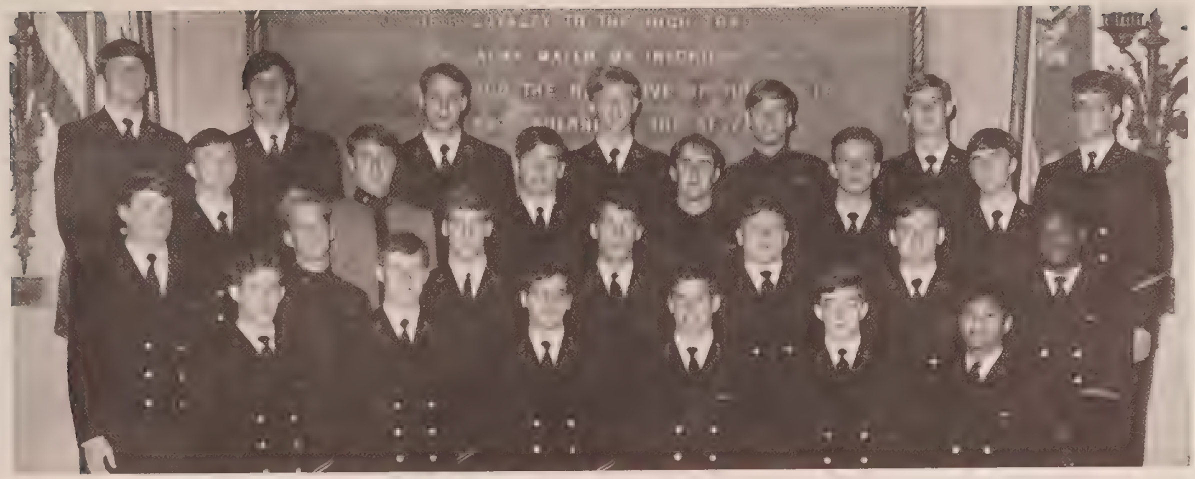
CAO J. KLOSE, CDR. J. COHOON, SUB. S. MALONEY

LT. B. D. FINEGOLD, USN

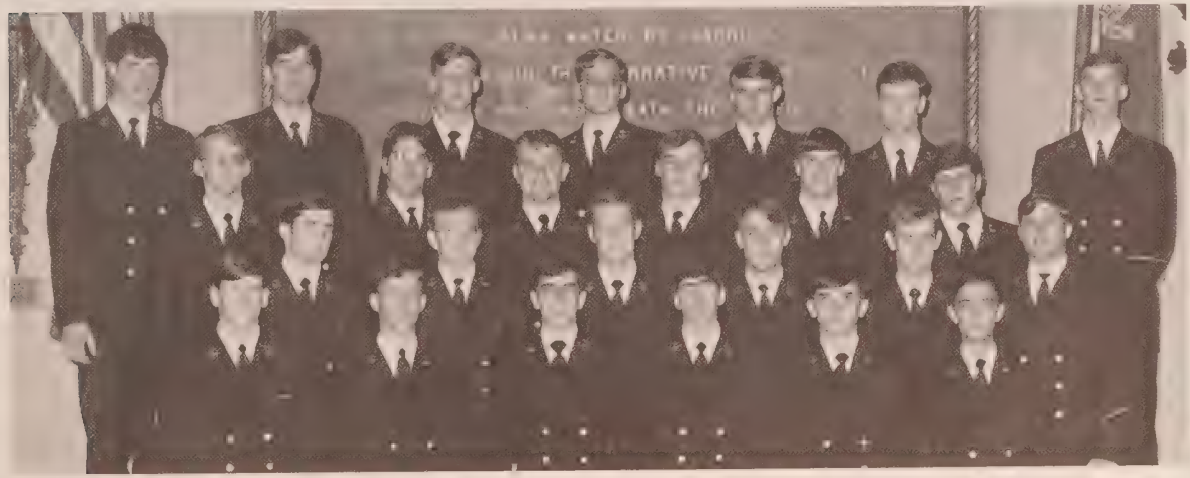
CAO R. COSTANZO, CDR. P. PIETSCH, SUB. M. HARDAWAY



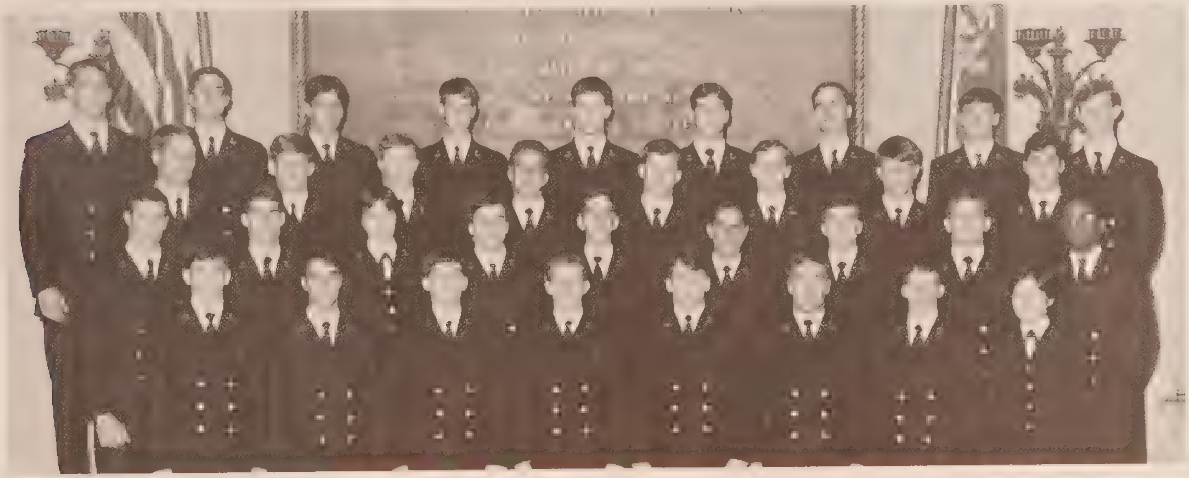
1. C. GREENWOOD, 2. G. BOETTCHER, 3. F. BEHM, 4. S. MALONEY, 5. J. KLOSE, 6. P. CRAIG, 7. D. BONVOULOIR, 8. C. JONES, 9. J. KOVALCIK, 10. J. MATHRE, 11. J. COHOON, 12. C. SOTOMAYOR, 13. R. COSTANZO, 14. S. TALLANT, 15. R. SALVADORE, 16. C. McGARVEY, 17. T. LAUZON, 18. M. HARDAWAY, 19. K. ECKMAN, 20. P. PIETSCH, 21. M. NAULT



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. JORDAN, S. HUDSON, D. NORTON, D. PROTHERO, J. WILLIAMS, J. ESTRADA 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. McCULLEY, D. VANN, B. RODGERS, J. FISH, R. GLASS, M. SLAUGHTER, F. JONES 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. MORRISS, K. MacGIBBON, B. BECKER, J. STRADER, R. BRANT, J. GREEN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) E. FRANCIS, K. REILLY, J. WILLIAMS, R. KROPP, F. GERHEISER, T. HIRT, T. BOONE



BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. TAISEY, B. LONCHAS, B. KLUBA, J. MAYNARD, B. BERDINE, C. BOOTH 2ND ROW - (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. GRIMARD, C. BELTZ, K. SOPHY, M. OLSEN, P. GOOD, B. BATES 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. LANTZ, D. ROCHA, R. MOYER, J. McKEE, R. CHUDAY, E. MAPES 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. PIETROCINI, C. MOORE, M. QUINN, RELLE LYMAN, T. ANDERSON, D BURLINGHAM, B. RUOFF



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. GALT, S. SUTHERLAND, G. BRANNON, D. MILLER, G. HOEG, G. SLYMAN, J. DAVIS, M. HEWITT 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. LEACH, J. WALL, C. CROOKER, D. BAILEY, R. VERA, M. BLANDON, J. SPIERS, W. PARKER, M. ROBINSON 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. HENDRICK, E. JOHNSON, J. KEENAN, R. ADAMS, B. HUBBARD, R LOUDAHL, R. PETERSON, P. CANALICHIO 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. HEDRICK, D. MANNING, N. BRAGADO, W. WAKELY, P. CONDON, D. BROOKS, T. SULLIVAN, T. HARREL, W. COLLIER

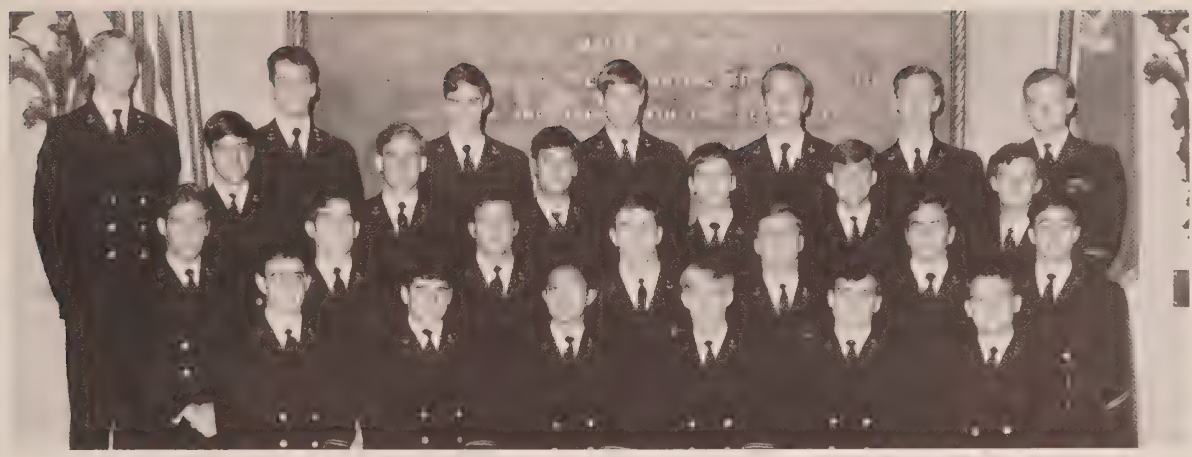
17th Co

CAO S. ROTTON, CDR. A. CUCA, SUB. B. WICKLUND

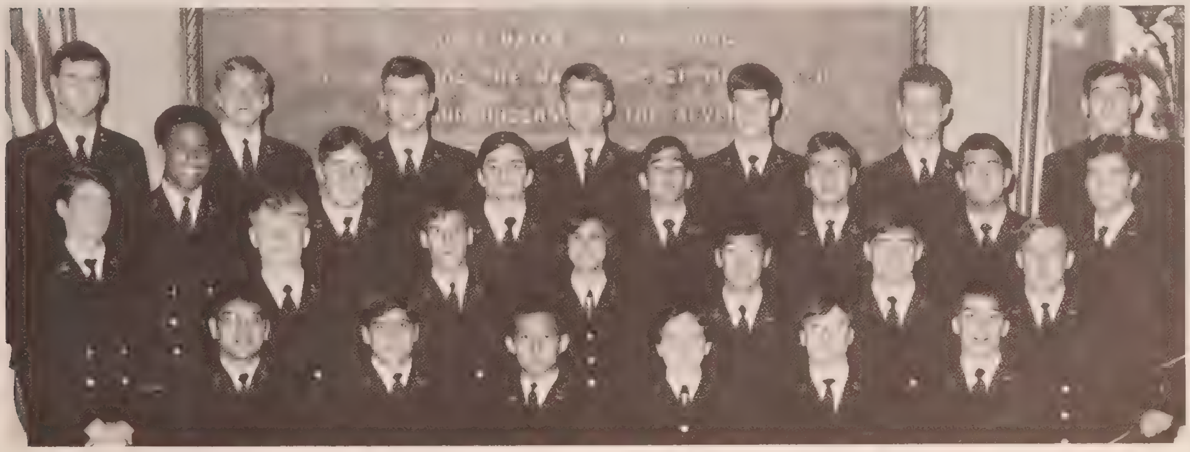
LCDR R. O. WORTHINGTON, USN

SUB. D. COFSKY, CDR. J. SCOLA, CAO A. KOWADLA

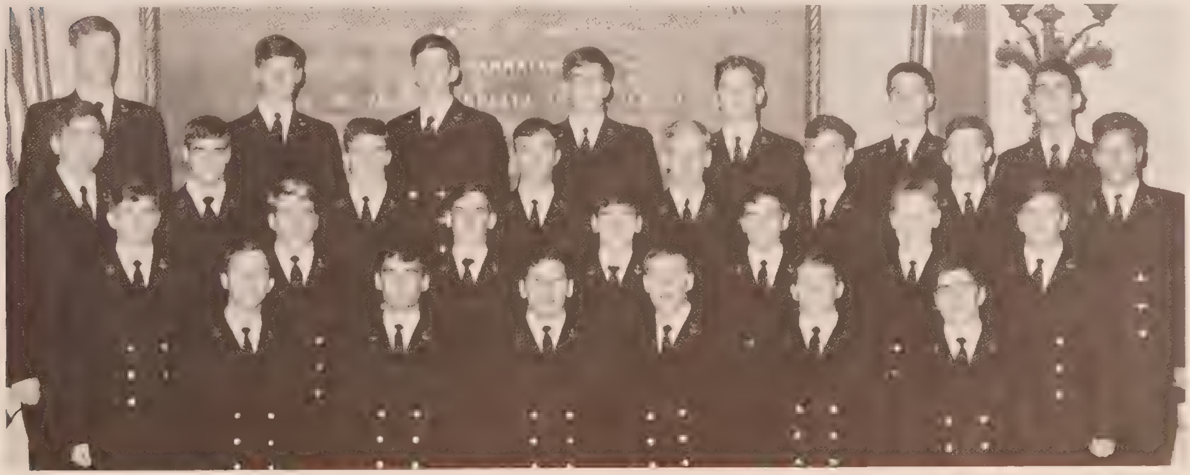
1. K. FLADAGER, 2. J. SCOLA, 3. H. JENSEN, 4. S. TANGREDI, 5. J. SMALL, 6. T. HARDIN, 7. D. COFSKY, 8. B. CRAMP, 9. J. ANDERSON, 10. B. WICKLUND, 11. J. KAIN, 12. J. KUTLER, 13. S. ROTTON, 14. M. SMITH, 15. D. KSIAZEK, 16. H. VAN OSS, 17. M. TOSE, 18. W. JORDEN, 19. K. LIDDY, 20. L. YEARY, 21. J. ALVITE, 22. D. GOLD, 23. T. HARPER, 24. L. MIZAK, 25. A. KOWADLA, 26. C. HASSLER, 27. S. CURTIS, 28. A. CUCA, 29. B. PROCTOR



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) F. RUIZ, M. PORTER, H. LUNA, R. SCANLON, J. JOHANNES, D. McCULLOUGH 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. KARSTENS, D. CARTHEY, T. EBBINGHOUSE, T. JOYCE, R. BRYANT, R. SPICER, E. HAAS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. COUNTS, D. JACKSON, M. STEVENSON, J. WOLFE, T. HERRMANN, M. EDWARDS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. JAQUES, H. GREEN, E. O'BRIEN, D. PRYDE, R. LOPEZ, S. CATE, R. WEST NOT PICTURED: P. McCONKEY, A. MILLER, B. AVT, D. FROST, G. SPENCER, J. PAAR



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) F. KIBIC, S. MEADE, R. DeJESUS, S. COX, S. BETHKE, S. RAGGO 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) A. MACAULAY, B. NELSON, B. PADOVANI, P. THUDIUM, G. YORITOMO, P. HAYES, J. SPENCE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. GARRET, J. BORSUM, K. McTAVISH, J. ADAMS, D. HAINES, J. FRY, D. WILBERT 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. BUCHANAN, P. ANDREASEN, C. BEHRLE, R. PICKERING, J. ALLMON, J. WAGNER, T. LINBLAD NOT PICTURED: R. KOHLMANN, M. PALENCIA, C. PHILLIPS, D. FUSE

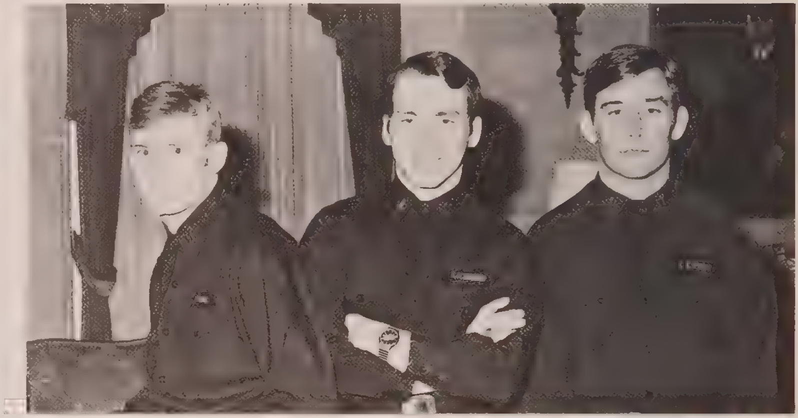


BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. POINT, P. WRIGHT, E. GONZALES, L. TOOLAJIAN, S. SIKORA, D. KALUZA 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. O'KANE, P. McGREEVY, J. RIEDEL, R. KRAMER, M. GROSS, E. KIRSCH, B. BURNETT 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) E. GEHRKE, J. LEONARD, R. RAVENER, T. JACOB, B. COVAL, D. BALKIN, K. WIXLER, G. HAMMOND 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. HERRICK, J. HEFFERNAN, D. CARLSON, M. HARBER, J. CROWELL, M. WEBER, J. DAUPLAISE NOT PICTURED: P. SUGURO, M. KORTH, G. MADIGAN

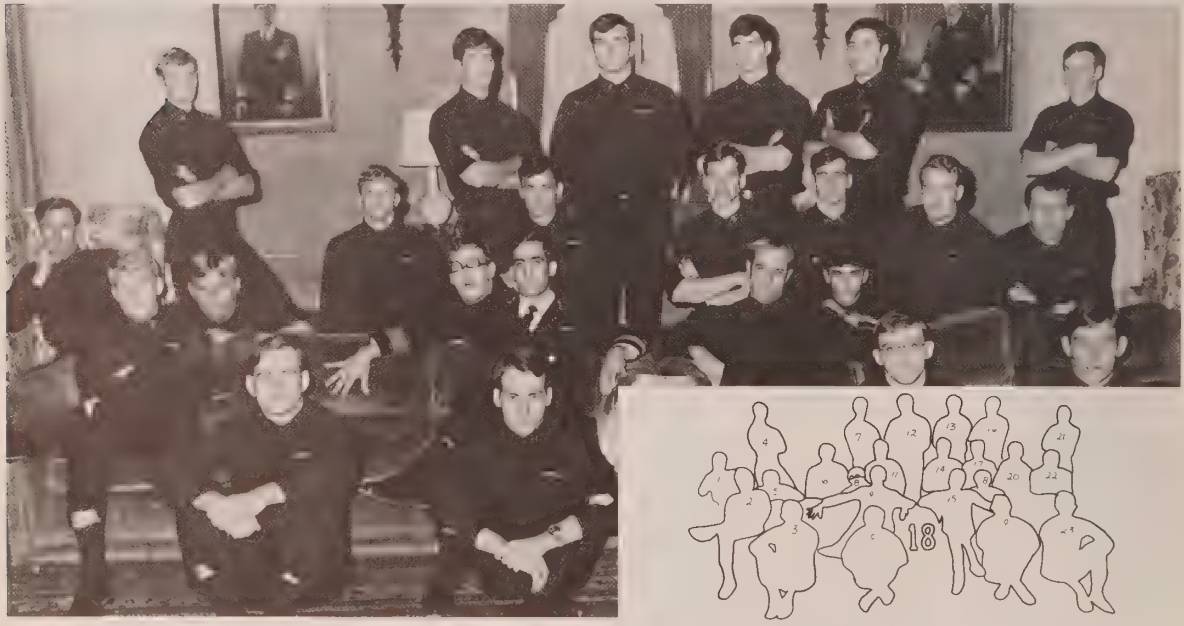
18th Co

CAO V. ADAMS, SUB. K. WHITE, CDR. G. CORY

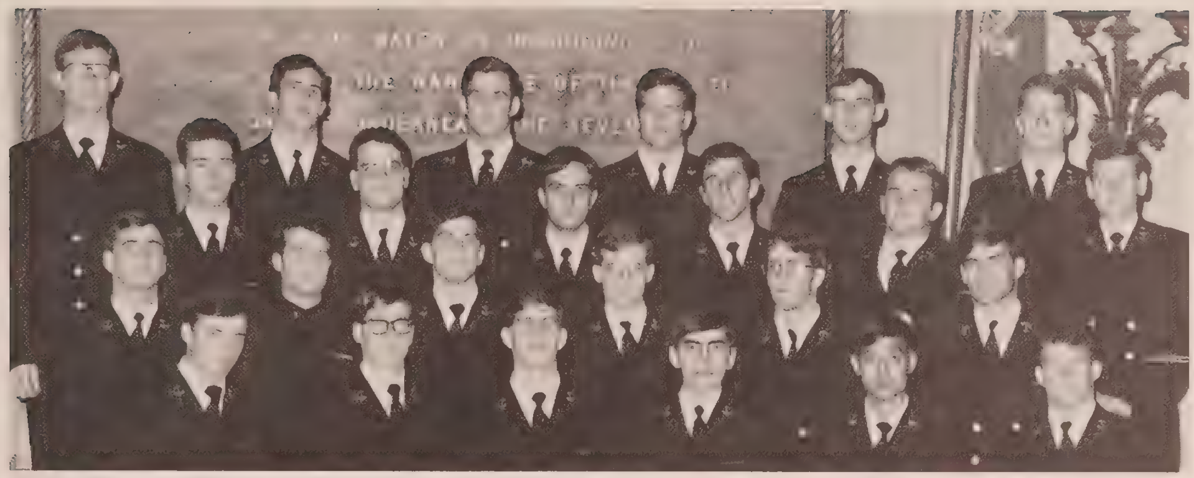
LT D. K. DRUMM, USN



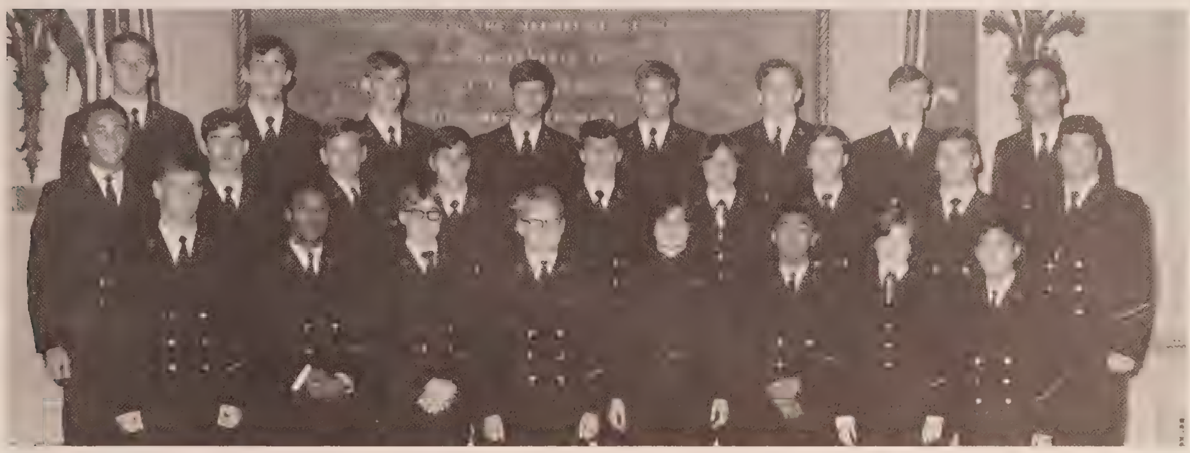
CDR. J. DICKMAN, CAO D. SCHNEIDER, SUB. C. SEIZERT



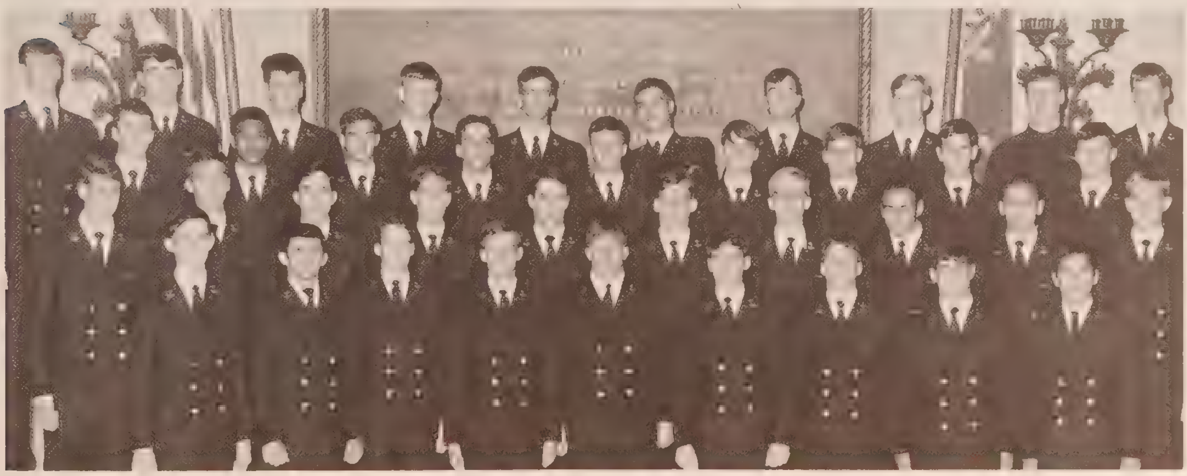
1. R. CLOUTIER, 2. K. WHITE, 3. P. BRADY, 4. J. DICKMAN, 5. T. NULL, 6. R. FERENSCIK, 7. S. ROOT, 8. R. MILTON, 9. A. ATHENS, 10. D. SCHNEIDER, 11. V. ADAMS, 12. G. KOUCHERAVY, 13. C. CARLSON, 14. M. FOX, 15. G. CORY, 16. M. AMICARELLA, 17. A. MOHLER, 18. T. FABIANI, 19. S. PARK, 20. B. STUART, 21. D. HALL, 22. D. BROWN, 23. C. SEIZERT



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. BOOCOCK, R. HARKINS, P. HANRAHAN, R. HAYES, L. YAMASHITA, J. SHOWALTER 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) E. McLAIN, J. SAUNDERS, C. WILLETT, J. MULLOY, J. FORD, C. MEGORDEN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. CADIZ, G. BALESTRIERI, K. STRONG, M. HEINRICH, 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. HIGVERS, S. VAN BUSKIRK, D. HUBBARD, J. HYDE, K. HOLDER, D. KOLK NOT PICTURED: M. LEE, G. BLAZIN, D. SHAFER, W. HOGAN, C WRIGHT.



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) L. FUTCH, D. DENNIS, G. NIVALA, E. FORDHAM, P. TAYLOR, M. AGUDO, P. SMITH, B CHANG 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. VOLIPSEY, W. PADGETT, B. LENTINI, M. YOUNG, P. MULLOY, L. CARLILE, J. KIRBY, B. WEISHEIT, J. DISCIORIO 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. LETHBRIDGE, B. McGUINESS, T. SUNDSMO, D. SHERIDAN, R. LOHNEISS, E. SEMMES, M. BROWN, T. BELKE



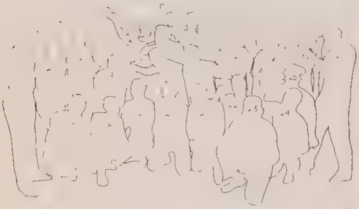
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. SUTTON, S. BERMUDAZ, T. CARNEY, A. WENCL, K. MILLS, P. GENTLE, E. MASSA, W. SILVEIRA, B. OU 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) E. KHOURI, R. BRUNSON, L. OLSEN, J. EATON, F. HEIL, D. RUEHLIN, R PERRY, E. CEJA, V. CALVENTE, H. ELKIN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. DAVIS, T. BUNTING, D. HARDESTY, S. KILLION, R. BURKE, R. MILLER, K. HOGAN, V. STAMMETTI, G. COONS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. McDOWELL, E. BINGHAM, K. QUINN, K. WARNKE, D. NAIRN, M. PHILLIPS, D. KERN, R. TUEFEL, M. BOMGARDNER, J. KAISER

19th Co

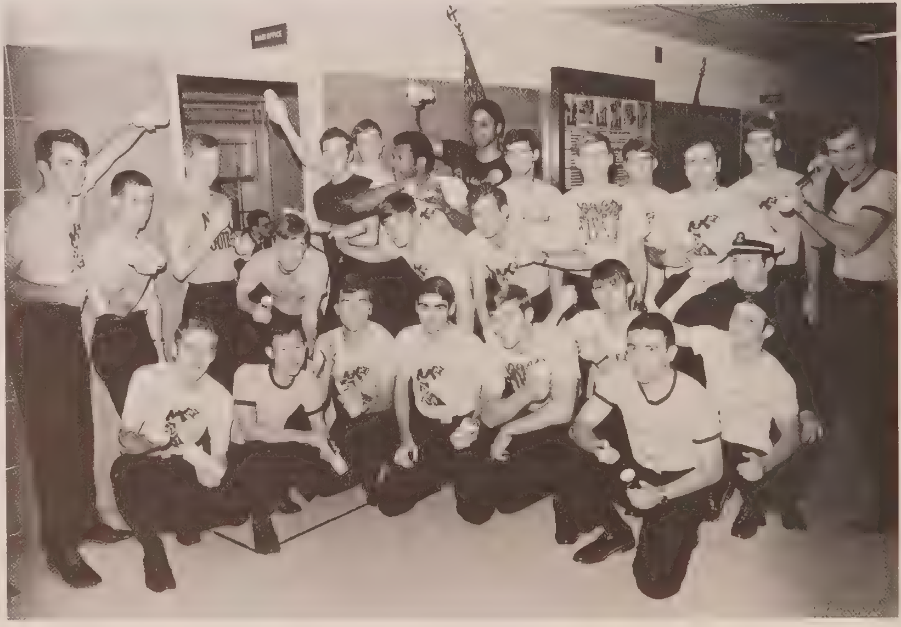
CAO R. SCHIEFEN, CDR – J. BOHLMANN, SUB. B. ROBY

LT R. A. CAPRA, USN

SUB. D. GUZA, CDR. P. BLAIS, CAO J. BLAND



1. R. BATT, 2. M. SPENCER, 3 J. COVER, 4. R. SCHIEFEN, 5. C. ABELIEN, 6. D. GUZA, 7. R. ROUSTIO, 8. C. ANDRE, 9. T. ABERNETHY, 10. R. BATEY, 11. F. LUCCI, 12. B. ROBY, 13. J. FEE, 14. T. COFFEY, 15. P. QUIGLEY, 16. K. MALONEY, 17. C. WILLSON, 18. B. AKIYAMA, 19. J. BLAND, 20. P. BLAIS, 21. J. BOHLMANN, 22. P. PETERSON, 23. T. MARTINEZ, 24. P. RYAN, 25. K. BOWERSOX



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. WASYLKIW, C. DIXON, D. JERRY, J. WITHERS, G. ROSSI 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. CORRALES, J. NINER, W. QUINTONG, O. ANZALOTTA, R. LYNCH, L. MACGUIRE, K. SHAFFER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. GRIFFITH, K. TRAIL, K. BOYD, M. ROBERTS, V. BOUSA, D. KOCHER, D. GORIE 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. KAROL XIII, R. MALONE, A. BURRELL, W. ENSLEN, K. DERBIN, D. BETHEL, R. MAU, J. P. HOLDEN, A. D. PERWICH II NOT PICTURED: D. GREEN

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. HARMAN, P. CONNELL, P. BAYSIC, P. TROY, R. MEDLEY, E. HEUTHER, N. SCREETON 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. GREER, M. ROSSANO, R. ALLER, M. DURKIN, D. BABCOCK, C. THOMPSON, J. HEIL, M. MULLIKIN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. LAMPUGNANO, T. MIKITA, J. REAGAN, W. MALLOY, G. MILO, J. HAMPSHIRE, J. HOLMES, J. WHITLOCK 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. FISH, A. EASTERLING, D. WOOLLETT, M. CROUSE, S. CHAREST, J. WIDAY, E. GIOSA, R. LOCKE NOT PICTURED: E. BRADLEY, R. CHINA, P. COTSONAS, N. KATSIOTIS, T. MCNITT, W. WITTPENN

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. GIORGIONE, B. SCHRAMM, W. WILLIAMS, T. MCGREGOR J. PEARLMAN, B. VAN BAUSH, S. ZIRKLE, S. DEE 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. TUEY, J. BAILEY, J. MESSINGER, P. DONOVAN, A. HERRIOT, B SULLIVANS, J. MURPHY, C. GRANDJEAN, J. RICE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. CARRICK, R. CONNOLLY, V. MCCREE, F WILLIAMS, R. MATHENY, J. BENNER, P. BUSHONG, T. HUNGERFORD, W. CLOUGHLEY 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. ANOLL, R. CAMPBELL, R. HOLLEY, J. HUSTON, J. CROOK, A. BRESLIN, D. SETT, J. BURGESS, C. FELKER

20th Co

CAO F. NIELSEN, CDR. M. SHINEGO, SUB. D. BERENATO

CAPT W. J. WOOD, USMC

CAO D. PETERS, CDR. L. HAYDEN, SUB. R. SMALL

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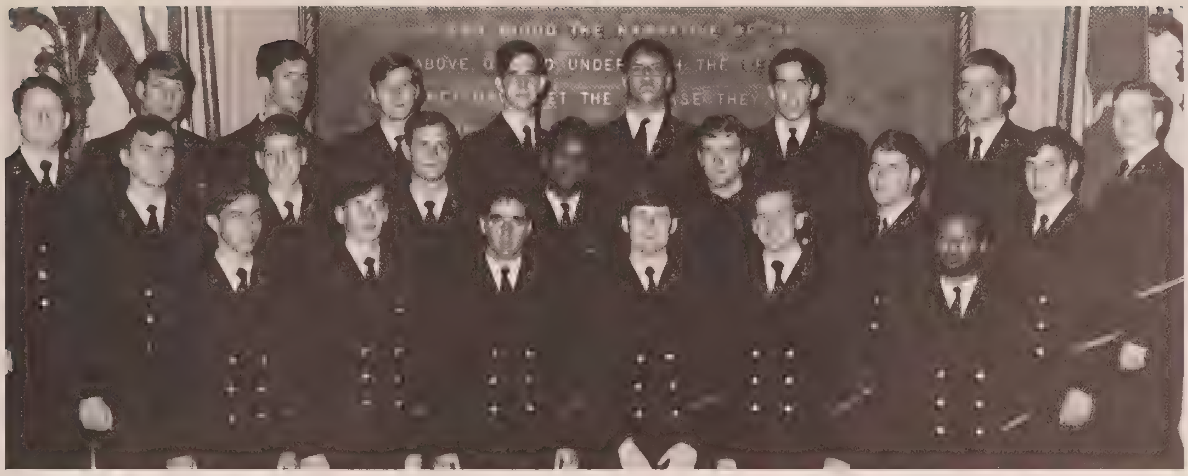
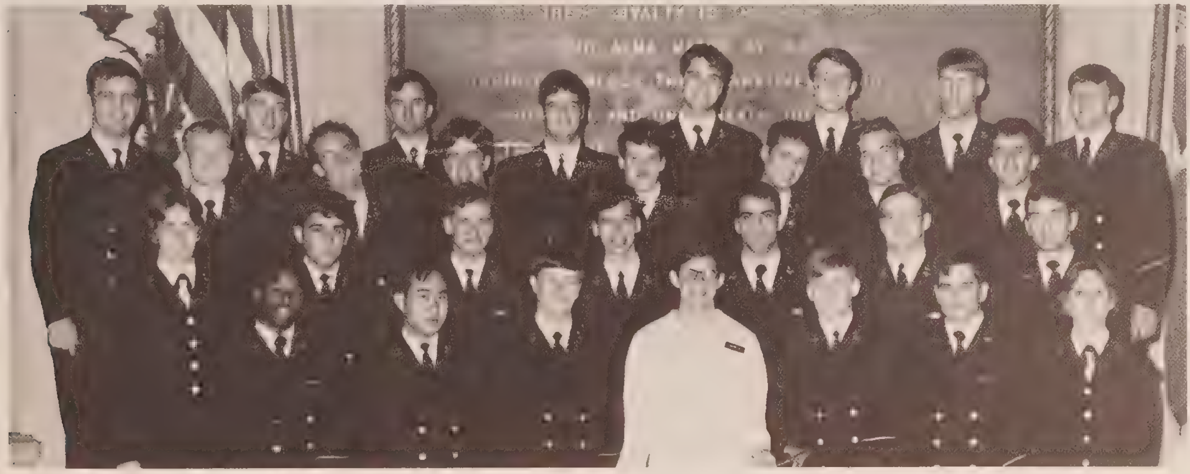
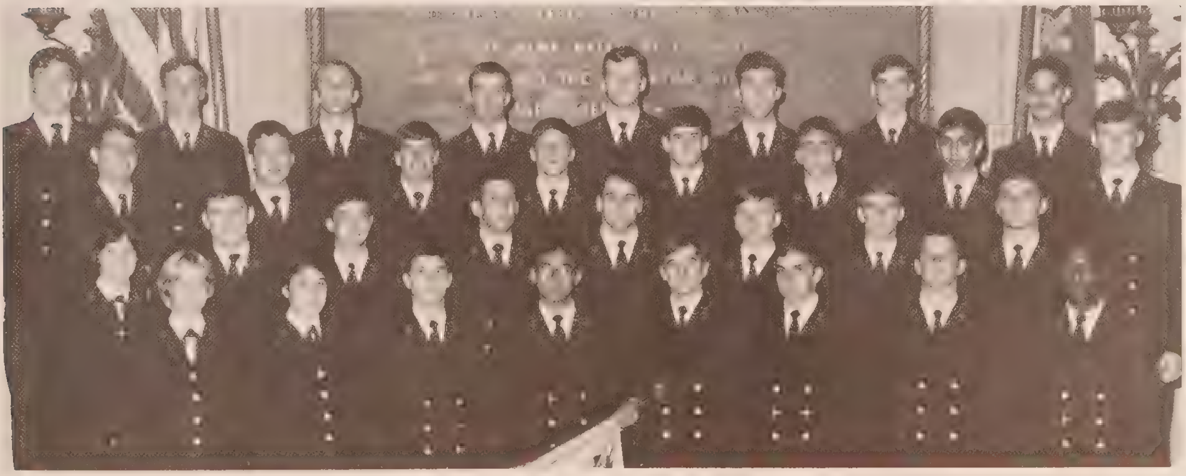
1. S. PAINTER, 2. C. COWEN, 3. A. KOLPACKI, 4. T. McKEON, 5. M. SHINEGO, 6. L. BRAMLETT, 7. D. BERENATO, 8. M. HAYDEN, 9. D. CAWTHRA, 10. R. DICKINSON, 11. S. NOLAN, 12. S. BACON, 13. T. MORSE, 14. J. FELTON, 15. B. LAUGHLIN, 16. D. O'KEEFE, 17. D. LAURIAT, 18. E. HENKLER, 19. R. SMALL, 20. B. MEYERS, 21. R. NIELSON, 22. D. PETERS, 23. J. WALLACE, 24. J. CARRASCO, 25. J. COOKE, 26. E. KALISKY, 27. S. ANDERSON NOT PICTURED: H. KUZMA, D. REILAND



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. KANTARIS, C. DOTY, J. ROCKER, R. O'BRIEN, M. KNAPP, W. MASSIE 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. EATON, G. McCLOSKEY, E. ABEL, M. ALLEN, R. NEWMAN, M. TEMPESTELLI, K. WARTICK 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. HASHBERGER, P. HUSTA, F. FERRANO, S. WALTON, R. PENNIMAN, B. HANSON, J. BYRNES, R. SPAULDING, T. FISCHER 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT)



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. CLARK, L. MEW, M. MINOT, F. HUGHES, F. DIMITREW, K. SNIDER, S. IRWIN 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. WALSH, G. TORRES, K. FINK, R. CACACE, R. DAMM, J. QUIGLEY, D. BEATTY 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) F. PANDOLFE, T. SNIDER, T. O'KEEFE, J. GARWOOD, D. RASCONA, R. PRESS, R. SAEZ-ORTIZ 4TH ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. GEIER, J. SAYRE, K. THOMPSON, J. PROSSER, S. GRUNDMEIER, C. NELSON, D. MEEK, M. CASTAGNERO

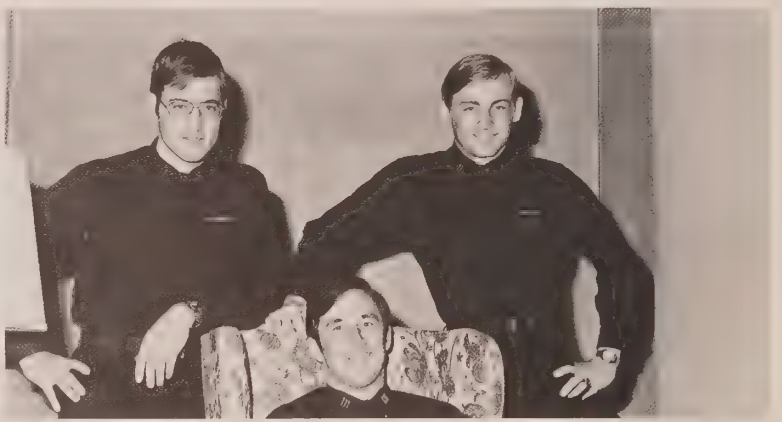


BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) V. KAY, D. DURBAN, J. PAPAGEORGE, B. ORAM, P. MANIBO, R. JONES, D. SEYBOLD, M. PEREZ 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. TURNAGE, J. PAPARELLA, B. GRAY, T. MAROLT, C. BUTLER, J. SCOTT, R. NEILL, M. GUINN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. PASHKEVICH, C. ALVARADO, D. CULIVER, B. DOLAN, B. SKILLEN, M. CUMMINGS, T. TOCCI, T. BISHOP 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. DOWTY, B. BURR, D. THOMAS, R. NASLONSKI, L. BUHLER, B. WOODHOUSE, T. DEAN, C. SANCHEZ

21st Co

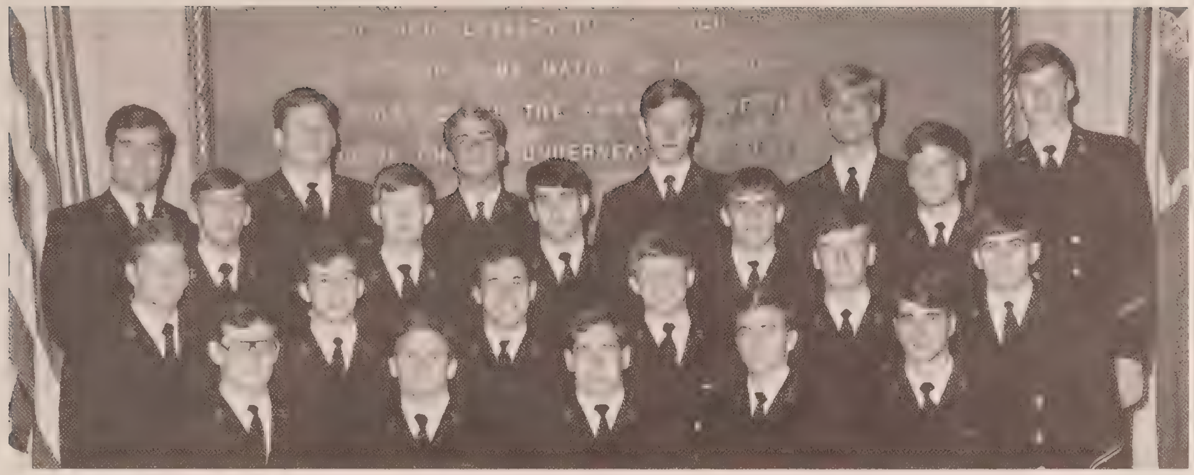
CAO M. BROOME, CDR. J. SWARTZ, SUB. J. CARPENTER

LT A. R. MILLER, USN

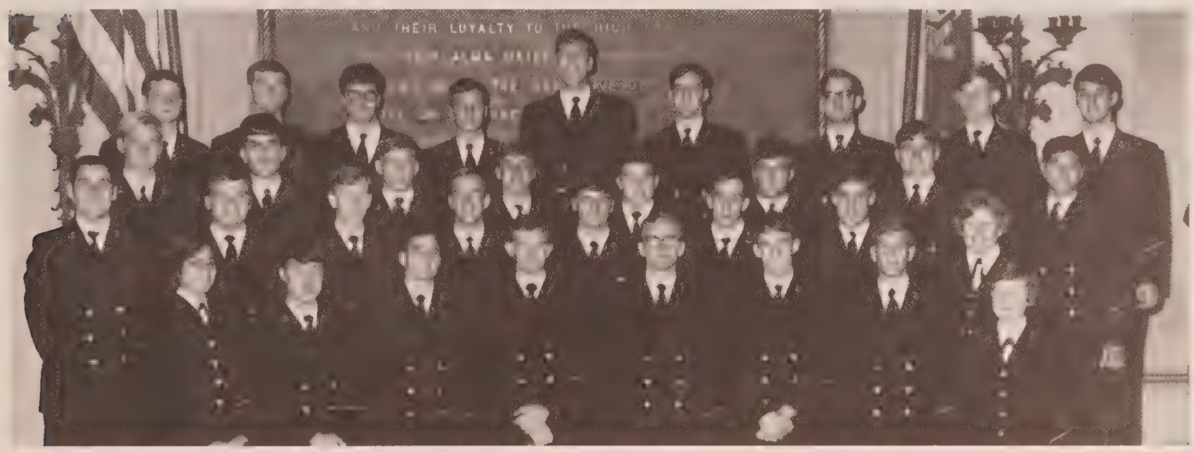


CAO M. RAUSCH, CDR. M. BOENSEL, SUB. S. McKEE

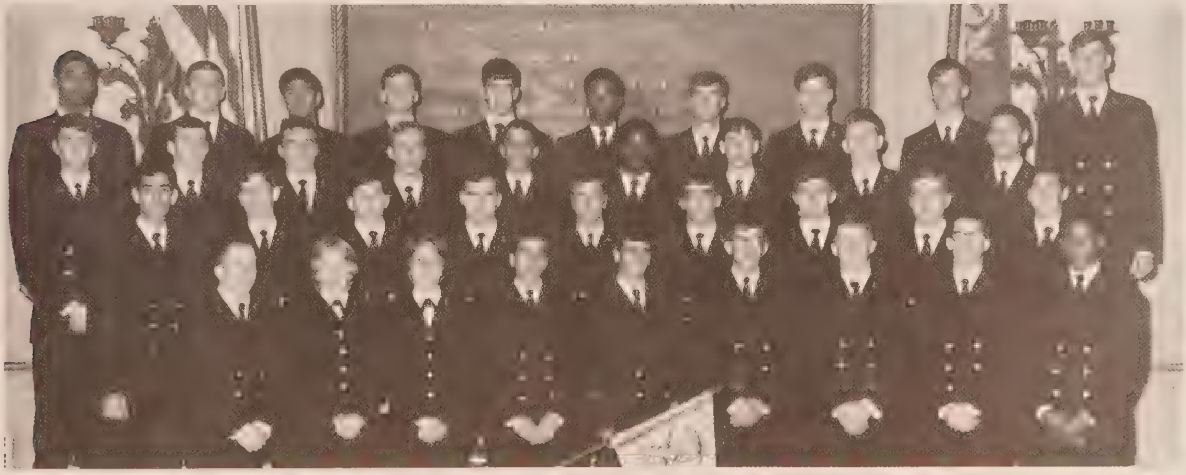
1. M. PASZTALANIEC, 2. R. McCLELLAND, 3. B. FALLON, 4. G. RUPP, 5. G. JUBERT, 6. C. BURGIN, 7. J. STORVICK, 8. C. LOVE, 9. B. ROSS, 10. S. McKEE, 11. J. WISSLER, 12. J. CARPENTER, 13. S. SUTTON, 14. M. BROOME, 15. J. BROWN, 16. M. BOENSEL, 17. T. HOLMAN, 18. C. NICKELL, 19. M. RAUSCH, 20. S. PROVOW, 21. J. KAUFFMAN, 22. J. SWARTZ, 23. V. ROSSITTO, 24. J. SCHLAGHECK NOT PICTURED: O. BULICH, E. REID



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. PERKINS, J. WILLIAMS, M. MOWINS, M. DANCER, S. MIHACEVICH 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. ARENZ, M. LONG, E. GARCIA, R. NEEDHAM, R. SAIN, S. CUMMINGS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. PICCHINI, B. NORMAN, J. GIGLIOTTI, T. SNYDER, L. BEYER 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. WALKER, J. SNYDER, K. HOUCK, D. FOX, M. TRECKA, S. CLARK NOT PICTURED: W. MARRIOTT, K. NORGROVE



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. DERCOLE, M. CHURCH, R. WENDLAND, J. THOMPSON, D. EMERICK, W. KNOWLES, K. KOTELES, E. DURHAM 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. LONN, J. SENSI, R. WILSON, E. FELL, W. EVERETT, J. ELNITSKY, S. NOTA, D. COX 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. MATUS, G. PAULAKOS, M. HODGE, D. BENZING, J. FROST, K. ELLIOT, E. SCHEYDER, C. DAVIDS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. WINTERSCHEIDT, R. LYNCH, J. HORN, S. STEWART, M. TURNER, M. GRIECO, C. TRAUTMAN, J. SKINNER, R. STRNAD



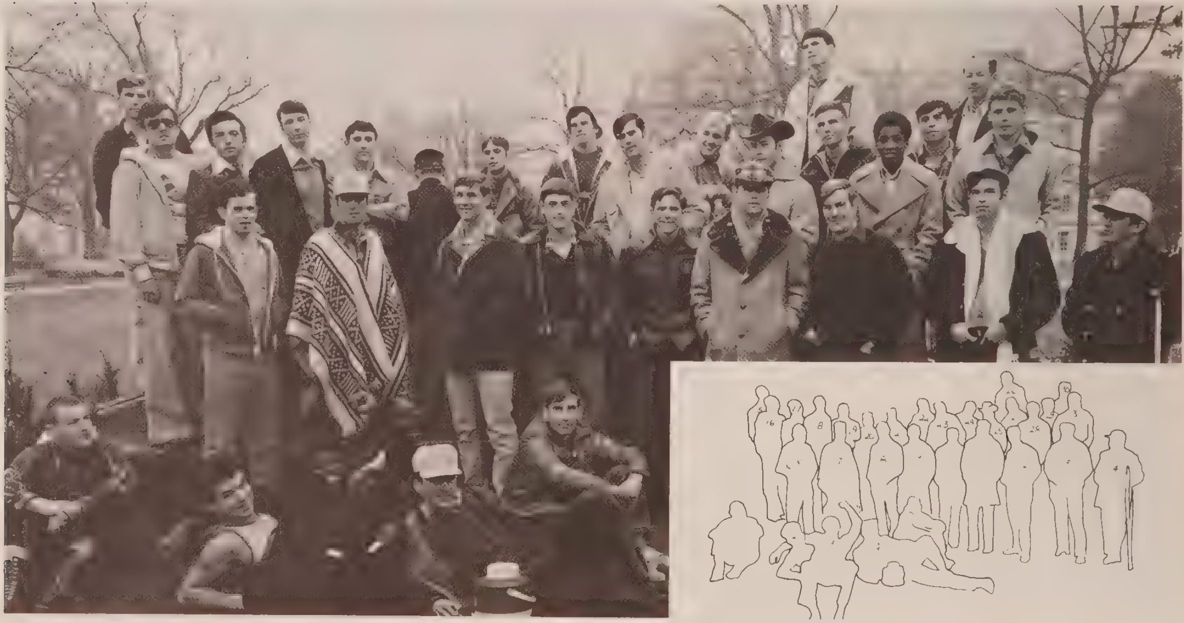
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. FOYE, M. METZGAR, E. JACOBS, J. PETRAGLIA, E. STAGLIANO, D. KURTZ, C FRENCH, W. SCOTT, D. McELROY 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. HORBY, D. FORBES, T. COLLINS, R. COONEY, W DAVIDSON, C. CHANDONNET, J. SEAWARDS, M. McCLOSKY, M. LEOGRANDE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. WITTMAN, R. DUHRKOPF, T. WIRGINIS, S. RICHTER, D. RICH, B. CURRY, T. MOORE, R. EDDLEMAN, E. ESTRADA 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. NORRIS, G. ZITTERKOPF, E. GONZALES, S. LEECH, J. DANIEL, G. REAGOR, R. JOHNSON, J. EDGAR, J. TANNER, C. CRAMB

22nd Co

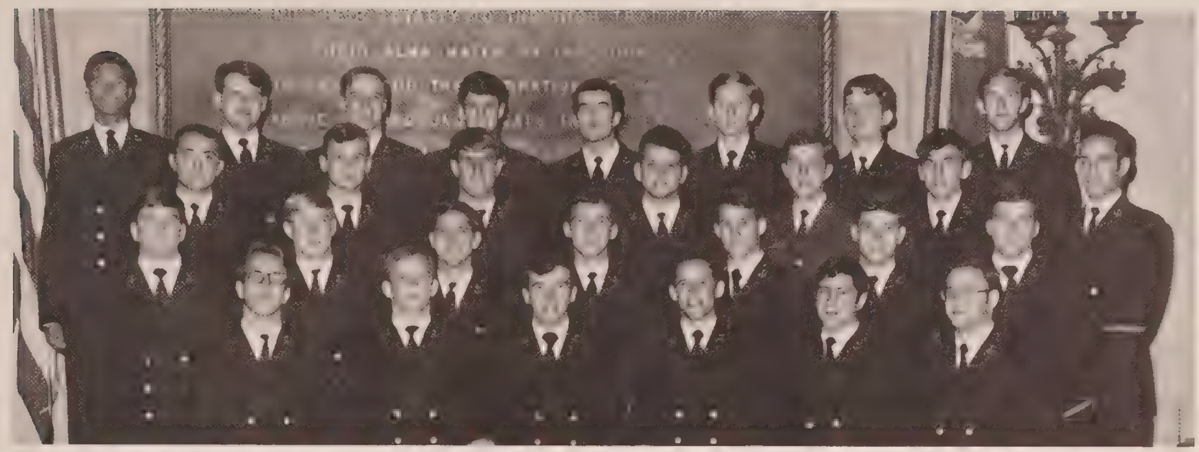
CDR. K. GREENE, CAO J. WHATLEY, SUB. M. CRISP

LCDR N.A. SJOSTROM, USN

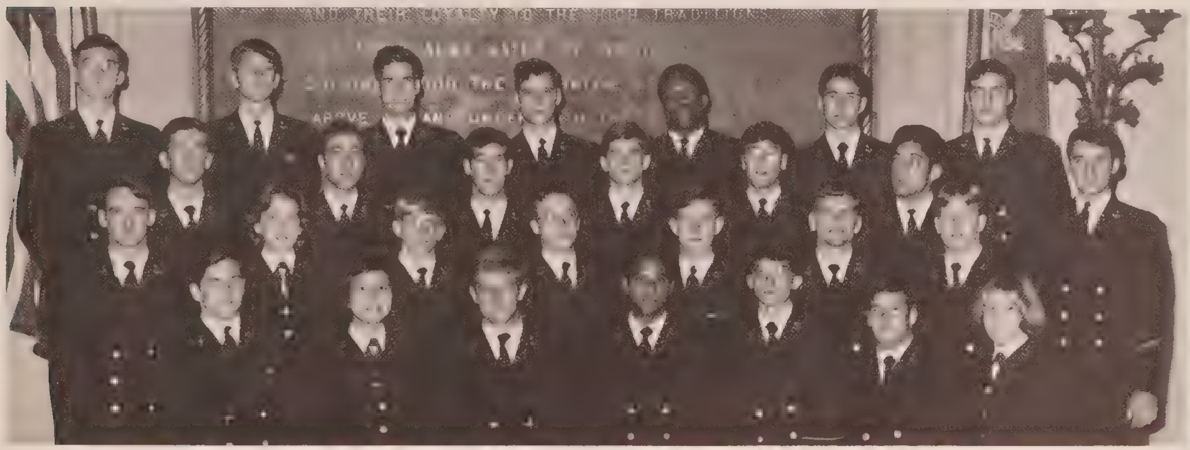
CAO R. KAPLAN, CDR. S. ECKERT, SUB. G. FLANAGAN



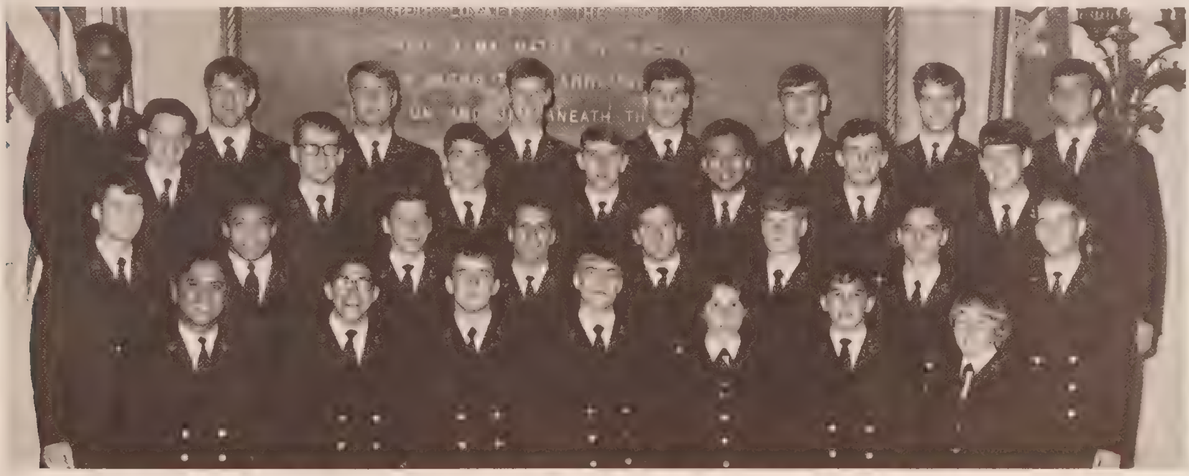
1. W. TERRY, 2. A. HAMMOND, 3. G. FLANAGAN, 4. M. DUNCAN, 5. E. NELSON, 6. L. HARPER, 7. D. REILLY, 8. W. LARIMORE, 9. T. JOHNSTON, 10. S. COPELAND, 11. M. CRISP, 12. C. BOURQUARDEZ, 13. G. TEUFEL, 14. C. GRIFFIN, 15. D. SCHUMAN, 16. M. BALESTRINI, 17. G. ORTEGA, 18. F. BUTTERFIELD, 19. D. MCCAIN, 20. J. SHULSON, 21 W. POOLE, 22. D. MULHARE, 23. L. KING, 24. R. MCNAUGHTON, 25. R. KAPLAN, 26. J. WHATLEY, 27. J. FITZGERALD, 28. E. MOSLEY, 29 S. ECKERT, 30. C. SLACK, 31. C. HEFREN NOT PICTURED: K. GREENE, W. GIRRIER, C. GOODLET



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. HERBOLD, S. JONES, C. WENZ, T. BRANCH, D. FREMONT, M. BROWER 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. KRAUSE, K. MICHAELSON, R. STERLING, J. MATTHEWS, A. HAGELIN, V. DOMZALSKI, C. ARTHUR 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. JACKSON, R. SMOUT, T. CHITWOOD, S. SMITH, B. REMBER, D. FITZGERALD, R. LAKIS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. BEAM, M. SOTTUNG, P. TEMPLE, M. YOUNG, M. MULDOON, R. NEVITT, J. WILSON, G. TURNQUIST NOT PICTURED: M. BLADUELL, P. BURSCH, W. ELMER, P. WRIGHT



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. KOTT, C. DESMARAIS, J. ZICCARDI, G. BROWN, M. GONZALEZ, J. ALMANZA, J. HAWKINS 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. DENMARK, M. HARRINGTON, R. WOOLDRIDGE, T. RUCK, J. YOUNG, S. CUSHANICK, J. RODMAN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. HAPPEL, R. DOROFRIO, K. CURRIE, C. HAHN, J. PIERCE, E. DIMARCO, K. ISRAEL 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. PETRI, G. BUCK, W. ECKLES, D. TWORZYANSKI, C. THORNTON, P. ALLEN, H. MCMILLAN NOT PICTURED: M. SIMS, C. GEVING, C. HOWARD, J. DONAHUE, D. CHILTON, G. GALYO, M. MALEY.



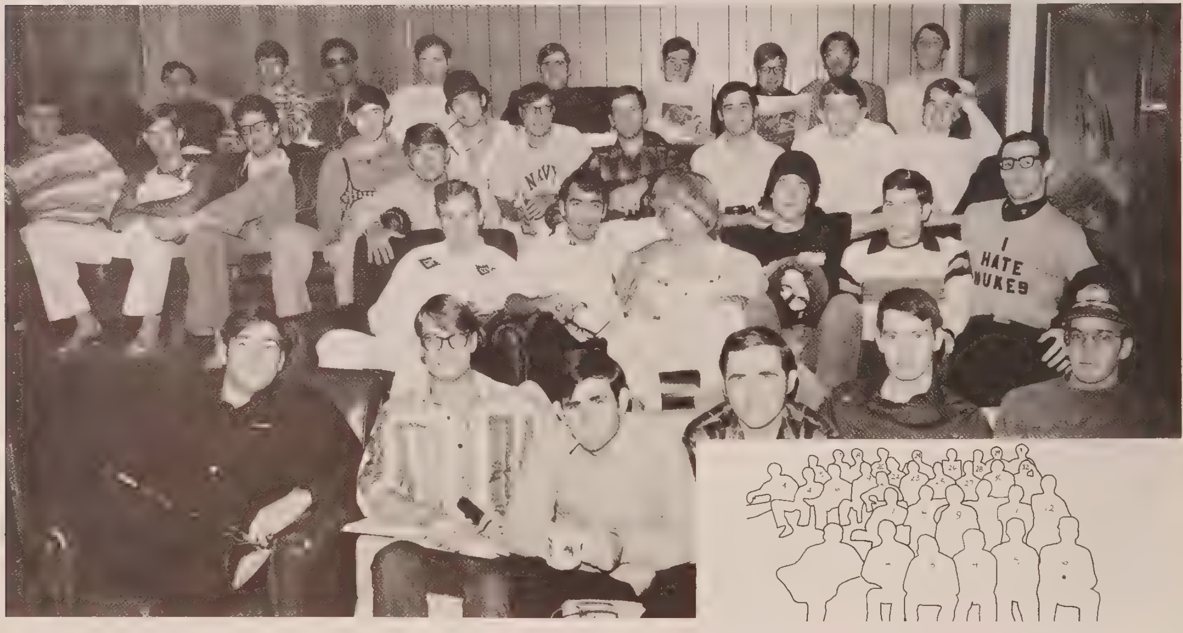
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) L. AGUILA, M. FAGAN, R. DORAN, R. PERRY, M. BARTLO, C. CHAVEZ, S. FRANKE 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. HARNED, K. BOLBERT, D. LANNETTI, E. SCHNEIDER, J. GULLIVER, M. WEBB, S. TOMLINSON, T. ALLEN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. LACASSE, S. SMITH, R. MAGNERS, G. RHODES, C. ROJAS, D. GUTHRIE, M. LABRANCHE, 4th ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. REAVES, D. DUQUETTE, B. NEILSON, K. AIMAN, G. MARIAROSSI, A. HOFFMAN, T. O'BRIEN, C. ROURKE NOT PICTURED: C. JACOB, S. FORTUNATO, P. DUFFY

23rd Co

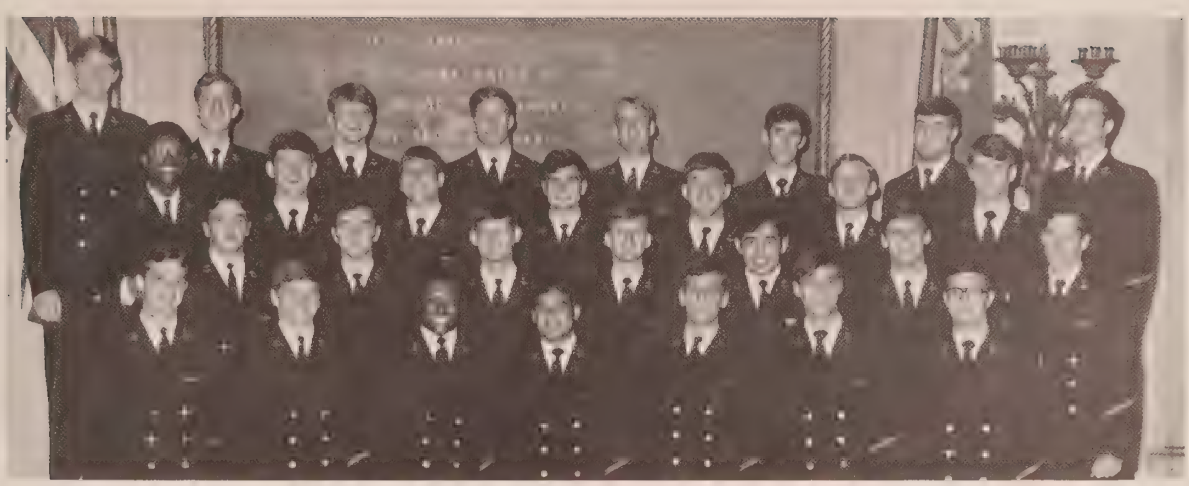
SUB. H. LEAVITT, CDR. W. COOK, CAO J. PAINTER

LT B. W. DUNLAP, USN

SUB. J. CRAMER, CDR. J. PAINTER, CAO K. WALTER



1. P. MATHEWS, 2. J. MARTIN, 3. D. VANCE, 4. J. WARREN, 5. B. GREEN, 6. B. COOK, 7. J. BYERS, 8. A. ROBREDO, 9. M. GALPIN, 10. J. SKOGSBERG, 11. J. ROGERS, 12. T. DOWDING, 13. S. PODAWILTZ, 14. D. MORRISON, 15. J. PAINTER, 16. C. ORZALLI, 17. S. FERREE, 18. M. JOHNSTON, 19. C. POWERS, 20. J. CRAMER, 21. H. SEEGER, 22. K. HAMILTON, 23. B. DUGGAN, 24. K. WALTER, 25. J. BUTLER, 26. J. STANIK, 27. B. LORD, 28. C. DAWSON, 29. R. KNIGHT, 30. M. LEAVITT, 31. B. THRONE, 32. L. NORTON

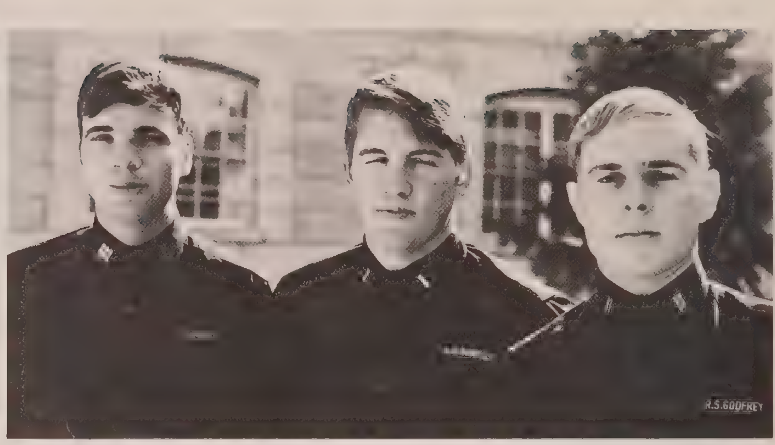


BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. RICKMAN, D. EVANS, J. ADAMS. F. SABLAN, L. ARMOR, M. WILSEY, J. ERICKSON 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. KOVAC, C. STANCIL, T. WOMBLE, J. TAYLOR, R. CHAPA, A. McCOMBS, B. DRISCOLL 3RD ROW - (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. JOHNSON, B. WARD, D. LYONS, T. SHELLY, B. HARRIS, S. SCHEMMEL, P. PRUTZMAN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. KAHL, G. ROBY, W. SHEAR, B. WAWRZENIAK, S. KENYON, H. WALSH, J. VALENTI, G. KRUMEL

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) L. HERMOSO, G. MORRIS, P. TATRO, G. MILLER, F. STAGLIANO, R. STAFFORD, J. KUBO 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. BROWNE, B. OXBORROW, M. ROBINSON, R. TORRES, K. SIECZKOWSKI, M. SNEED, B. TURNOCK 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. SULLIVAN, R. ATWOOD, B. FERGUSON, B. GEHRKE, G. HOUCK, A. WELLESLEY, D. LENGYEL 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. DIMERCURIO, S. ANDERSON, L. RUCKER, S. MASALIN, B. GROOMS, J. HICKEY, D. ANDERSON

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. MUTZABAUGH, J. MARTINEZ, S. SWETLAND, R. PEREZ, M. GARZA, J. GUIDA, L. HALE, M. MATTHEWS 2ND ROW – R. KENNINGTON, D. SAWYER, J. ROGERS, D. GLOVER, G. CURTISS, J. LIERMAN, S. MILLER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. ROLL, C. RIDDLE, S. OLSON, M. ROUNDS, M. CONNOLLY, R. LAY, R. ROBERTS, P. JAMES 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. BOLEN, J. HUDSON, B. GAST. L. SIDDALL, S. RING, P. RIESTER, T. GIEDLIN, R. ROGERS

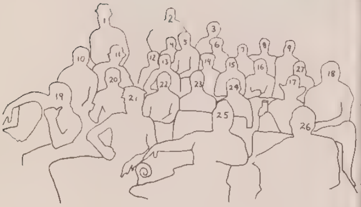
24th Co



CDR. J. GERETY, CAO G. HUNEGS, SUB. R. GODFREY

LT L. HEYWORTH, III, USN

SUB. T. MCNAMEE, CDR. A. WINNS, CAO M. McENTEE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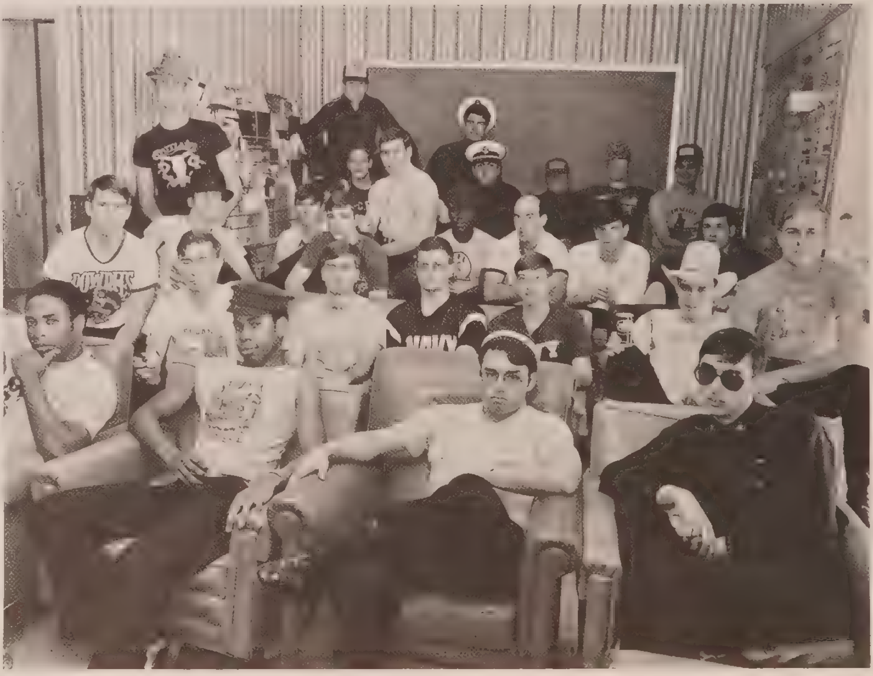
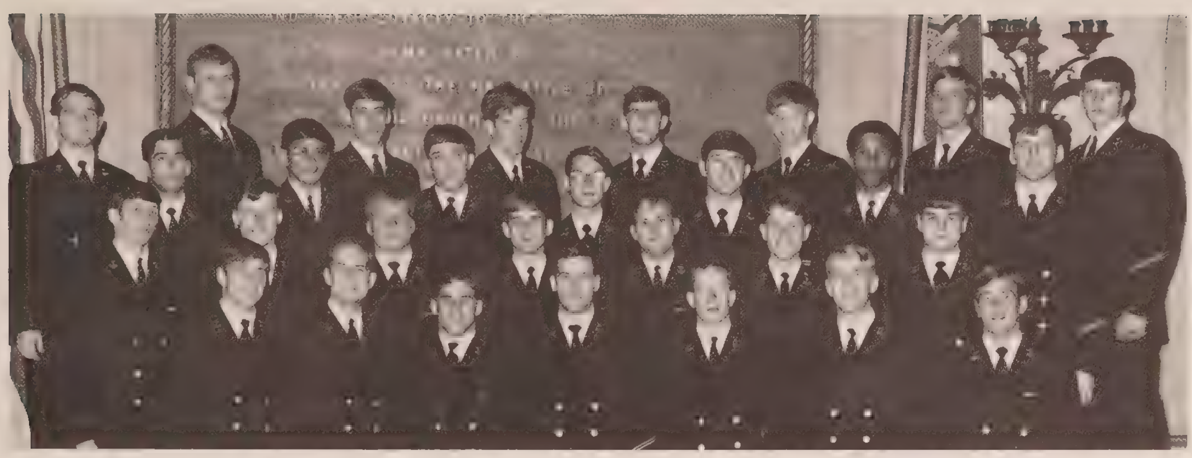
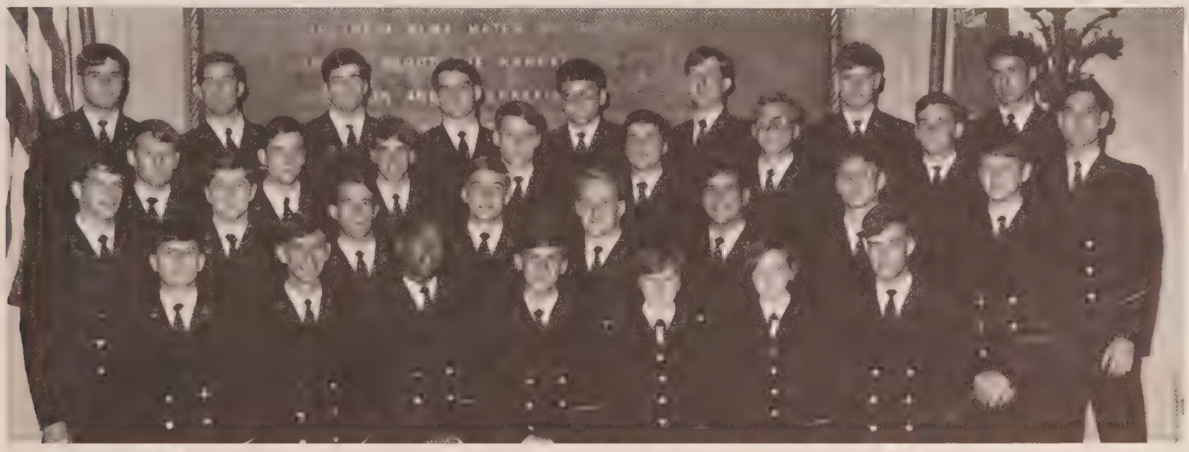
1. G. WHELESS, 2. D. CANNAN, 3. M. McKEON, 4. T. McELWEE, 5. J. BOWLING, 6. G. SAMBRANO, 7. D. SURGENT, 8. R. DANIEL, 9. D. PHILMAN, 10. G. HUNEGS, 11. T. SHADDIX, 12. T. ARCANO, 13. J. GERETY, 14. A. WINNS, 15. K. DAVIES, 16. C. LINDSTRAND, 17. J. COBB, 18. S. GODFREY, 19. T. CRAWFORD, 20. D. BRUCKWICKI, 21. F. MEADOWS, 22. K. SAULS, 23. F. LYON, 24. M. McENTEE, 25. T. MCNAMEE, 26 J. GAGNE, 27. P. FOX

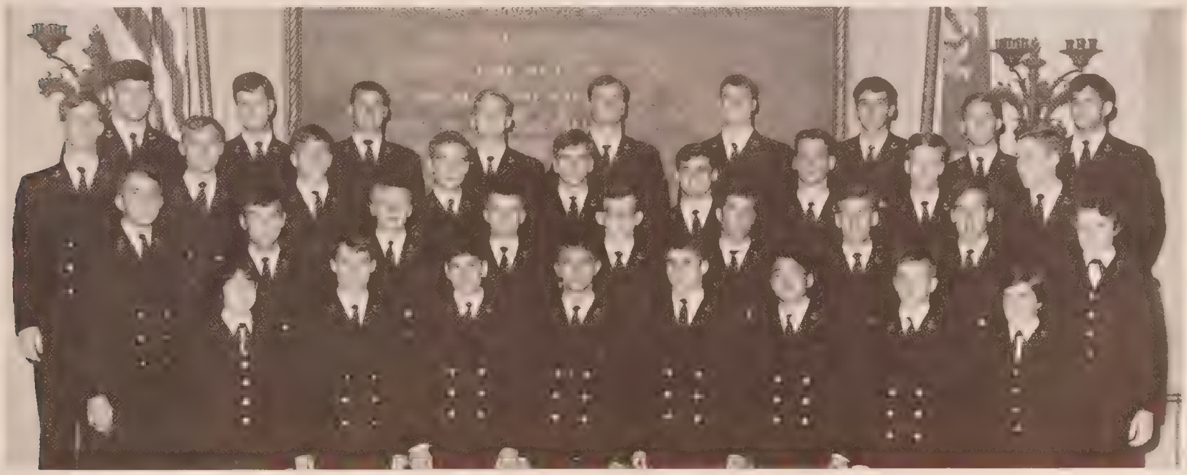




BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. MARRS, J. HELLNER, J. FAWCETT, J. CIANO, R. TOBEY, M. DEAN, W. DARINZO 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. WEST, J. MOWER, T. DRUFFEL, L. MUELLER, C. KLOTZ, J. HEDDEN, M. GALLANT 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. PIROZZI, B. FEGURGUR, J. KELLY, L. LEITER, E. HUYER, C. WILDER, M. STEPHENS 4th ROW – (LEFT TO ROGHT) S. HICKS, M. FEIDT, P. REESE, S. JENKINS, S. PRATTON, E. McGINN, C. GIEDLIN, D. ALBRECHT NOT PICTURED· L. JONES, JR.

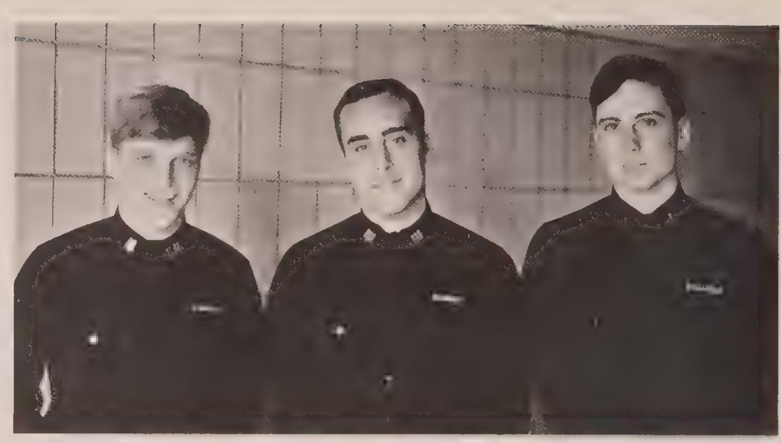


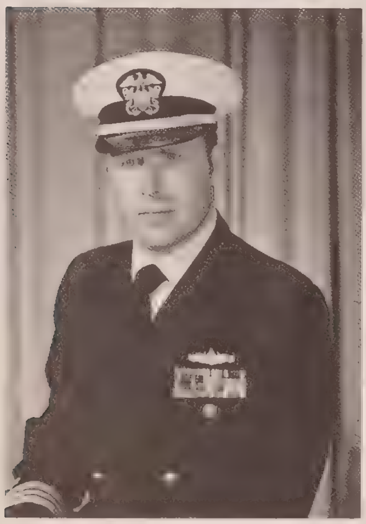
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. CLINE, J. CARLSON, L. McCAULEY, B. SIZEMORE, B. HENRY, C. THOMPSON, A. COLEGROVE 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) N. PETERSON, B. CAVITT, C. WALLINGTON, S. HONAN, S. BENSON, B. NEUNABER, J. TRUEBLOOD, J. SPENCER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. THOMPSON, V. SEE, J. RANSON, D. PORTER, G. PETRO, C. VAUGHT, R. BLUNT, J. ADAMS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. BROWN, J. JAMISON, J. CONNOLLY, M. MOONEY, M. WEDGE, L. PLUNK, J. ANDERSON, E. GRIFFITH



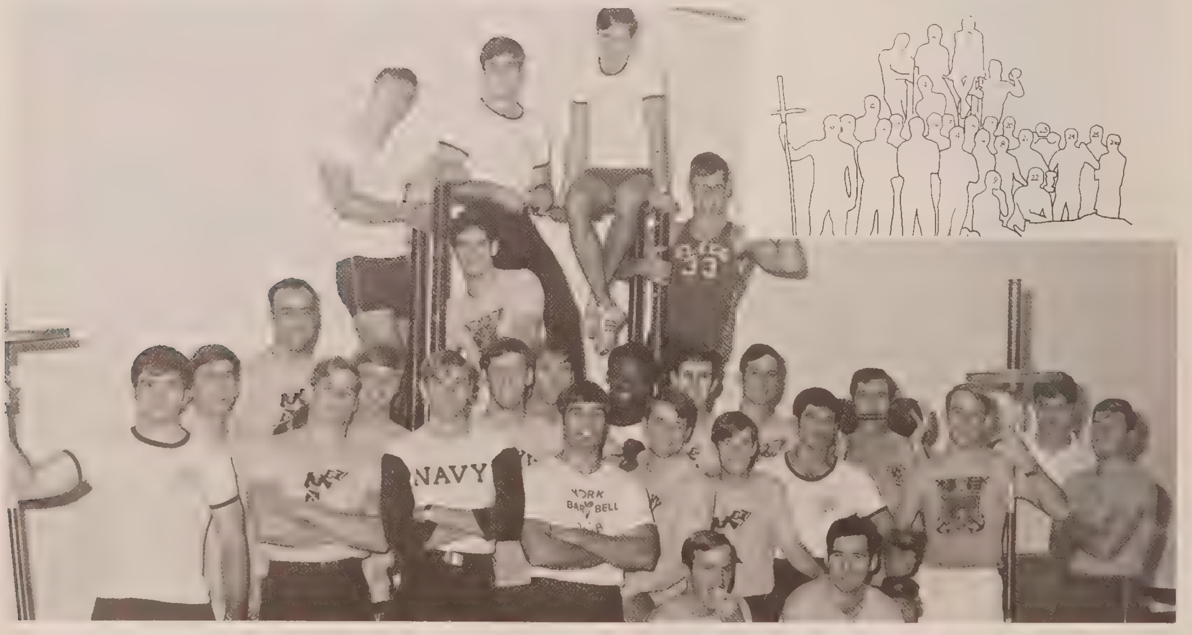
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. FARNETT, D. SPANBAUER, J. RICCI, M. CZIECIOLOWSKI, J. MUCCI, A. NAGAO, D. PERRY, S. FOX 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. BURNS, H. ASZKLAR, G. MACK, D. PIONTEK, B. MARR, B. GUILL, C. SMITH, J. MURPHY, P. PLOTT 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. LOVELESS, J. MANCHOR, J. GRAFTON, R. WINSLOW, T. CARLSON, T KUNTZ, S. STECKLER, D. DEGROFF, B. KNAPP 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. LOGAR, J. ADAMS, N. MOE, E. REX, S. CHAMBERS, S. PFIRMAN, A. ZAVALA, T. HILTZ, M. HAWLEY

25th Co

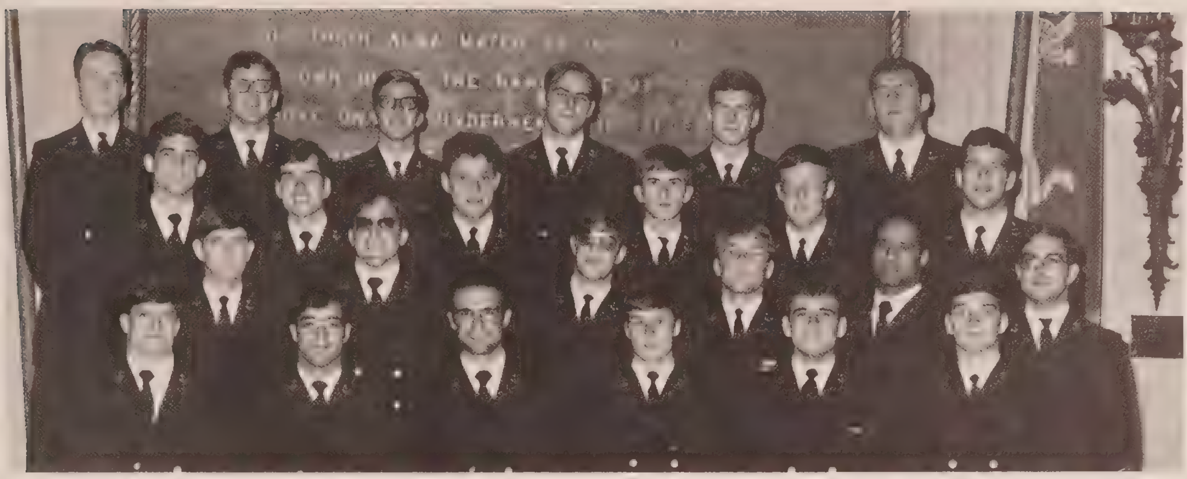

SUB. J. KANTNER, CDR. R. BRACY, CAO N. DELLINGER


LCDR G. R. BRINDEL, USN

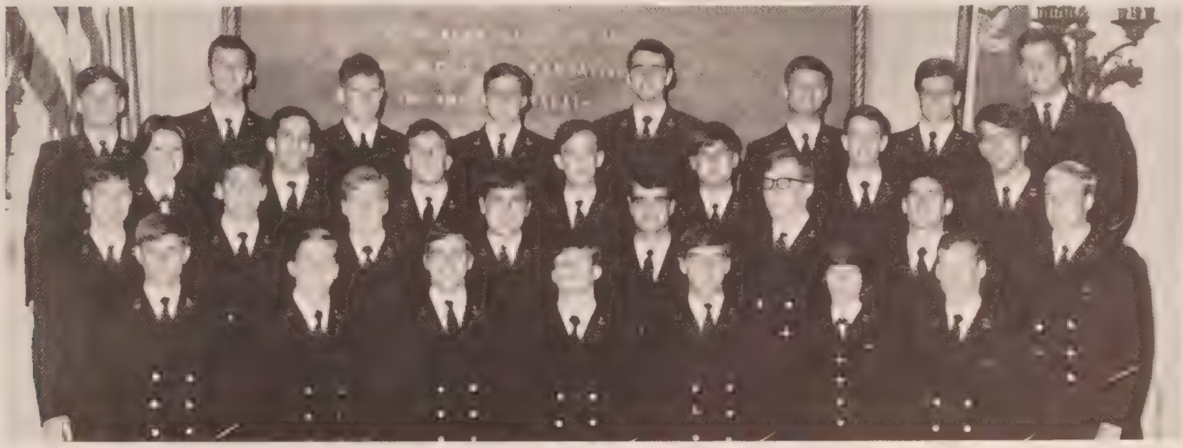
SUB. L. NEWBY, CDR. D. DIEHL, CAO S. PATERNOSTER



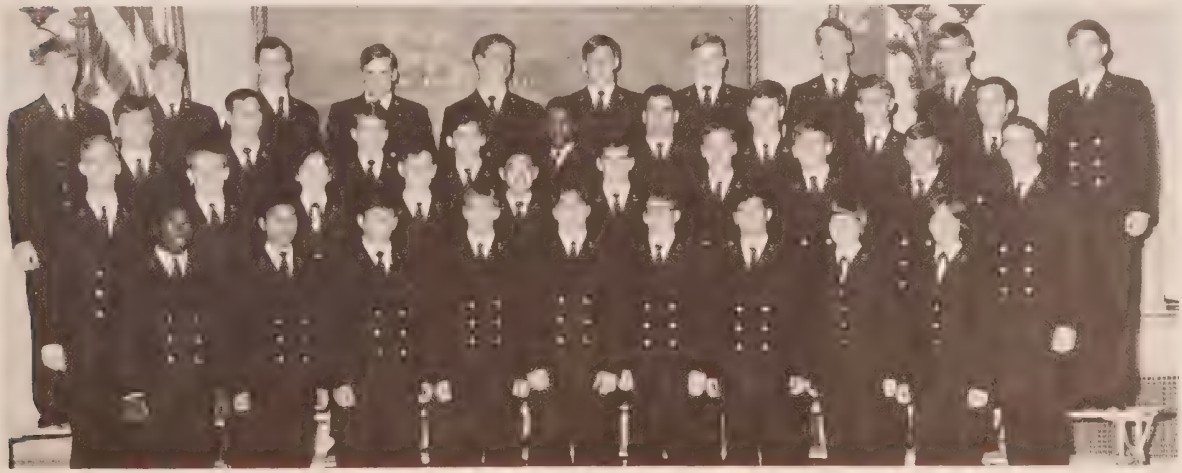
1. K. NORRIS, 2. D. BRADY, 3. J. MEISNER, 4. W. BURGER, 5. C. LOWTHER, 6. R. WILSON, 7. D. JENKINS, 8. R. BRACY, 9. J. RUDZIS, 10. J. KANTNER, 11. P. RODGERS, 12. T. TRACY, 13. K. WALLACE, 14. G. GILTZOW, 15. L. NEWBY, 16. T. McMAHON, 17. C. HARTFELDER, 18. D. DIGGS, 19. R. STOLLE, 20. N. DELLINGER, 21. S. PATERNOSTER, 22. S. LATTA, 23. D. DIEHL, 24. D. SCHULTZ, 25. M. SOHA, 26. E. NELSON



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. JERABEK, R. TATA, A. BRUGAL, T. MOON, J. PAVONI, T. MULCARE 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. RUTH, M. RYAN, L. TAGGART, J. HILLAN, B. MARTIN, J. NEWMASTER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. ROMANOFF, P. CARRIER, J. SCHNEIDER, M. WINSOR, O. HUNT, T. BLUE 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. NAGLE, M. KUHARIK, B. WILLIAMS, W. RUCKER, J. BAYLESS, E. CHRISTENSEN



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. HESSE, G. SMITH, J. O'HARA, J. ROBERTS, C. GILBERT, K. SHANEBROOK, K. SULLIVAN 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. KLUSSMAN, M. BOUVIER, G. WHITE, R. GODSEY, A. VANARA, Q. MONSON, M. CERCEO, S. WATKINS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) L. RAMPP, B. TROP, J. GUTZLER, J. NANCE, J. MUNSON, R. WADDEL, R. SAULS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) V. SODD, D. MILLER, D. JONES, R. CARLQUIST, D. GORDINEER, W. MacDONALD, M. CROOK, B. BURLINGAME



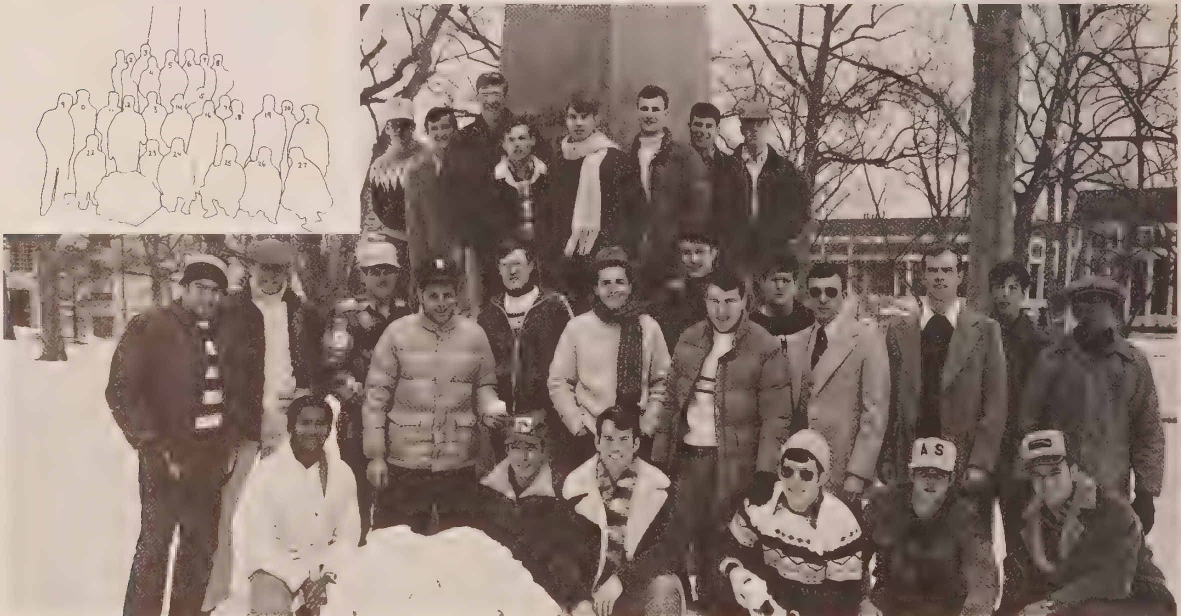
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. RICKS, N. LITTALIA, R. GARCIA, F. STRAUGHN, D. HARRISON, R. ELLIOT, B COUGHLIN, E. JEWETT, N. HAGEDORN 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. DESKO, J. VESS, P. LASELL, J. JONES, G. IMAI, W ARMSTRONG, K. SHOOK, J. HAFEY, G. BASIL, J. KELLY 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. NAULT, T. YAVORSKI, T. DOYLE, W. TAYLOR, P. WIMBISH, Z. FRANGOS, R. ALMETER, K. ROHLFING, J. GREEN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. JEFF, JR., G. DENKLER, G. DOUGHERTY, K. LEWKO, D. JASON, F. REITZEL, D. WOODS, P. WEHR, R. MASTORS, M. RODGERS NOT PICTURED: S. HARRIS

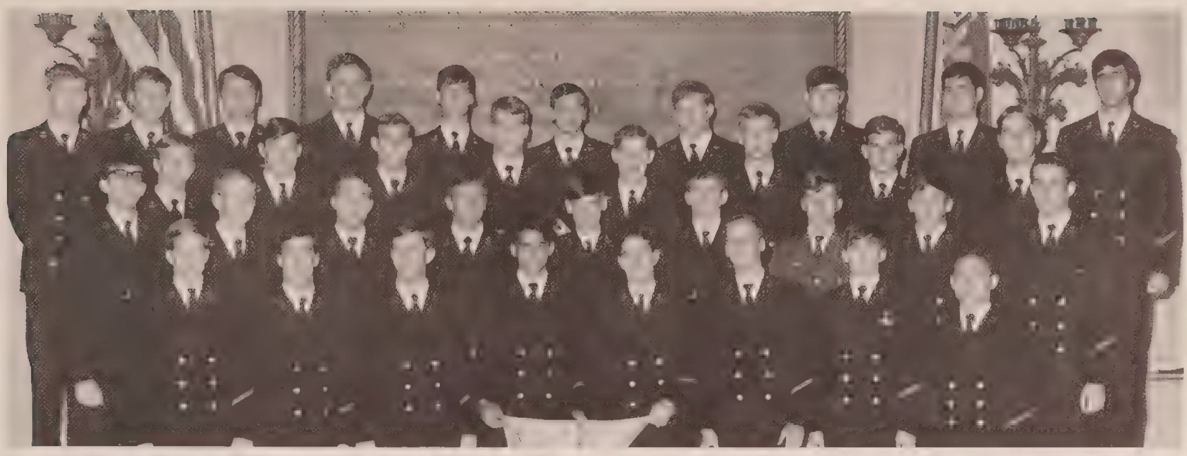
26th Co

CAO D. BERRY, CDR. M. McNAIR, SUB. C. DAVIDSON

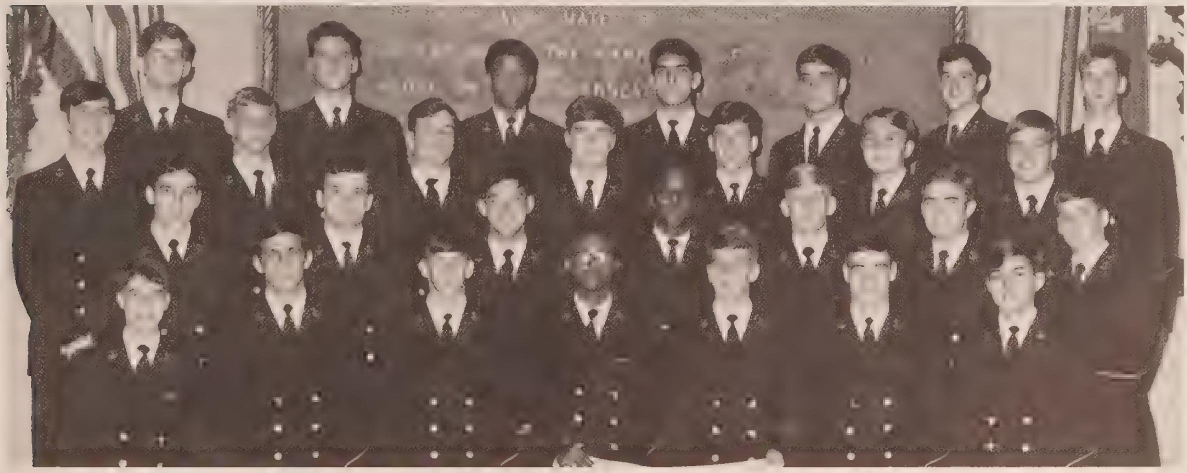
LCDR. J. BROWN, USN

SUB. S. CORNWELL, CDR. V. DIGIROLAMO, CAO. C. CRAGG

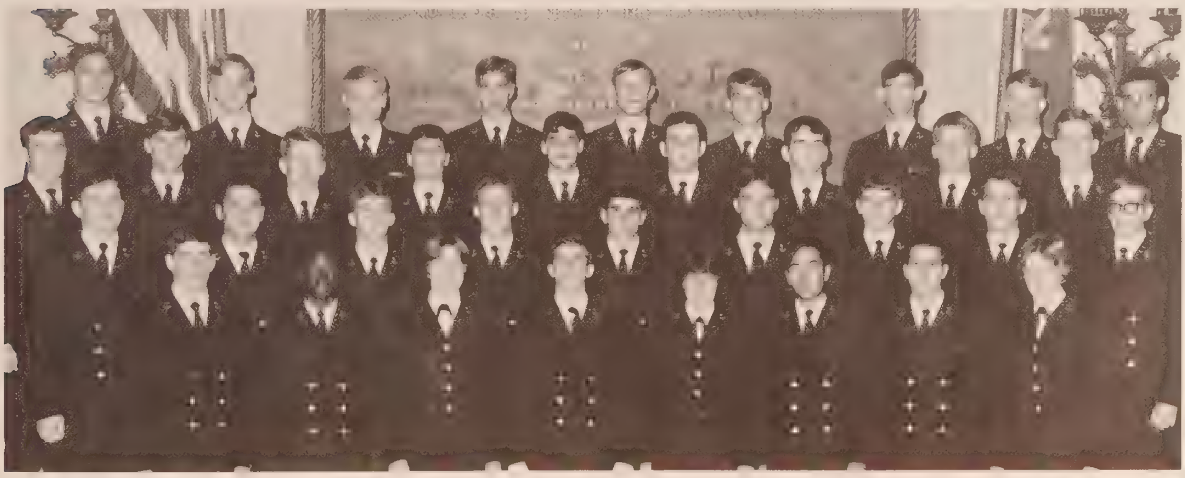

1. M. HOPPE, 2. M. FIFER, 3. C. DAVIDSON, 4. M. MCNAIR, 5. L. OLSEN, 6. D. BERRY, 7. B. CRAIR, 8. G. LONG, 9. B. FINK, 10. M. HONECK, 11. B. WILSON, 12. A. CALLAS, 13. B. BEARY, 14. K. O'KEEFE, 15. C. MILLER, 16. D. TRUNDY, 17. T. BUTTLE, 18. T. REHRIG, 19. D. MORRIS, 20. K. LYNCH, 21. B. MARCHANT, 22. M. WILLIAMS, 23. C. CRAGG, 24. C. SAVANT, 25. V. DIGIROLAMO, 26. N. HANSEN, 27. S. CORNWELL



BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. KLOCEK, R. KETTER, D. MEEDER, A. SALCEDO, R. MACEK, J. HARTIGAN, J. BRAZEE. K. VANDERHORST 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) A. ACEVEDO, A. WHITING, B. SHADE, P. KAUS, T. HARRIS, S. JONES, T. DUDLEY, H. MURPHY, D. KAYE, 3RD ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. RILEY, K. JACKSON, D. FREY, D. SHAW, M. ERIKSEN, H. BURNS, J. STETSON, R. RUNOLFSON 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. BELANGER, J. ALBISO, K. RUSSELL, LCDR BROWN, S. HULL, M. MONTANA, S. KREMER, J. SHUGARS, S. SCHOCK, T. AMIRAULT



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. WARD, P. JEROME, C. WOOD, B. SMITH, H. STODDARD, P. GASKILL, J. CASSELL 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. CRUM, C. BAYACK, C. SHINTANI, L. BARNHILL, M. KACZMAREK, J. RANDALL, D. NYLEN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. MORRIS, D. LEIVONEN, B. KONOPIK, G. MILLER, S. OBRANSKI, G. WOJCIESZAK, D. WILLIAMS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. TINDAL, E. DEMPSEY, M. LEWERS, R. GRIGGS, R. MULLARKEY, M. KANE, M. MUNDAY



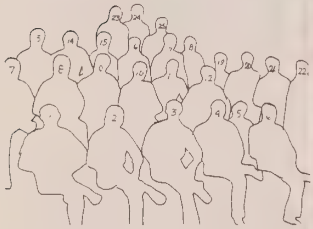
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. WESSING, K. HARNESS, M. BRIGDEN, C. CHURCH, S. STEWART, S. BROWN, D. BRUCE, C. JONES 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. CARAPEZZA, J. GONZALES, G. WEIGLE, S. HUBAL, S. COLON, L. GOFF, J BRANDT, J. CLAY, G. EIDE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) V. SMARJESSE, J. KLAUSS, M. MULLIGAN, E. MENGER. S JAWORSKI, R. WHITE, V. MAGUIRE, R. MANSKI, P. SEIDEL 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. SCHULTZ, K. SPIRO, O. NIEMAN, R. SYMPSON, M. STANKUS, B. SALMON, D. FISH, J. BURKE, D. JACKSON

27th Co

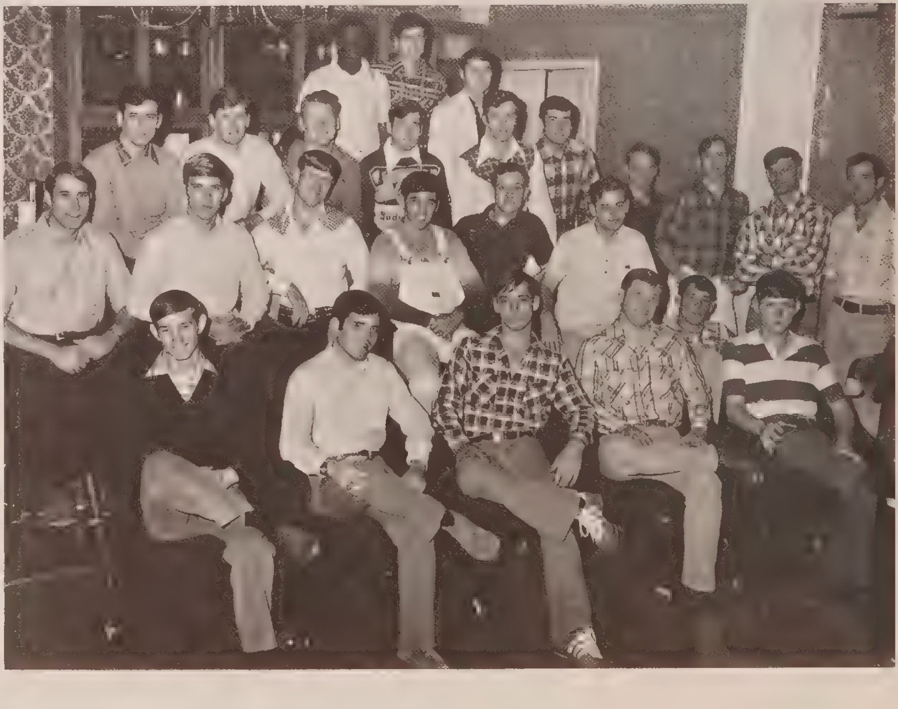
SUB. J. HUESEMAN, CDR. D. HOLLOWAY, CAO T. CALLAHAN

LT J. E. HILBURN, USN

SUB. G. CHASKO, CDR. R. BOCH, CAO A. KARAKOS



1. D. BENNETT, 2. J. ACLIN, 3. L. GARD, 4. R. BOCH, 5. A. WISE, 6. A. KARIAKOS, 7. J. HUESEMAN, 8. B. BRAUER, 9. T. LAWSON, 10. M. SHERMAN, 11. P. WIEDORN, 12. H. VAN VLACK, 13. T. CALLAHAN, 14. B. KIRK, 15. K. HALEK, 16. G. BEYER, 17. D. FITZSIMMONS, 18. D. HAMBLEN, 19. J. CANADAY, 20. S. STONER, 21. J. CHASKO, 22. J. SCHMITZ, 23. S. JONES, 24. D. HOLLOWAY, 25. J. BOWDOIN

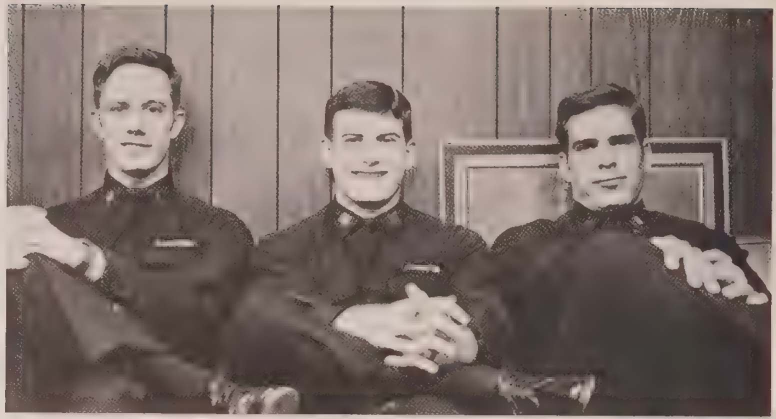


BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. HARRIS, R. RAHALL, T. GRENCI, T. HEWITT, J. RENDINE, M. KENNEDY, M. SHIPLEY, 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. PARIS, P. CALLAS, R. DOLAN, D. MAXWELL, D. CORRITORE, W. ROSE, R. REASOR 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. YALEN, F. GUERRERO, M. BROWNING, M. BRADLEY, J. CONYERS, J. BLAND, N. MERKEL 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. DYKES, A. SMITH, B. POOLER, S. CAIN, G. ZITKA, R. EHRHARDT, M. BACKSTROKE

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. HEATHERINGTON, G. MISLICK, A. ARTUSO, A. OTANO, S. HARRIS, J. BRASTAUSKAS, J. KERN 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) L. ARKLEY, R. SCHLESINGER, L. BROWN, A. McCAWLEY, M. HUTTEMAN, R. REZZARDAY, J. IGEL 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. ELDER, M. LOPEZ-ALEGRIA, M. LORETANGELI, B. PUGH, B CHISOLM, M. MARCINOWSKI, R. STEFANOVIC 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. ABEL, D. RIEDEL, B. CARMICHAEL, C. McSHANE, K. HOLWELL, S. SPEHN, T. CASEY, S. GARRETT

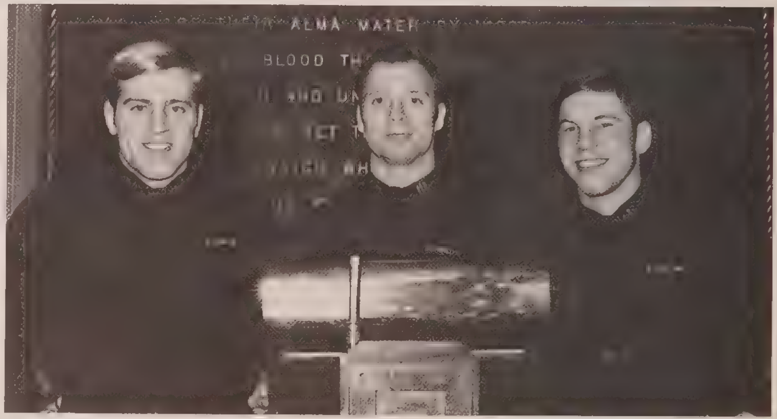
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. SANDOVAL, S. HOFFMAN, L. RAMPP, J. MORAN, T. PRINCE, K. CUMMINGS, I JOHNSON, M. DELUCA, B. DOUGLAS 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) N. KALINOWSKI, N. MARQUET, D. KROUPA, J. FISHER, B. BELLIS, A. OVERTON, F. LEE, D. REESE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. STANTON, P. POLCARI, O. HENDRICKSON, M MAGUIRE, O. NANYES, R. BYNG, B. JARMAN, W. WHITE, J. SKELLENGER 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) H. THEURER, J HOHL, D. ROBBINS, D. DEWIS-PILARE, J. TAYLOR, J. BARNHILL, B. BELLETOO, L. BURT, D. OTT, M. VANGUTEN

28th Co



CAO M. PETERSON, CDR. J. HAMILTON, SUB. M. McKINNEY

MAJ R. A. SIFUENTES, USMC


ALMA MATER
BLOOD TH

SUB. K. DONLON, CDR. D. FANELLI, CAO K. CHEEZUM

NAVY
CREW
NAVY
ENT POST
INC.
NAVY
8

1. D. MORI, 2. S. BAYES, 3. T. HAMILTON, 4. P. WITT, 5. M. JOHNSON, 6. S. FEDYSCHYN, 7. K. CHEEZUM, 8. G. KOLODZIEJCZAK, 9. D. FANELLI, 10. M. McKINNEY, 11. C. BEHREND, 12. T. HANLEY, 13. M. PETERSON, 14. D. RIDGON, 15. J. HARBISON, 16. T. WRIGHT, 17. M. GASAPO, 18. J. McCABE, 19. B. GILLESPIE, 20. C. DONLON, 21. D. HAMPSHIRE, 22. T. BOND, 23. T. CURRY, 24. D. BEARSS, 25. W. LACHOWICZ

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. DARROCA, D. NICHOLS, S. PAYETTE, E. BERRY, G. FIRMIN, R. MIRICK 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. NEES, M. LAMBIE, G. ADAMS, B. JUBLOU, L. GLOVER 3RD ROW – (LEFTTO RIGHT) G. SHUGA, J. LEVIN, R. KELLER, K. PANOS, F. INSCOE, R. MARTIN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. HANCOCK, V. CHERTAVIAN, T. FACER, D. MARTINEZ, M. SHATYNSKI, J. CRAIG NOT PICTURED: M. WILLIS, W. VALENTINE, M. POHLMEYER

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. McCRARY, M. MALINIAK, R. MAULDIN, D. ROBERTS, P. WACEK, R. ALTENBURGER, D. STAHL, M. FOLEY 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. BIESEL, C. PRESTON, J. WINTER, R. RIVERA, M. BIZZARO, D. CHARACTER, R. ALEXANDER, O. EDWARDS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. TOVES, R. CAMPBELL, M. RIDDLE, D. ROBERTSON, J. ROGERS, T. LOVIZA, E. MANNS, L. FIROS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. SHELTON, J. MERRILL, C. BLACKBURN, G. DAVIS, K. KARTON, J. HUCKENPOEHLER, C. HENDERSHOT, R. BURINSKY, R. VELGOS

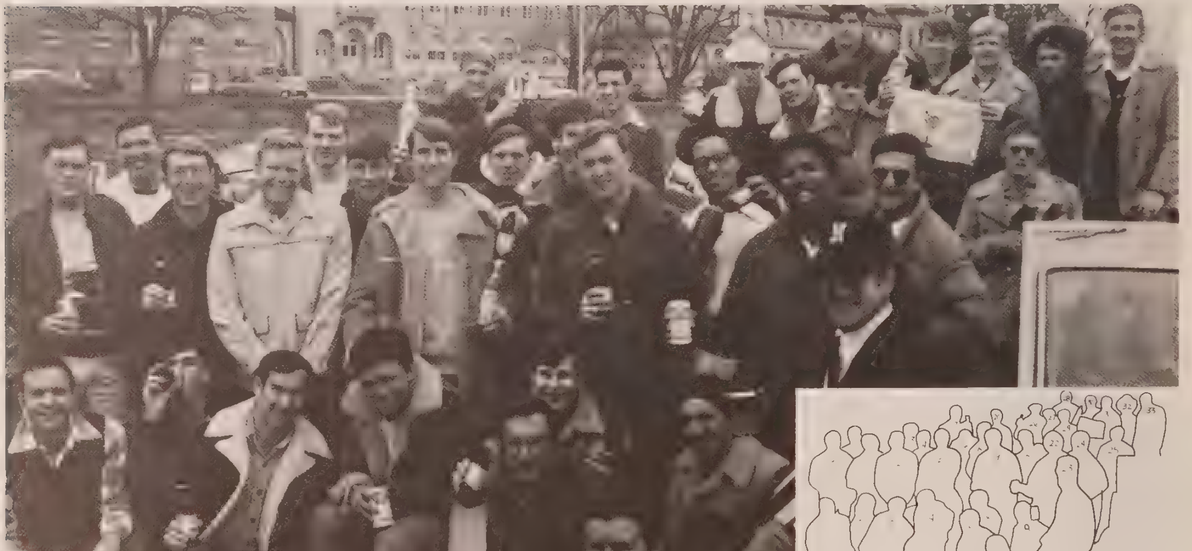
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) A. PILLOT-OLIVE, R. PORTOCARRERO, M. AOUN, R. SANCHEZ, K. HOLT, M. HANNEMAN, J. BRUSOSKI 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. GREEN, W. McGUINESS, S. KOMLO, T. BEST, C. COUGHLIN, S. PLAISANCE, W. HLOPAK, W. DRAKE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. STANDLEY, J. DRISCOLL, M. FARRINGTON, M. HEIN, J. CRONAUER, S. FORSYTHE, R. MILLER, G. ROGERS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. WALKER, J. TERLIZZESE, L. PHILPOT, S. KAFKA, D. RICKARDS, D. KRUSE, R. PERRY, P. CROOKS, D. WALKOWIAK NOT PICTURED: C. LARREW, R. KOERBER

29th Co

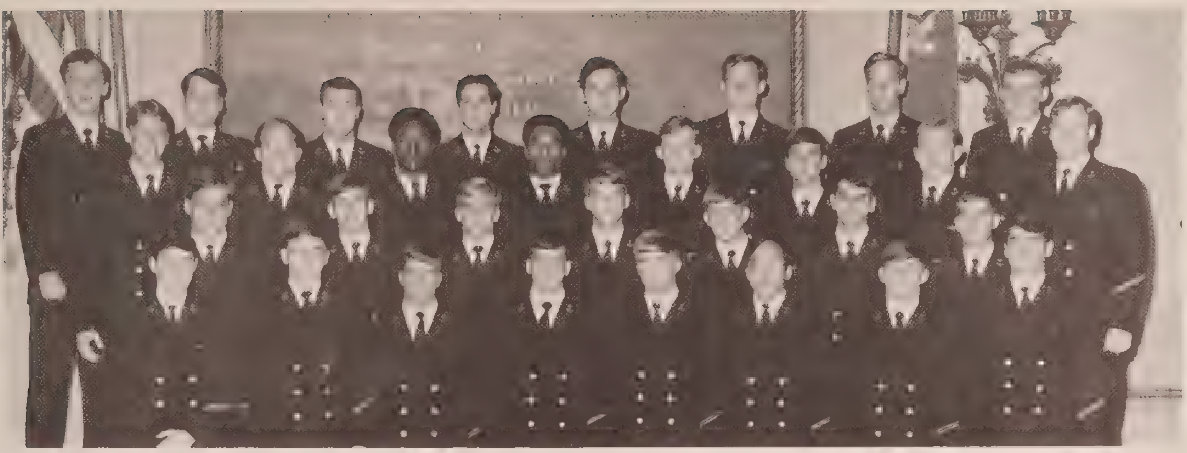
SUB. S. THOMAS, CDR. L. LONGCOY, CAO D. STANLEY

LT T. L MENDENHALL, USN

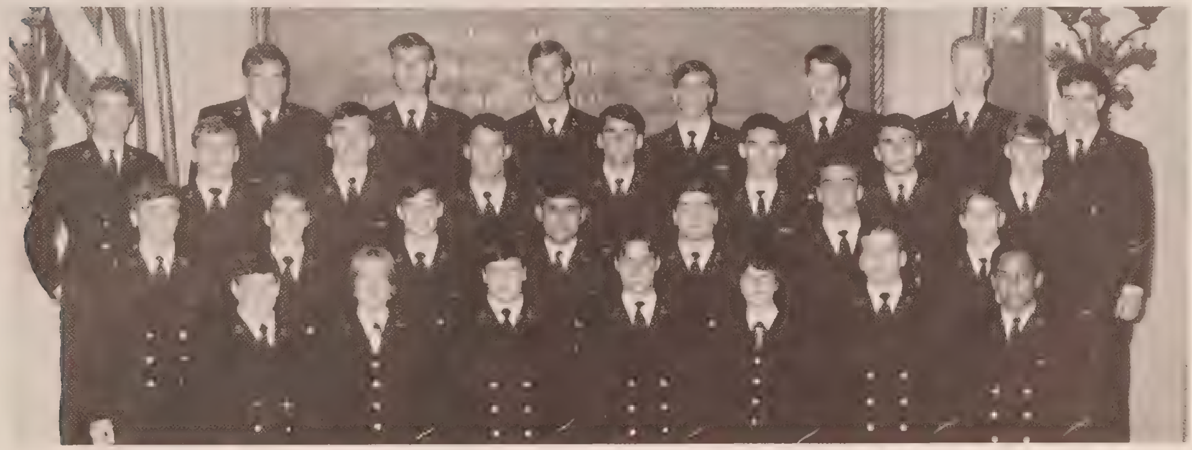
SUB. M. FRALEN, CDR. D. FREE, CAO J. KULESZ



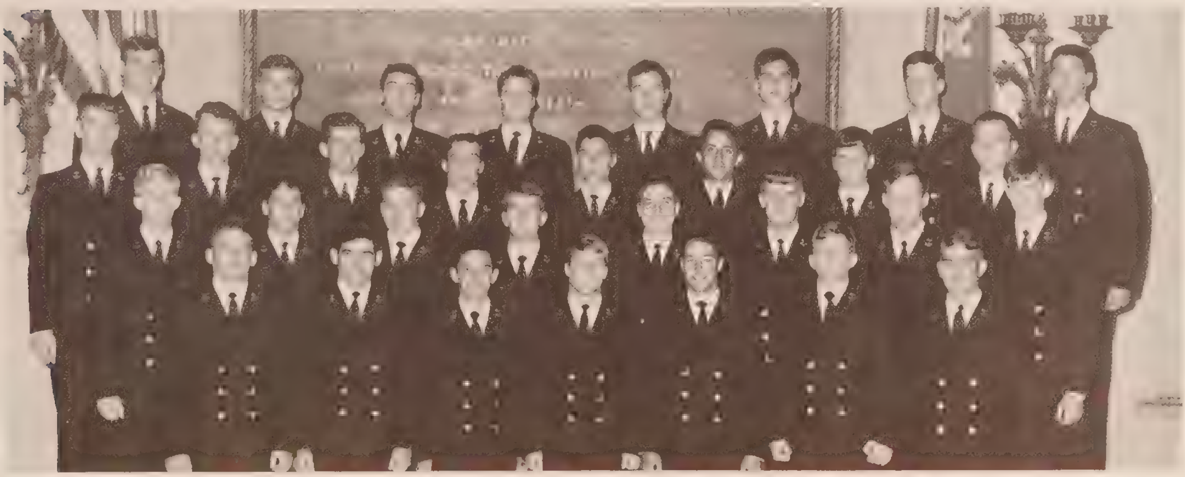
1. R. HIEL, 2. J. BUCKLEY, 3. D. DAILY, 4. J. LYNCH, 5. G. SHAW, 6. B. AYOTTE, 7. B. BONWIT, 8. C. SMITH, 9. T. BENNETT, 10. S. THOMAS, 11. J. CARPENTER, 12. M. ZIMMERMAN, 13. R. DEDRICKSON, 14. D. FREE, 15. J. DE LOACH, 16. J. EWIN, 17. L. DELONY, 18. J. SEARS, 19. B. TIIDEN, 20. A. GONZALEZ, 21. C. HANEY, 22. J. PALIN, 23. F. FARWELL, 24. J. VARQUEZ, 25. R. ANDERSON, 26. J. STALNAKER, 27. M. FRALEN, 28. B. McCORMACK, 29. D. STANLEY, 30. C. WRIGHT, 31. W. LONGCOY, 32. C. DIXON, 33. D. LENGEL



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. MORAN, R. LANNING, W. STARK, G. McMULLAN, J. MESSENGER, R. KIM, C. JORDAN, J. JOHNSON 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. WYATT, S. CLARK, R. YOCUM, R. WARNER, K. TINDALL, M. FERNBAUGH, B. ENGEL 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. COCHRAN, K. LUKER, L. McCOY, J. WISE, M. GALLAGHER, D. HAMMILL, D. GEVING, F. DOMBROWSKI 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. PECK, J. RUBIN, R. COMPTON, L. LARRAGIOTE, M. SILVESTER, J. BARNES, J. KENNEDY, D. JENSEN

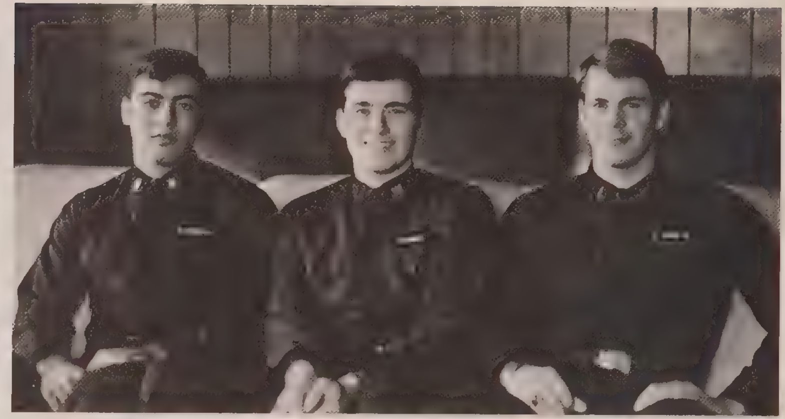


BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. PIZZI, M. MORLEY, M. NORMAN, K. SCHMIDT, R. OLDS, T. ALLEN, J. SAN AUGUSTIN 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. OLSEN, J. CLONINGER, D. CRUMP, R. GONZALES, F. CASSIANO, R. JONES, R. BACZKOWSKI 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. WEBBER, R. ETEM, L. EDGAR, D. UNDELAND, T. GOEBEL, D. FLORES, M. MAXWELL 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. FRANKLIN, T. PAULK, J. ALLISON, M. FEDOR, S. KOLNATZ, W. CROW, J. FENTON, J. WILSON NOT PICTURED: W. ESCHBACH, R. POTTBERG



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. STOLZENBERG, R. CRAFT, A. SOTO, J. LOVE, J. LAWRENCE, P. MULLINS, K. IRGENS 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. CARLSON, M. ROSCONA, B. GAWBOY, C. HARDY, J. PIERSE, K. COTHERMAN, J. BEATTIE, B. CUMMINGS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. DEHN, K. JOHNSON, C. PRUDEN, B. MOWREY, R. HASEGAWA, M. GALLEGOS, R. WOOD, C. VAGTS 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. MURRAY, R. GRABARCH, JR., N. HOGG, J. GALLAGHER, J. ARANGO, M. SCHANUEL, P. KANEWSKIE, J. ASHER

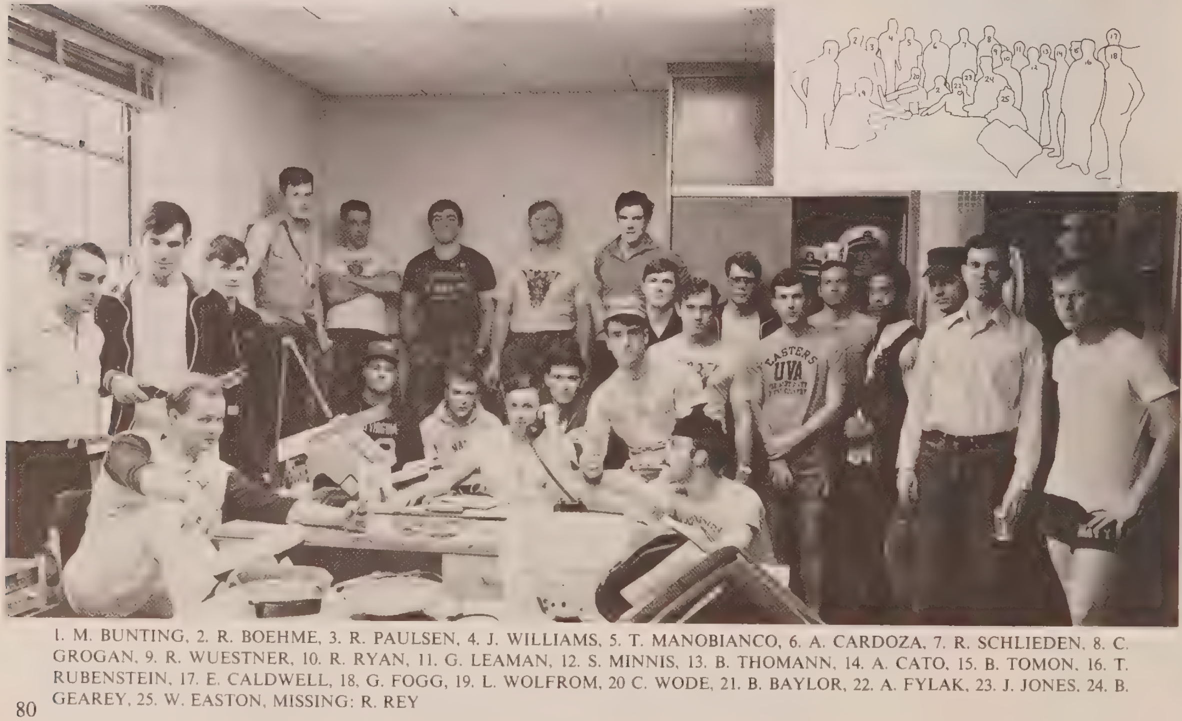
30th Co



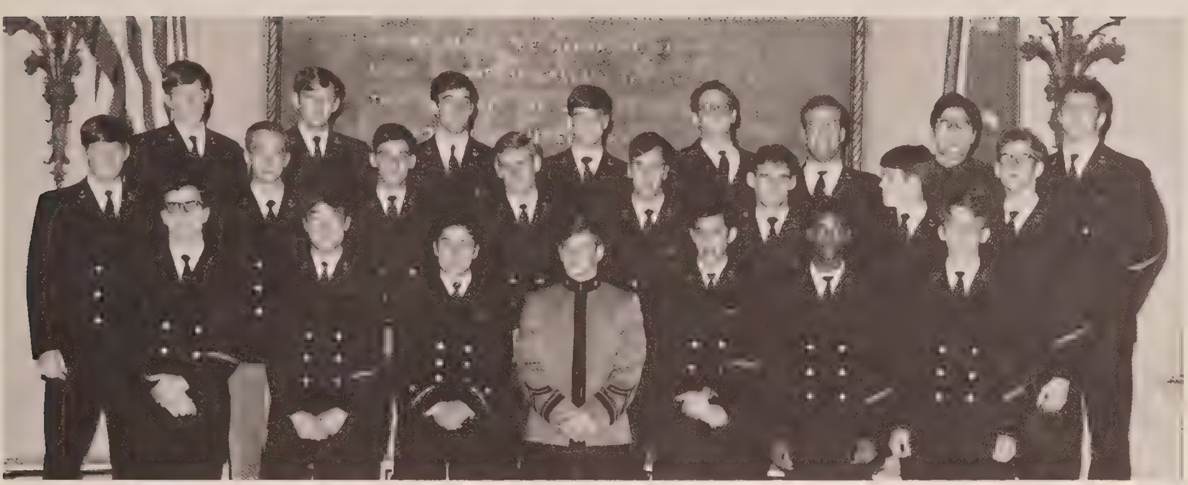
SUB. A. CARDOZA, CDR. J. JONES, CAO G. LEAMAN

LT. D. NICHOLS, USN

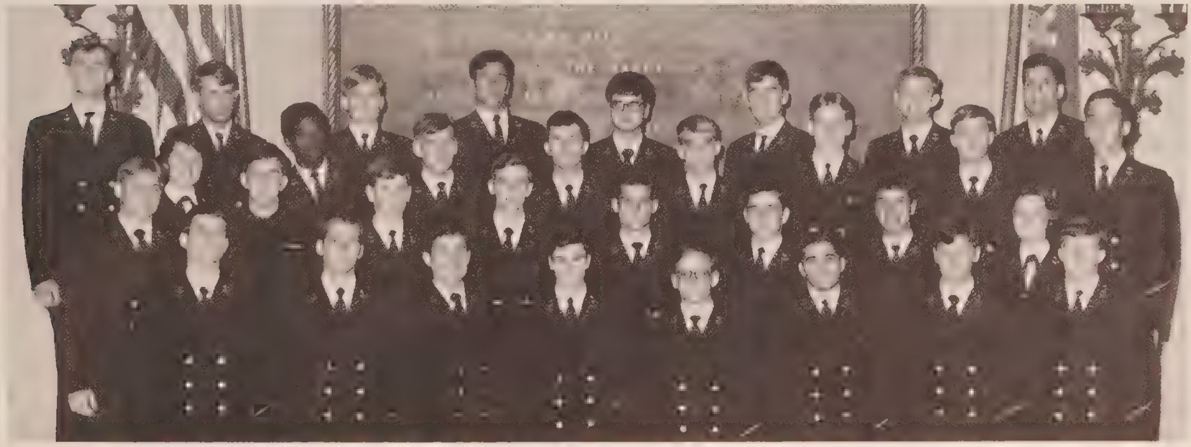
SUB. C. WODE, CDR. G. FOGG, CAO T. RUBENSTEIN



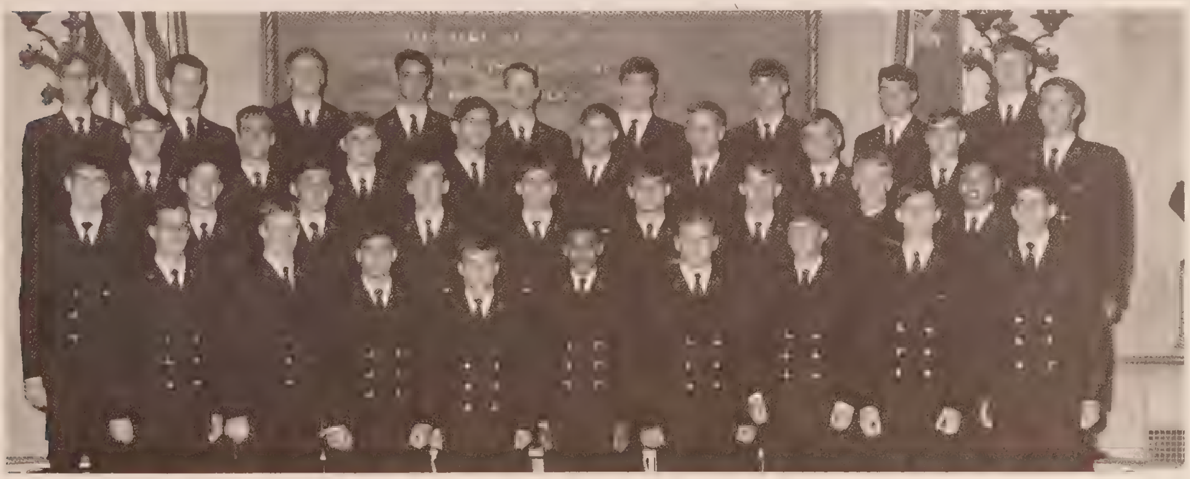
1. M. BUNTING, 2. R. BOEHME, 3. R. PAULSEN, 4. J. WILLIAMS, 5. T. MANOBIANCO, 6. A. CARDOZA, 7. R. SCHLIEDEN, 8. C. GROGAN, 9. R. WUESTNER, 10. R. RYAN, 11. G. LEAMAN, 12. S. MINNIS, 13. B. THOMANN, 14. A. CATO, 15. B. TOMON, 16. T. RUBENSTEIN, 17. E. CALDWELL, 18. G. FOGG, 19. L. WOLFROM, 20 C. WODE, 21. B. BAYLOR, 22. A. FYLAK, 23. J. JONES, 24. B. GEAREY, 25. W. EASTON, MISSING: R. REY



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. AMBROSE, D. CHANG, R. LILLO, M. PEDERSEN, S. CURTIS, S. BROOKS, B. MACKAY 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. HEIDA, J. SCHULTZ (USMA), T. WITTENSCHLAEGER, M. GEBEL, J. MANOR, J. KNECHT, C. DRAKE, S. BRUCE 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. ALBERS, D. SWENSON, C. BENTLEY, M. WELCH, K. PAINTERS, P POHLMEYER, J. VAN LANGEN, S. SQUIRES



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. CZARZASTY, G. CHANDLER, T. YATES, P. ARNOLD, F. VILA, D. WALKER, K. MULLOY 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. KENT, D. EISENHART, M. ROLFES, B. BOWEN, R. GRANIER, P. BARTHOLOMAY, D. HUBBS, L. BELZER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. BROWNLEE, S. COOPER, R. STYCZYNSKI, B. CHAPMAN, C. SMITH, B. ALLEN, R. SCHROEDER, M. WALLACE 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. WYNN, G. HOWARD, M. HARSHFIELD, T. NEMECEK, D CARTER, A. SCHWAN, J. HOGSETT, G. HIGHTAIAN



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. JOHNSTON, W. MORGAN, M. GIANCATARINO, W. ANABEL, M. NIXON, G. SNYDER, T. DANIEL, D. BURTON, A. GURNEE 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. FEDYSCHYN, C. ESTRADA, P. HANKINS, S. THOMAS, M. ADAMSHICK, R. TURMAN, J. DICKMANN, F. TETTELBACH, P. GUMATAOTAO 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. MUNNS, N. SCHACHT, J. O'HARA, V. VLASHO, M. ANDERSON, M. CARR, M. OLMSTED, R. KOPP, R. URANICAR 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. BROWN, D. HONIGS, M. GALLET, M. PAULATIS, V. COLE, M. KRONZER, K. FALCONER, R. ARTMAN, M. MIDDLETON

31st Co

SUB. M. DONOVAN, CDR. R. POLEK, CAO C. PANGBURN

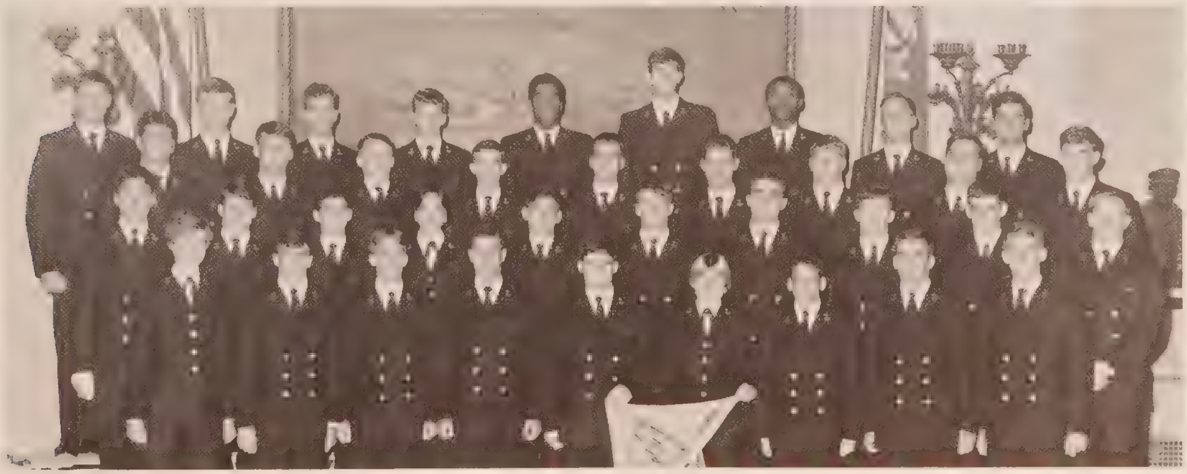
LCDR. W. BOGLE, USN

SUB. C. PANGBURN, CDR. W. TIMME, CAO D. FORBIS

1. J. CHRISTENSEN, 2. K. AIKEN, 3. R. HANCKEL, 4. V. CAMARGO, 5. F. WAINDLE, 6. M. JAMES, 7. J. HUGHES, 8. D. NIX, 9. C. PANGBURN, 10. T. ALGEO, 11. R. McNEAL, 12. D. BARND, 13. G. EISENMANN, 14 S. JACOBY, 15. D. FORBIS, 16. G. WADZITA, 17. R. LOVELACE, 18. R. CRANFORD, 19. B. BURKE, 20. P. REDVICT, 21. B. HENDERSON, 22. D. EYLER, 23. J. GOREE, 24. B. TIMME, 25. R. BROWNLEY, 26. S. PIHLAJA, 27. R. VALENSTEIN, 28. R. POLEK

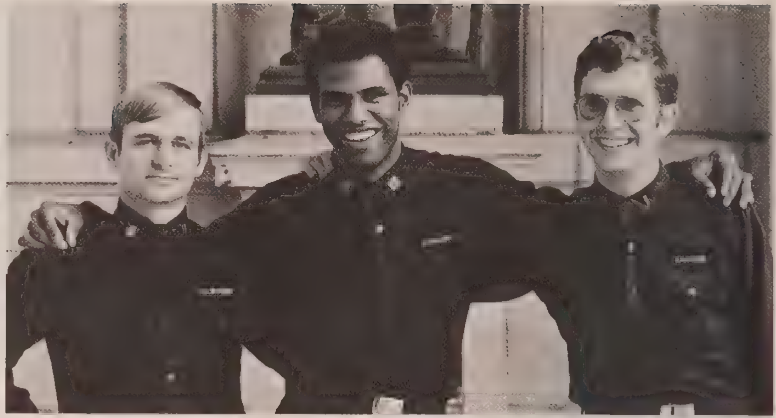
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. RAUP, P. BEGLEY, R. BURELL, S. ISCHE, D. AUYONG, J. PEDIGO 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. GREER, C. GRABOWSKY, K. WOMACK, M. STEWART, K. JACKSON, D. QUINN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. DREHOFF, W. JONES, C. WILSON, C. GITTINS, D. COLES, M. MAHON 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. CLEMENTE, D. STREICH, J. MICLOT, G. FONTAINE, T. LEWIS, W. HAYES

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. GAY, T. MILLS, S. DELL, C. SEBRECHTS, S. KELLER, M. REED, D. GHEN 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) F. GAYDEN, M. SHETTLE, J. HALEY, D. CLEMENT, D. HERRSCHER, P. THRASHER, B. CHAMBERLAIN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. PETERS, J. LINK, B. MELENOVSKY, J. JOHNSTONE, L. BARTLO, J. CHRISTY, E. MIKOLAJCZYK 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. SULLIVAN, J. SHARPE, D. CLINGAN, J. FISCHER, L. BURNHAM, B. LAIR, W. GILDNER, T. BRODMERKEL



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. GRAY, D. HEIMBACH, D. DICK, M. PAGGI, D. STEWART, M. KOPPER, J. BITMAN, J MYERS, W. JOHNSON 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) H. LOCK, S. SCHEHL, R. FRANZA, S. HINDS, J. VARGAS, G. FINE, J DEAN, D. GULLING, D. CARTY, W. STAFFORD 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. DUFFETT, M. JARVIS, S. KELETY, W BURNETTE, D. SOUKUP, M. HOWARD, K. BOWMAN, S. DUTTON, R. PARRISH 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. MALLOY, W. PEACOCK, S. KOBIELA, R. HOVELL, A. BRIGGS, T. GREEN, D. GREEN, H. ZAJIC, T. GALLO NOT PICTURED: P. LORGE

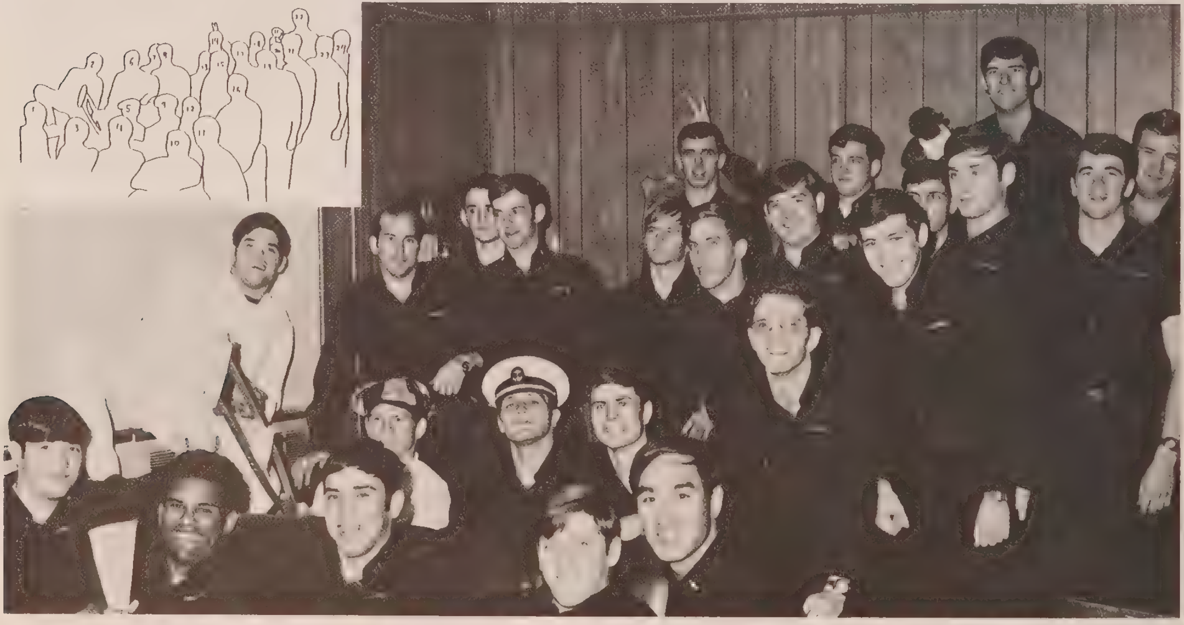
32nd Co



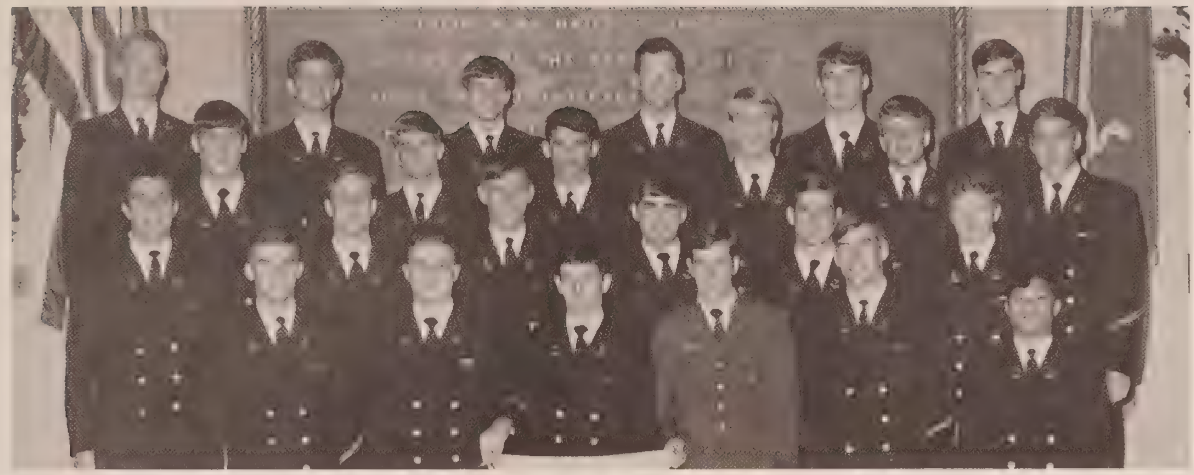
SUB, C. BUTCHER, CDR. V. GUILLORY, CAO E. OLIVER

LCDR. T. UTEGAARD, USN

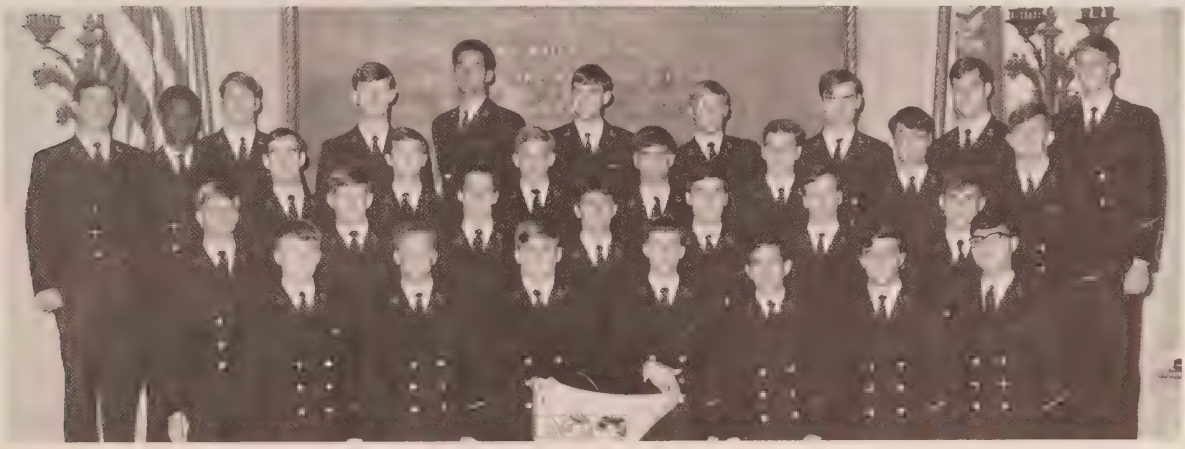
SUB. G. THOMPSON, CDR. P. BENOIT, CAO M. KALNOSKE



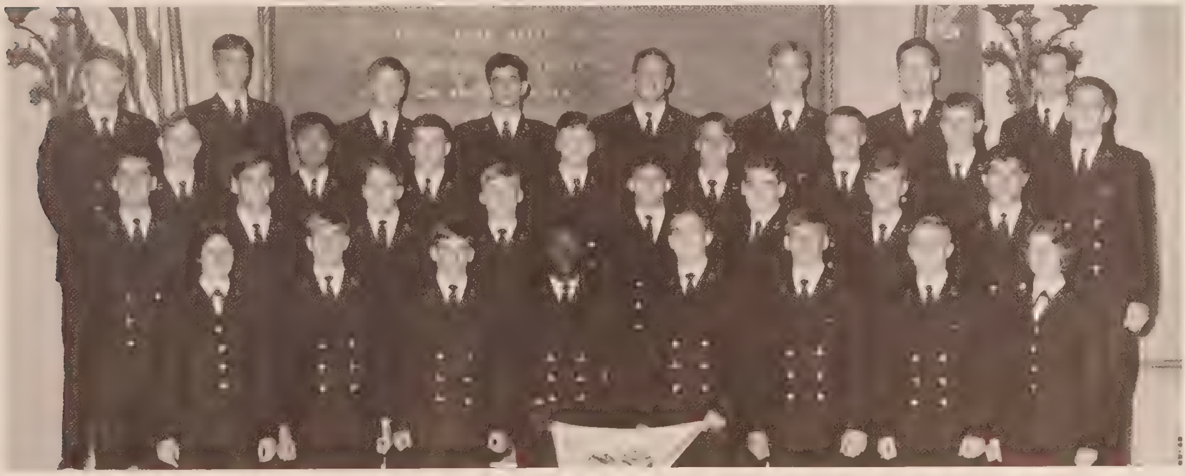
1. W. HESSION, 2. M. OSLOVAR, 3. V. GUILLORY, 4. R. MARTINEZ, 5. D. MILLER, 6. T. MURPHY, 7. R. LEBOUVIER, 8. G. THOMPSON, 9. R. BOOKMILLER, 10. M. KALNOSKE, 11. R. KWONG, 12. J. OLIVER, 13. C. BUTCHER, 14. T. HOVATTER, 15. P. BENOIT, 16. E. OLIVER, 17. P. RAKEL, 18. P. BRENNAN, 19. W. SOER, 20. J. EGGLESTON, 21 J. LOEFFLER, 22. R. TILLMAN, 23. D. COSTELLO, 24. D. COX



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. GARRIS, G. BAKA, D. MCDONALD, G. ERKES, R. BURNS, A. KUONG 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. COTTINGHAM, T. MAIRS, R. GAUSE, D. FLEENOR, G. GEARING, D. DENNIS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. BAZER, K. SOUTHWORTH, J. HARTZOG, H. HOLLIS, T. FLYNN, S. VOETSCH 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) F. GROSS, T. JACOBSEN, J. HOLT, C. HAYES, J. BONTRAGER, W. NOBLE



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. CHRISTENSON, S. NYGAARD, R. EDMONSEN, J. BUDNICK, R. RIVES, M. BATHRICK, R. ISHII 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. PETROFFS, K. KETCHMARK, C. SHANE, T. MURPHY, R. COLVIN, J. BUTTRAM, M. BURR 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. JOHNSON, R. MILLER, E. LOVE, J. BEST, S. DEAN, D. ATCHISON, J. SHEAIRS, D. POOLE 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. MCDONALD, E. STYRON, R. JACKSON, R. HODGE, M. LONG, M. TOMB, D. HUGHES, T. BURKE, W. HOEFT



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. HENNESSY, R. GROCKI, F. SMITH, E. BROWNLEE, B. CHESLACK, J. ROBERTS, C STOLLE, L. GRAHAM 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. HOLLAND, D. RAMICH, R. SEIDEL, R. FUQUA, J. HINDEN, M. CARUCCI, P. KARCZ, T. COURTNEY 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. STUTZ, B. PANCHO, J. BERUBE, J. STEWART, M THALLER, M. NEWMAN, C. WRIGHT, G. HUEBER 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) C. VOSS, E. TUCHOLSKI, R. JOHNSON, A. CORIC, G. MCCALLISTER, M. CHAPON, M. PALLIN, J. MEANS

33rd Co

SUB. D. McLEAN, CDR. M. DINN, CAO C. HARTMAN

CAPT. M. HAVRILLA, USMC

CAO D. OTOSHI, CDR. K. HAAR, SUB. R. AASLAND

1. M. DYER, 2. D. OTOSHI, 3. B. OBENOUR, 4. J. WEIDNER, 5. E. WYNNE, 6. T. SUDBECK, 7. W. DIETZLER, 8. M. CONKLIN, 9. K. RYAN, 10. J. DEGREE, 11. D. McLEAN, 12. P. RUSSO, 13. R. AASLAND, 14. M. DINN, 15. W. McKEAG, 16. G. BAUR, 17. G. SHARP, 18. M. DASOVICH, 19. K. HAAR, 20. G. KERSTEN, 21. T. ELDRIDGE, 22. R. DUBBERLY, 23. C. HARTMAN

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. CULLOM, M. DUNCOVICH, D. VORTHERMS, C. ARMITAGE, E. SEADLER, J. WECKERLY, J. GOODWIN 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. JOHNSTONE, J. EGGLESTON, D. STONE, T. FORSYTHE, M. REEDY, G. ARGERAKE, J. DAVIS 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. HAWKINS, A. OHANIAN, C. LANE, S. HOGGE, E. ELIZONDO, A. HEIMER, P. RASMUSSEN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. MURPHY, J. KUNERT, G. CEREZO, A. WOMBLE, K. DARIN

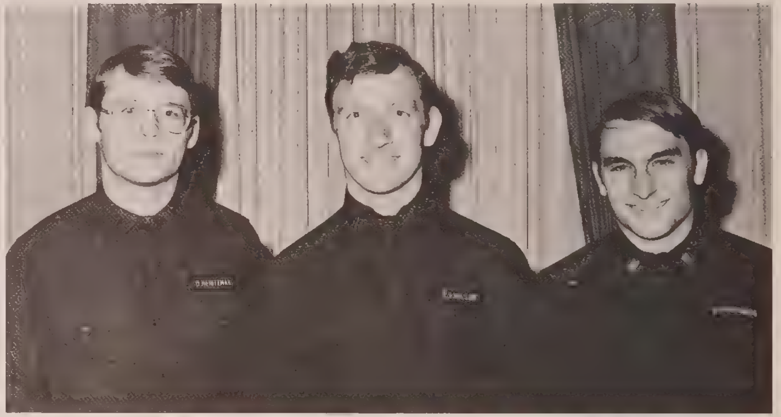
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. PAPPAS, D. SUMMERS, S. HANLEY, R. SPRINGMAN, K. SLEVIN, R. AVERILL, M. LOMAN, T. GALPIN 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. FITZGERALD, P. KILGER, M. BRECKINRIDGE, D. LUMME, J. GRACE, B. NASH, A. LEWIS, S. PATTON 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. HAYDEN, S. DIEHL, P. LEFLER, B. KOSINSKI, P. STANFORD, A. MARTYNENKO, B. KILLEA, T. BREIT 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. BENNETT, M. JONES, C. MEYERS, K. MACDONALD, R. FARMER, D. PURIN, W. PRESTON, J. MOKODEAN

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. BOYCE, P. SMITH, L. COOPER, M. DONAHUE, C. MUNOZ, G. DALHOFF, M. NEWCOMBE, B. WARD 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) K. O'CONNEL, C. PATTERSON, P. ANTONINO, K. WARE, D. MUETH, S. KAUFFMAN, N. FUCHS, D. GALASKA 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. MERVINE, T. CARTER, T. MORSE, T. DUMBAULD, G. FOLLEY, M. COMTOIS, P. GRENSMAN, S. BODKIN 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) F. VOLER, K. REDFERN, M. VIOLANTE, A. COLE, M DOLAN, M. MCLAUGHLIN, L. ARMEL, B. KISSEL

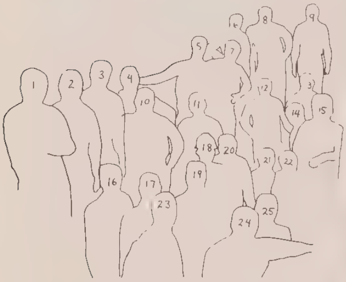
34th Co

SUB. R. NOVAK, CDR. J. STALLINGS, CAO K. RAWSON

LT. J. WELCH, USN



CAO D E. HEINTZMAN, CDR. D. WILSON, SUB. A. METRAKOS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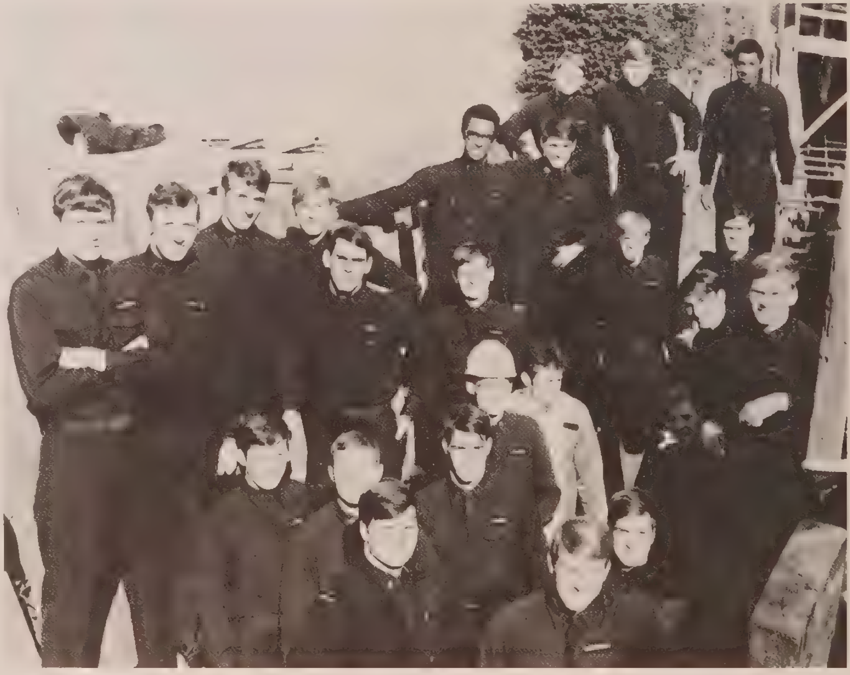
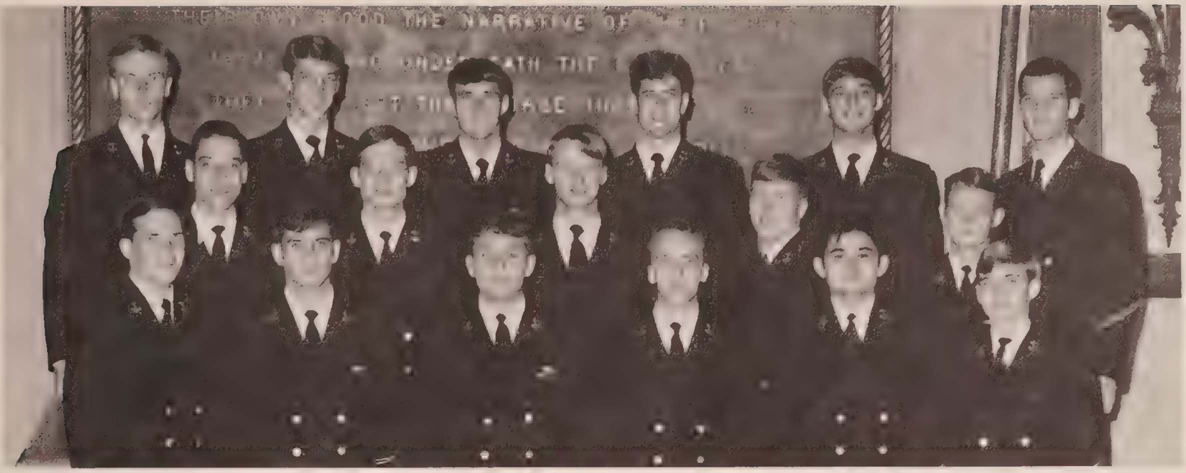
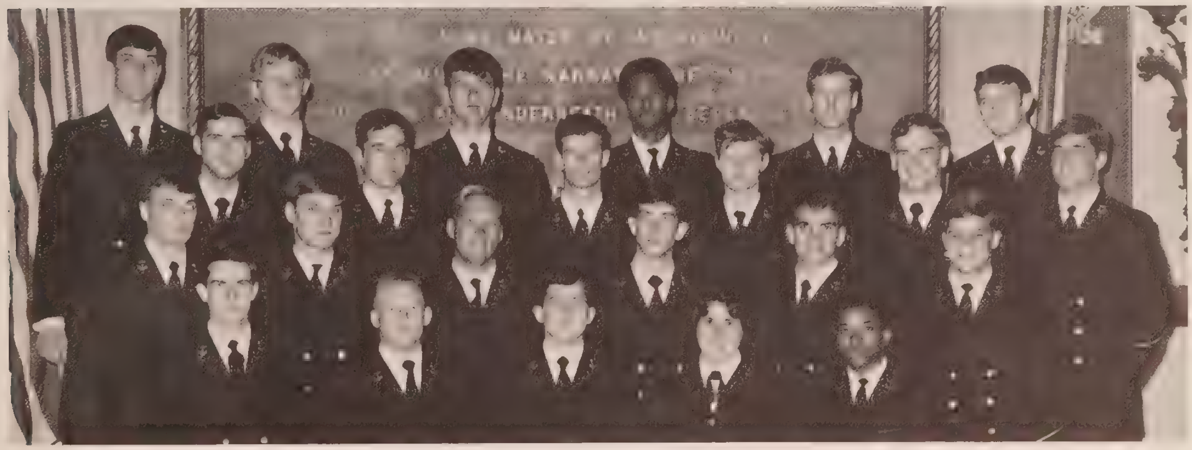
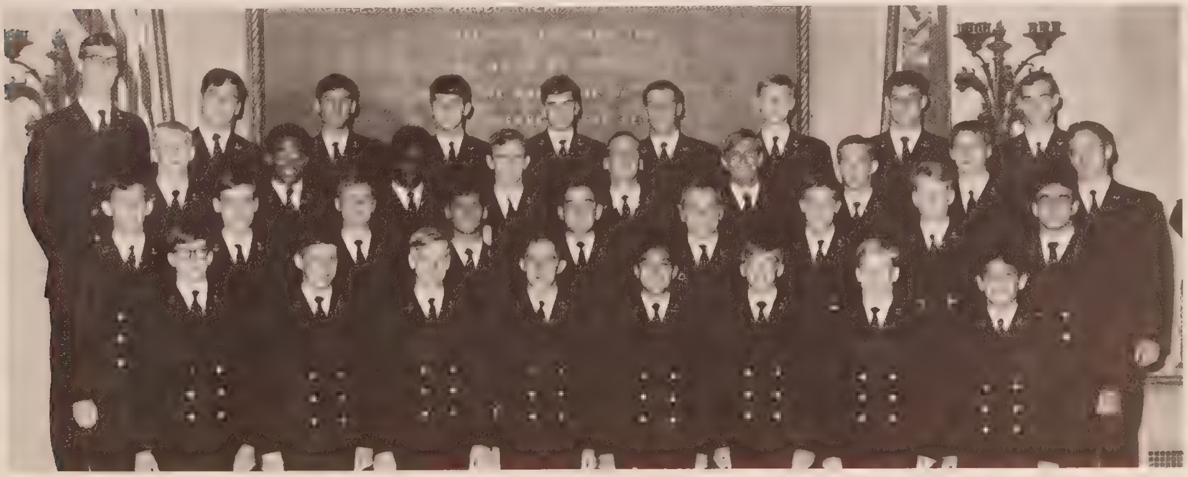




BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. LANGE, B. GINSBERG, T. RYCHLIK, S. PICKLES, J. ISOM, P. REEVES 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. GIBSON, K. BITTER, J. PALMER, P. WHITNEY, M. KREYENHAGEN 3RD ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) A. SHARP, B. BUTTRICK, J. CROSSLAND, D SHOCKLEY, R. LUKE, J. HEADRICK



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. JOHNSTON, W. PORR, P. FINEGAN, N. BURKE, B. JACKSON 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. PIEPER, J. WINTER, K. HALL, T. MCLAUGHLIN, M. INGRAM, E. ZIMMER 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. BOLICH, D. RAY, J. WISSLER, J. DAVIS, P. KEAVNEY, K. UNGER 4TH ROW - (LEFT TO RIGHT) E. BORGER, G. REDENIUS, A. HARGREAVES, T. WHITE, D. GILDEA NOT PICTURED: S. GOEBEL, T. SLOAN, E. O'CALLAGHAN, L. KLAWINSKI, T. KEAN, M. GLYNN



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) P. FOERSTER, J. HART, C. PIRRONG, B. CARAWAY, E. LUM, K. DWYER, T. FITZPATRICK, A. INOUYE 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. NIEWOEHRNER, A. RABOURN, J. AHLGRIMM, K. ARNETT, K. CANTRELL, O WORKMAN, S. MURDOCK, S. HOOPER, T. HAGEN 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) S. BILLINGTON, B. JACKSON, M. REED, T HICKMAN, D. GREEN, S. RHOADS, K. PAGE, E. HILSCHER, G. STROMER 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. BONNER, B. NESSELT, S. WOODMASKA, M. McGINTY, V. GLOBER, K. LANDERS, T. BURKE, C. CRAVAACK, B. McDOWELL

35th Co

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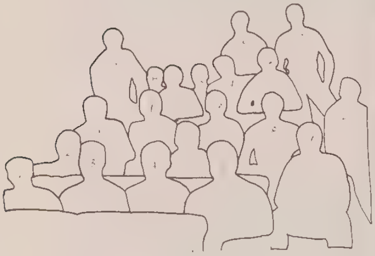
LCDR P. F. SCHISSLER, USN

SUB. S. STAMOS, CDR. D. OWEN, CAO P. CRAIG



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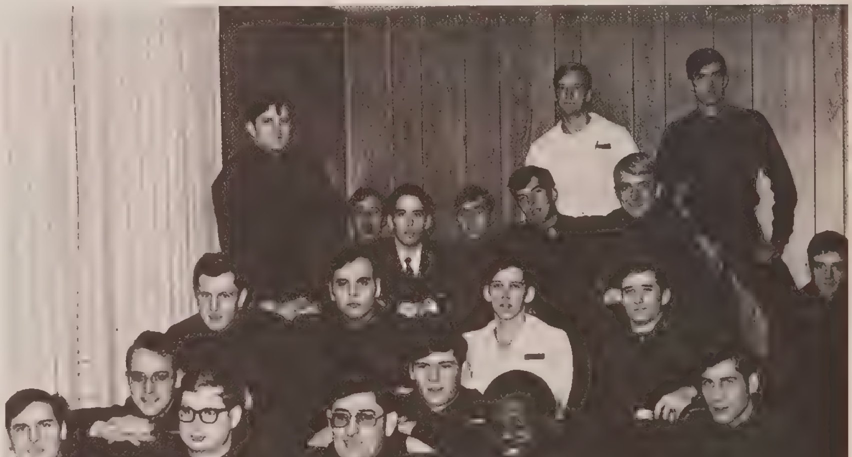
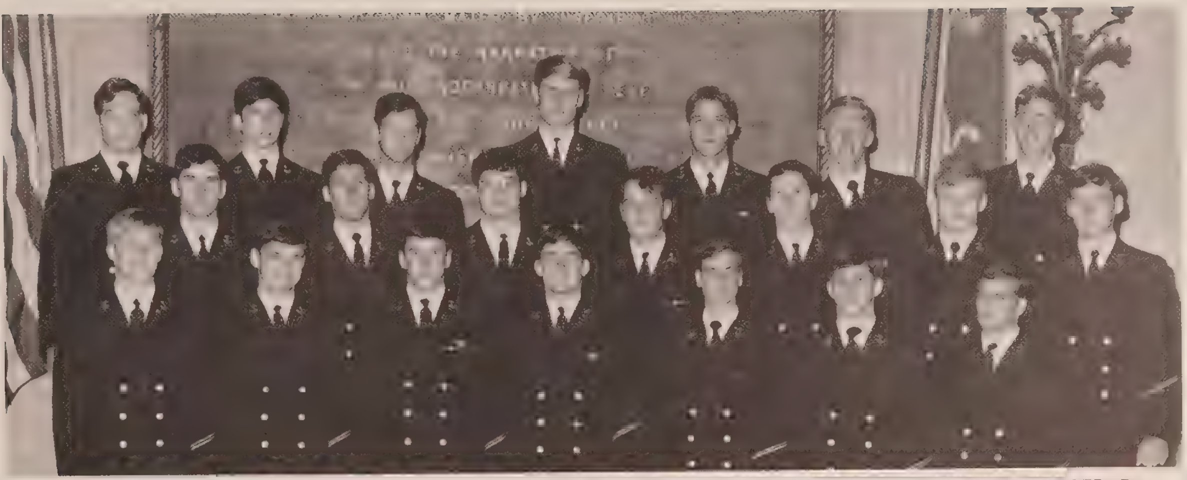
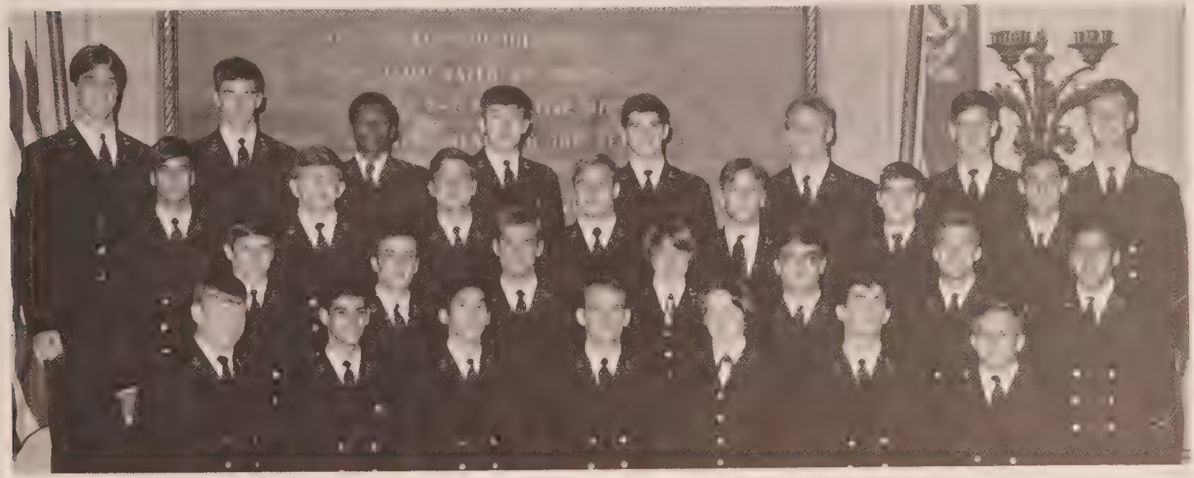
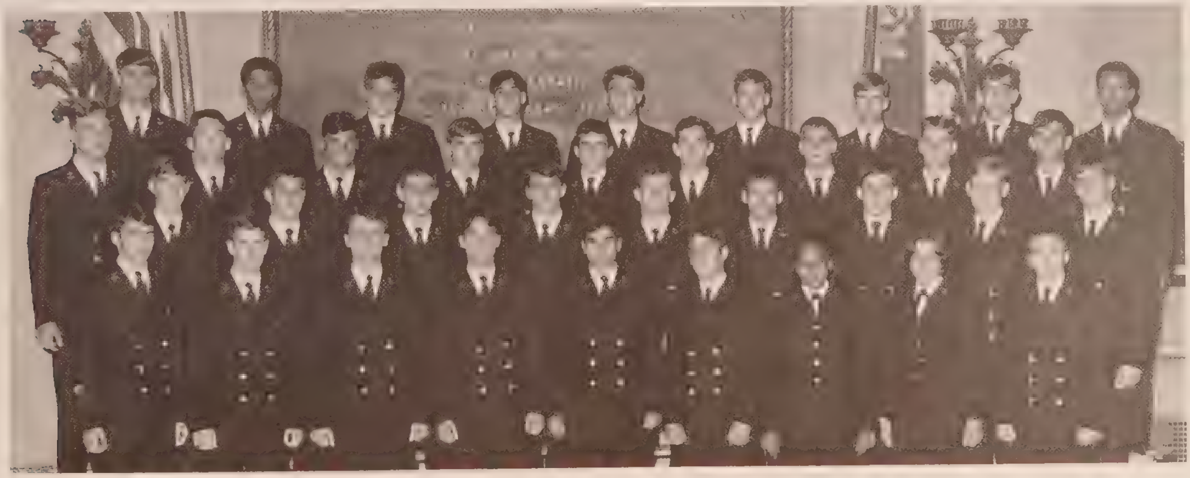




BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. FOREMAN, M. WANGLER, R. MELCHER, B. MERRITT, G. WIRTH, L. KELLER, P. GEHRING 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. RINKE, A. WEIGEL, W. UTTERBACK, J. MADDEN, H. GREGORIE, A. BREWER, M. BRADY 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. DUMBAULD, M. DOYLE, K. SHANAGHAN, K. SINNET, R. WALTERS, D. KEILER, J WELCH



BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. MURPHY, D. SCHACH, D. NAGAO, J. DUNN, K. HENDERSON, M. BOYNE, E. SETTLE 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. ZMIRICH, R. THOMPSON, J. GERNAND, R. DRUCE, M. LOO, T. FISH, D. DELGADO 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. BUZZEL, G. FONVILLE, J. KARONIS, M. CIEPIELA, R. JOHNSON, J. MILLER, S. STREIGHTIFF 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. MERRILL, W. WIGHT, T. MACK, J. BRIGGS, T. LAKE, K. SHULTIS, J. SAMUELS, M. POUSSARD



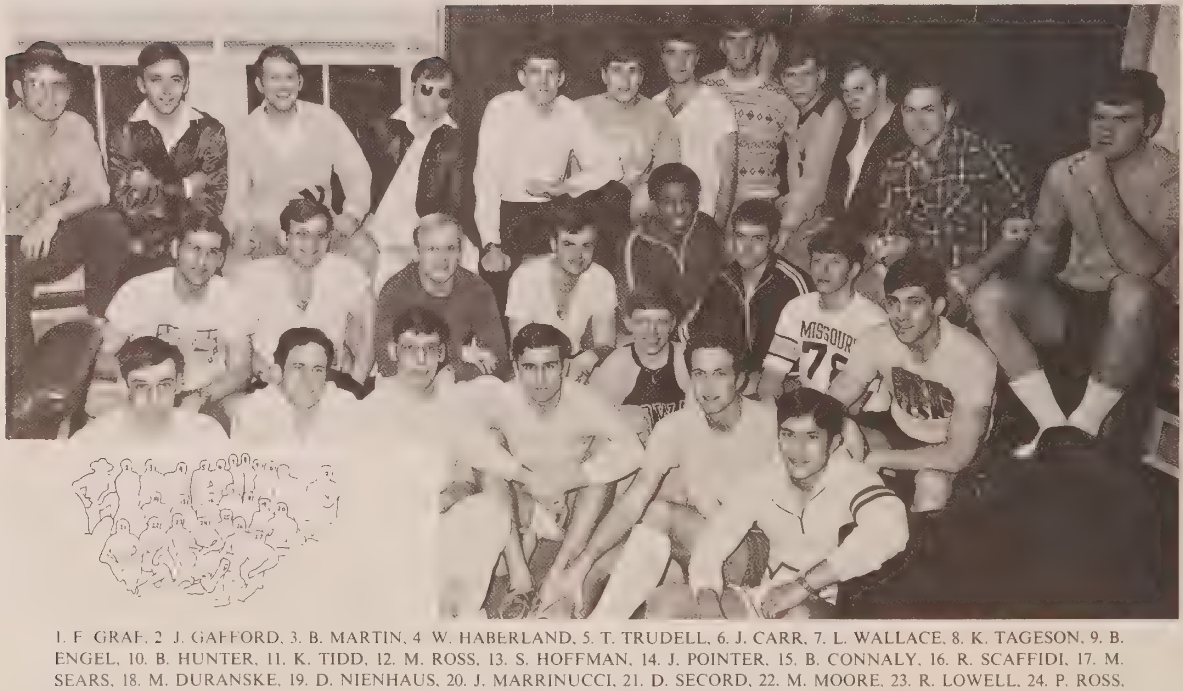
BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. KRAFT, S. EASTBURG, D. MCDONALD, J. BOYLE, E. FALCON, J. RODROCK, A. HOWARD, V. DEFIORE, R. GILMORE 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. SPERLING, R. FISHER, P. PHILLIPS, R. PEYREIGNE, B JACKSON, B. BERG, A. KURTA, P. LIEN, E. RANDALL 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. KUZMICK, C. WILLY, R. SHARADER, W. LAUGHLIN, K. FAIRBANKS, D. WEATHERFORD; D. JOHNSON, L. GRIGG, P. CAHELA 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) R. MOSS, J. KNOCK, S. LARSON, C. GREENE, T. DILLON, J. CASTLETON, R. GARLINGHOUSE, M. KULA, A. BARNES

36th Co

SUB. L. WALLACE, CDR. K. TIDD, CAO B. CONNALY

LT. S. OGDEN, USN

SUB. T. TRUDELL, CDR. J. MARRINUCCI, CAO R. SCAFFIDI



1. F. GRAF, 2. J. GAFFORD, 3. B. MARTIN, 4. W. HABERLAND, 5. T. TRUDELL, 6. J. CARR, 7. L. WALLACE, 8. K. TAGESON, 9. B. ENGEL, 10. B. HUNTER, 11. K. TIDD, 12. M. ROSS, 13. S. HOFFMAN, 14. J. POINTER, 15. B. CONNALY, 16. R. SCAFFIDI, 17. M. SEARS, 18. M. DURANSKE, 19. D. NIENHAUS, 20. J. MARRINUCCI, 21. D. SECORD, 22. M. MOORE, 23. R. LOWELL, 24. P. ROSS, 25. D. SCHOON, 26 M. STRASSER, 27. R. PILI

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THE NARRATIVE OF
COURSE

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. ROSE, T. PECK, J. EDWARDS, V. SHORTS, D. COTTLE, P. PRAGER, M. MADDEN 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) T. VERDUCCI, P. FYLES, D. KILIAN, J. QUINN, J. ZERBE, C. NICHOLS, J. CORBETT 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) G. HUBBARD, R. SHOCKLEY, M. MASON, B. METZGER, R. FIGGINS, W. ELENTO

BOTTOM ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. SMITH, T. SANDERS, J. CALLE, J. SORCE, T. SANCHEZ R. FREER, M. TUOHEY, J. WACHTER, K. KENNY 2ND ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) M. MCLAUGHLIN, M. MORRIS, A. SCOTT, G. BELL, R. FOX, J. BIANCHI, S. KIM, E. TURNER, J. VAZQUEZ 3RD ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) J. CHRISTENSON, L. ROMIG, F. KNIGHT, C. GALLAGHER, M. MAYER, S. TYKSINSKI, F. ROSS, K. ALT, D. BRANZELL, P. BLAKE 4TH ROW – (LEFT TO RIGHT) D. LANE, D. DENT, F. PEPPER, M. STRETTON, J. GALANIE, B. HARDEN, J. SHANNON, J. SCHARTUNG, B. HAGAMAN

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1978 • $2.00

PLAYBOY

THE GIRLS OF JUNE WEEK

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: Joe Gish, the Man behind Amalgamated Bottlecap

PLAYBOY

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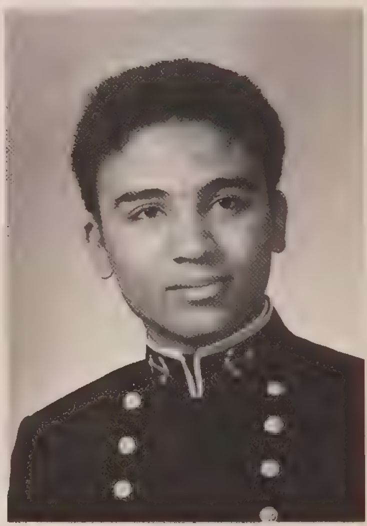
DALE ALLISON

1st Company

Dale Allison, better known as Commander, came to USNA from just outside the Rubber Capital of the World. Although the Commander was a man of few words, you could never escape his radiant personality . . . because it reflected glaringly from the baldness of his forehead. Silence is golden! To the Commander, his car was his life. Progressing from a psychedelic Pinto to a Trans-Am, Dale converted the Rock Crusher into his own personal Mean Machine. If Commander wasn't spit polishing Mean I, he was having intimate relationship with Little Snarly, his single-cylinder side-kick. Though Commander's major was Aero, he carried a minor in D&B, where his participation earned him the Phantom Soloist title. Dale was also not seen running perimeters, playing raquetball, or riding Little Snarly. Good luck Dale — we look forward to seeing your next Dream Machine.

BERNARD TRACY BAETZEL

A slow beginner, Bernie studied, rowed crew, and did many other boring things for the first two years. Shortly after committing himself for the whole sha-bang, he decided to pull out. Too late. Unfortunately, his grades were good enough and not having enough money for a crackerjack lawyer, he realized that the only escape was graduation. This dismayed him greatly. By first class summer the great "Wanter" decided that one was not enough, so he got more. With the help of the plastic magic, he extended his financial credibility far beyond that of those without weapons. Fall found him hovering towards aviation, with nuclear riches threatening. But the lure of more and more flight hours will surely win him and he shall remain a true, brave, and honest man, who can be bought. When Bernie finally comes buzzing in on that June day, his last words are predictable, "it's like . . . we're there."



BRUCE CARTER

Your Basic Bruce Carter, also known as the not-so-great Pumpkin, came to the Maryland Home for the Bewildered straight from Rome, Italy, and when the Italian customs agents wouldn't let him back in, his parents moved to D.C. which was great because his house became more familiar than Holiday Inn. Thanks! Bruce became a bull major, which was good because he was full of his subject. After validating about every French and Italian course, he forced U.Nav. to make up others or he'd never have to go to class at all. He became the French club president and got intimately involved at the International Ball. Bruce went all the way and got a Mean Machine to raise dust all the way home, if he could find it; his parents moved periodically to hide, but Bruce never was too keen on hints. Basic is going to sea, so beware. If he drives a ship anything like his Trans Am, he'll be on shore every so often. Although he may forget things; keys, wallet, comb, glasses, mugs . . . We'll never forget Your Basic Bruce.

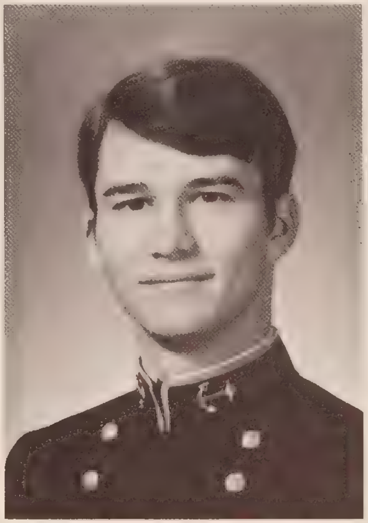
John Philip Day, affectionately known as "John Boy". One look at John Boy's face and country bumpkin gant and you'll know why he got his nickname. John Boy came to the Academy from Georgia with the idea that the only thing he had to do to graduate was study hard and be miserable. Soon after falling into the Bad Company, First Company he realized he was wrong. He began to see that his "A" average in academia was not enough and that his "F" in life was totally unsat. John was tutored by some of the best of his classmates in the arts of a lusty life, including beer drinking, racking, bagging and seduction. Unfortunately he was a problem case and often slipped back to his unsat ways but he eventually began to put a real effort into living the good life and soon became a master at the game. John Boy adapted two famous sayings, "work hard, play hard" and "live fast, die young", to his own lifestyle and used it as his motto, "play hard, rack hard, live fast, die happy".

Carl came to the University of Navy from the brick throwing streets of Boston. Probably the whitest Italian of the mob, Carl was himself a racial slur. He could often be seen solving chemical equations with a pipe in one hand and a calculator in the other. Always ready for the weekend, Carl would not let distance stop him from seeing one of his many connections. During Plebe detail he quickly garnered 75 for one trip to Ohio on one of those long 2-day weekends. (Did you ever get your car back Carl?) A definite all-nighter man, Carl could also tube it with the best. The Nuclear Navy is gaining a hard-working chemist.

The Iowa Hack came to us from the small town of Denison, His mission — to seek out and impress all babes within visual range. His tactics – to paint pictures in the sand while flexing his muscles on the beach. During his stay at Navy, Doug managed to participate in other sports. Going from v. soccer to 150 football, he finally obtained the covetted N star. It has always been amazing how a person can go from catching passes to making them. But alas, Doug was always hopping in the right place and saying the wrong things to the right girls. Being an OA major and having opportunity costs in mind, when it came time to purchase a car, Doug went all the way with a vette. He got certain options like a leaky roof and a removable rearview mirror. The mirror sure comes in handy and his car is still capable of running red lights to his satisfaction. Doug hasn't decided which beach to head for, but whatever he decides to do, we know he will do it well with a D.P. in hand. "Nothing succeeds like success." Let's go for it.

JOHN PHILIP DAY

CARL JAMES GARVIN



DOUGLAS D. GRAU

KENNETH G. HEFFERNAN

Young Ken, Dino, Heffernasaurus Rex, and "Low Profile" Ken are but a few of the many names given this young man. As indicated by one of his nicknames, Ken's major goal at the Naval Academy was to keep a low profile. This he accomplished with unprecedented success. Most who had grades like his (especially in Mechanical Engineering) ended up with stripes. Not Ken, he would have nothing to do with them. He always managed to be elsewhere when selections were being made. Another trait which endeared Ken to his classmates and other such gouge seekers was his willingness to help out. Of course, being the low profile man, Rack King that he was; when it was time to rack, you stayed clear. Ken was not one of the bigger spenders at USNA. As a matter of fact, he was forced to break out some of those $40 plebe summer pay checks to pay for his "Vette". We all wish Ken more luck flying his S-3 than he has had with his car (which in this case is a lot).

MARK A. HUBAL

Hubes moved North from Norfolk because the authorities asked him to. During Plebe summer at our Institution of higher learning, he learned nothing while being higher. A year of hard work in Academia guided Mark into a summer of harder work in Academia. Realizing his error, our hero changed majors from Ocean Eng. to Graduation. 2/c summer helped him make history as a Founding Father of the Olympic Platoon. The year again found him beneath the Academic avalanche, saving sanity only through specUA1 liberty parties to Mary Wash. Good luck ran amuck with the draft for Detail, his theory being spend the minimum amount of time in any offical capacity. During the summer, Mark made an amazing Scientific discovery: the principle of decreasing reality with respect to anything. Obtaining firm grasp of the concept, he catapulted into 1/c year logging flight hours, taking PGA libs, and continuing his most notorious talent. As class jestor he kept profs shaking their heads in disbelief and classmates laughing all the way to CB. He applied for Nuke but Hyman wouldn't give.

Alosius with his fat hands + feet drifted in one AM in July wondering. Big crowds bewildered him to the pt. where he donned a T-shirt and assumed a name, then followed about gathering clothes that would never get intimate w/soap. Buns soon realized that the importance of stuff was max inflated, if only you had someplace better not to be. I'M SO CONFUSED he said and went sailinkski nfof(ignore) for 4 yrs. Severn R. soon get room megastink. An Olympian fm. lower slobbovia he found his niche w/BIGMAC. Always happy + rarely sober wildly acclaimed as 4-yr All-Pro sleeper Frank pioneered the recesses of PhiSi + is an expert at max grades w/min study and passing gas. Frankski had obscure talents ficksing junk extending their ½Lives to the wonder of other MuShminDz. creating a mess or moving were some of Frank's otha hobbbys HE +MAC-L-PEPE used to get their room inspection chits curved. Surfass lyne gets z"KINKY!". + we think that's appropriate. (Hi Mom!)

FRANCIS A. HUNT JR.

Joe Hynes, known to many as Kumbyeya, came to us straight from the ranks of the enlisted "NAPS". His formal home is in Kansas City, Missouri, or is it Kansas? Joe is the only one that knows for sure. Joe knew it was going to be tough when he arrived at the banks of the Severn, and recognizing that his superior intellect could pull him through, he chose a "non-technical" major. But yes, everybody knows History majors are needed in the fleet and the real world too. Since induction day, Joe has wanted to be a pilot. He spent every summer in the pursuit of this fine career. While on leave after 3/c year, he went to Fort Benning Georgia and earned his "wings of gold", (nobody told Joe you didn't need to be parachute qualified to fly). And then during Protramid he got a ride in a real jet, experiencing that wonderful malady, "air sickness". But, none of this has diminished his spirit. Joe will make a fine addition to the air community.

JOE HYNES

WARREN SPENCER KRULL

Warren, better known as "Cool Bruce Krull", came to us from "Dansburry", New York – Where he must have been studying law. During our first 8 weeks here at summer camp, "Krull For The Defense" worked very hard and became a bonafied attorney at sea, and member of the bar. His major? – Since he knew a lot about alcohol he chose chemicals . . . which had its advantages too, if you didn't mind homemade "tape cleaner" and Coke for a night cap. Cool Bruce was the first to get a car, and also the first to get "75 & 2". But he did not stop at a mere class "A" – he went on to become a legend in his own time. He spent many a morning guarding the third wing from indian attack. Being as fast with women as with demos, (the two sometimes related), Warren never found himself at a loss . . . but now Bert has a hold on him and they will be married in June – That is, if Hyman approves.

WILLIAM EDWARD LANDAY III

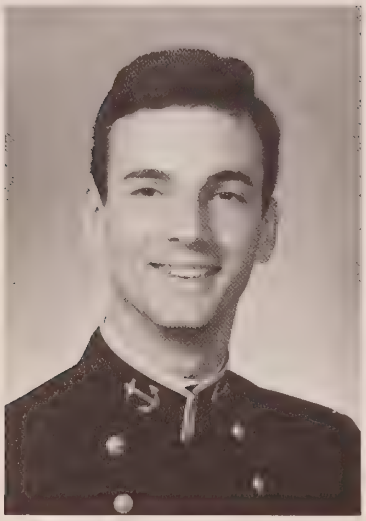
There was a young man from Diego, who came east in a small winnebago.
To get a degree, sailing ships on the sea;
And ports of call in sunny Pago Pago.
Now Bill will maintain that surface line,
Offers more than a change to confine;
A young lad from his lass, or a chief from his glass;
But we all know these truths are maligned.
A slouch in B-Ball he is not, for he trieth to make every shot;
But his dribbling needs work, for he oft goes berserk;
And a substitute player is sought.
One summer he sailed with the Danes,
While in Russia a wench sure did tame;
His unsatiable desire, to get her on fire:
And of Landay nothing remains.

JOHN RICHIE LINK

John Richie Link left his beloved hometown of Louisville, Kentucky to attend our fair (?) institution and become a professional, complainer that is. John's never seen, heard or read anything which has failed to arouse his disapproval, and if he did, it would only anger him. John was so professional that he even joined the YP Squadron, which gave him something to do, other than sleep. Actually, John Richie became a veteran fieldball player whenever he wasn't cruising the Severn keeping America safe for democracy or attending periodic reunions of the Heinz Lenz fan club. He bacame a History major, not so he could learn to avoid past mistakes, but so he could make fun of the guys who made them. He will undoubtedly remember Mikey Halbig's German classes most fondly, though, or will it be Wires memories he holds most dear? John Richie will be out buzzing around the fleet in helos after graduation, so if you hear blistering words coming out of the cockpit, prepare yourself 'cause John Richie Link is on the way.

Ol' Slim McAlpine came roaring into crablouse town one fine July and put his feet on his desk and said "So What?" He didn't move for firsties and wondered why they got upset. During Parent's Weekend Big Mac was seen sipping a few frosties with his dad at a local establishment. Nobody wanted to tell Mac that was a No No. Mac christened his birth into legal drinking by pounding on two 2nd class with the help of the Face. When Mac is hot he is smoken as evidenced by a score of 4 for 4 during a semester break. As one of the Red Hot Lovers, Mac usually had 3 or 4 true loves at any time. He's selfish and won't ever share the tasty ones though. Mac was always good for a few demo's, he peaked out first class summer with a UA overnight in his "Car?" Mac has calmed down though and only fights in lousy bars, like Donatellii's and against fair odds like six to one against. Happiness, many flight hours, and great glee in his future parties.

BILL McALPINE



JAMES McCLEAN

From the bowels of N.Y.C. came Jimmy McClean. Soon he became known as "the bead" and it wasn't because of a necklace. It wasn't until he roomed with The Basic Bruce and "The Rat" that he learned that sleep in the afternoon does not cause cancer. He also learned that music is not a communist plot, and during second class year he became the titular head of the David Bowie groupie club. He took to the academic sky as an Aero major where he soared to awesome heights. During Youngstar summer he became an honorary "Cobra Jockey" at Patuxent River and during Second Class summer he became an apprentice bosun's mate aboard the USCGC Eagle — until he jumped ship in Florida, that is. After a boomer cruise and a spell as a Waikiki beach bum, Jimmy returned to Canoe U. and hit the books hard once again. Keep your eyes peeled — Jim is going to be tooling around in the back seat of a Tomcat. Just don't stand underneath as he flies by or he might give you a new and permanent part in your hair.

JOHN McCOURT

Jack "Crazy Fits" McCourt, the gentleman of Melrose society, was so naive when he arrived at our youth club it was hard to imagine that he'd already spent a year in college. Little is remembered of our quiet John of Plebe Summer. Maybe this was the integral factor in his survival. This idyllic existence was shattered with the academic year as he became the live-in referee for Neutron and Your Basic Bruce. Youngstar year found Jack, now known as Twinky, rooming with other temporary Ocean Engineers, Stinky and Kinky, who studies little and girled much while coaching him with all the finesse of Laurel and Hardy. Crazy Fits became the company Head Honcho first set of our final year and ruled with an iron fist (would you believe a marshmallow mitt?). His idea of service selection was a new version of "spin the bottle", since his first choice, the Dutch Navy, was not an option.

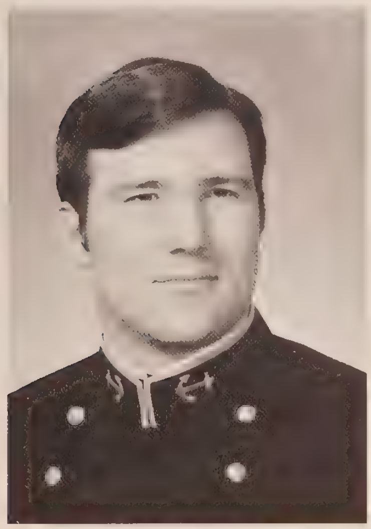
CARLTON B. NICOL

"Studly Budly" comes all the way from Charleston, S.C. and a Navy family. Having been nominated by Jefferson Davis he has had a little trouble coping with all the Damn Yankees living in Mother B. After a year of Plebe Lacrosse, Bud went for bigger and better things. These being, JUMPING from perfectly good airplanes, spending a summer in the Panama Jungle, and weekends at Mary Wash., Bud has found time to become Head Instructor of the Conditioning Squad. Bud has always kept us on our toes, and laughing. This "highly motivated individual" has decided to take his Ops. Analysis major, and his sweet thing Nena, to the Marine Corps. There he will Jump more, and enjoy married life.

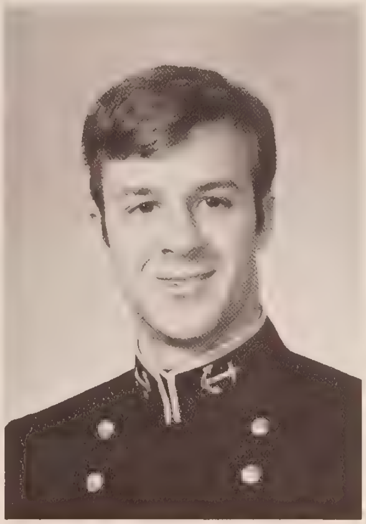
Mark T. Poston is known as "The Po Dad" by his friends and those who had the misfortune of pushing Mark too far would most likely think of him as "Mohammed". After going high in the draft to the Navy Football Team, he had little trouble fitting into the football team's way of life. He was lusty, obnoxious, obsene, insane, and a varsity letterman his plebe year. He is well known for his rather not so mellow personality which he often uses to tell people what he thinks of them, usually with the diplomacy of Ille Nastase. It is not unusual to go out places with him and have people come up to him and say "Aren't you the guy who ran me out of New Jersey a couple years ago?". Although a fighter a lot of the time, Mark is a lover most of the time and is most famous for discriptive detailed "Saturday night stores", in which the hero always comes out on top! Acadamia? Let's just say Mark's motto concerning a 2.0 was "get close and coast". Oh well, U.S.N.A. will never be the same when he leaves and neither will a lot of the girls in the area.

Henry Lowe, or Possum as many of us called him, never lacked enthusiasm. The constant cry "Go for it" was always on his lips, and that went for everything from school to girls. You can't mention this man's name without including the word "sailing", because he spent more time on the water than in class. This is an amazing feat for a M.E. major, but then again we all remember what happened in Engine Math! Lowe contemplated leaving us youngster year, but the way he "maxed out" in grades makes one believe he never wanted to leave at all. And then there's Borge, one of the more famous all-weather used cars in the Brigade. Of course, even Borge can't hold the road to dodge those trees hiding behind each bottle of Mier's rum. So much for the "all weather".

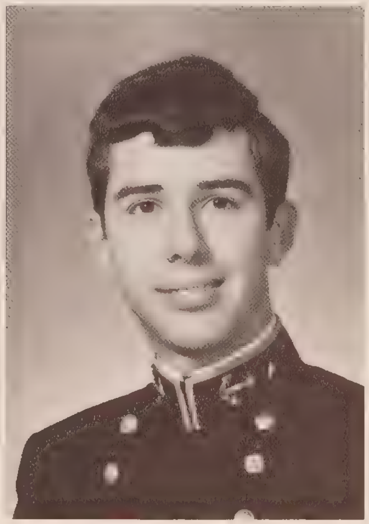
Jim came to Canoe U from the sunny south of California. Since plebe year he has shown an amazing immunity to rest and relaxation, though rumors that he is allergic to sleep are false. A confirmed work-a-holic, he has been satisfying his need for all-nighters in the physics major since youngster year. The man to see about Boats, Steam, Wires, or whatever, his labs and notes have seen action on many an academic battlefield (copyrights reserved of course!). While serving on Regimental Staff 1/c summer it was said that his capacity for doing work was exceeded only by his ability to make more for himself and others. Naturally Jim plans to go Nuc Power where he will probably make a career drilling holes in the sea in a 400′ sewer pipe.



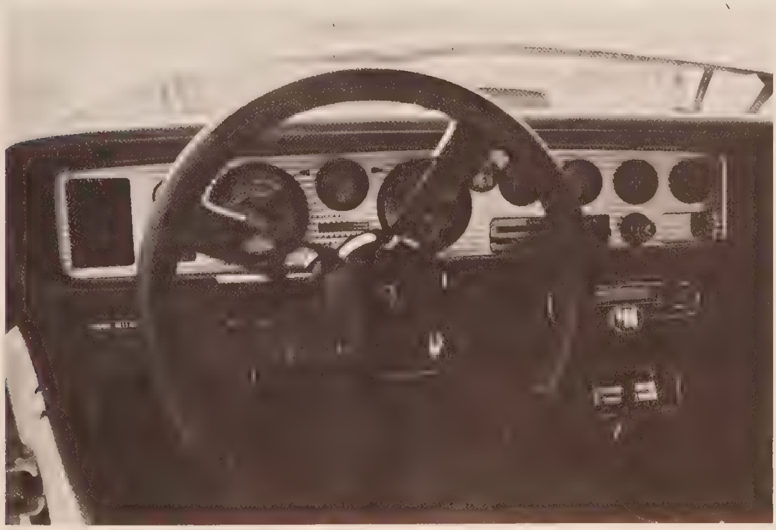
MARK T. POSTON



HENRY LOWE PRUITT, JR.

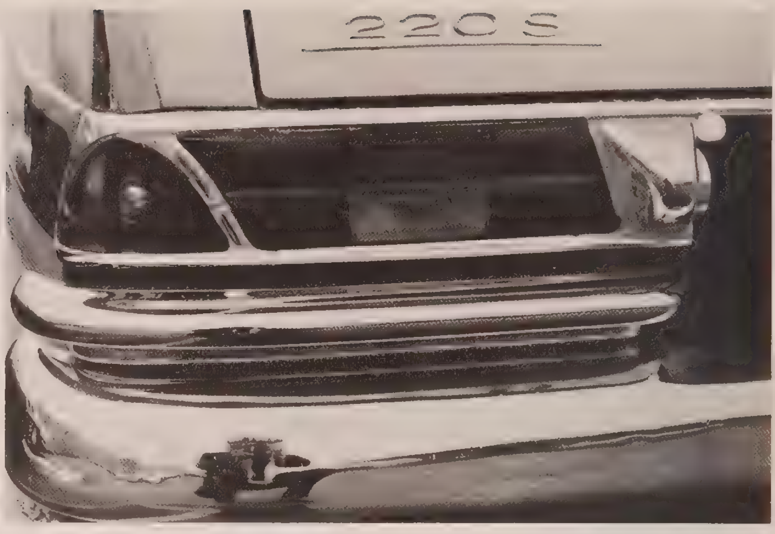


JAMES TIMOTHY REILLY



RONALD W. ROBBINS

Ron (the Rat) Robbins came to the USNA from sunny San Jose, in the state of insanity. During Plebe year he concentrated on building up his tape collection, and narrowly missed contracting the fatal Pullen skin disease. Youngster year he roomed with the infamous Harry Krosen, the pencilneck McClean, and the self proclaimed "playboy" Bruce. After completing his tape collection, he moved on to establish a new wardroom TV watching record, and was meritoriously voted first class wardroom president. However, his striper work first class year had an ill effect on his grades — he almost broke 3.00. As lovable Ron selects Surface Line we are all wondering — will Moon be his first CO?



Gerry Roncolato, the resident walking edition of Janes Fighting Ships came to our boy's camp on the Severn from Buffalo, New York. Ronc immediately chose surface line as his destiny, joined the Y.P. Squadron and made "McHale's Navy" look reg. We all knew he was headed for command at sea; it was the next logical step up from his bath tub ducky. Ronco developed a few hobbies while interned here at the Annapolis Federal Home for Wayward Youths. While rooming with Wild Man Van Hutten, he got into recording cassettes, and more cassettes, and . . . Now he's into photography, thank goodness he's on the taking and not the receiving end. First Class year, Ronc ascended to Mount Olympus South as a brigade striper and wasted no time in gaining renown for his moth hunting expeditions. Buffolato, as he became known, returned to Fun One for his final fling at the 'Dant's expense. Now it's out to the fleet, look around in a few years for Rear Admiral Buffalto. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH HHHHHH!!!

GERARD D. RONCOLATO

Yes, there is such a place as Kearney, Nebraska. Eric is living proof. A true cornhusker through and through, his passion was satisfied by the Omaha World-Herald's red sports section which he mistook for wallpaper. Eric majored in Oceanography where he learned how mean the sea could be, but still went surface line. A true glutten for punishment, he roomed with "Rat" for two years. Maybe that's what crazed him into sea duty. After swimming as a plebe, he moved up (?) to company basketball, in which he excelled. During second class year, he was informed by the Supe at a reception that his true name was Harry Crosen. In order to lighten his shock, we kept his old name for administrative purposes, but we knew "Harry" was his real name, after all a rear admiral never makes mistakes, right? Now as he drives his Colt over the horizon and into the sunset, we will all remember him whenever we hear his immortal words. "Got that Mister?"

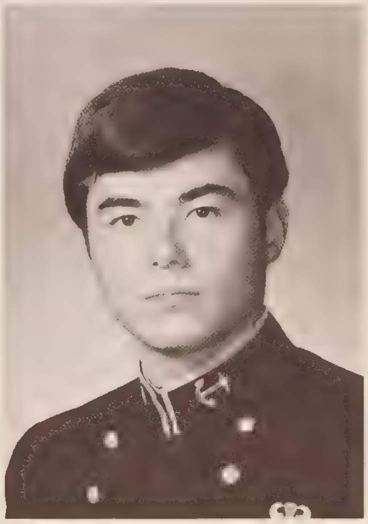
ERIC ROBERT ROSENLOF

The Big Bird flew to U.S.N.A. Pen. from Rolla, Mo. He was a very likeable person . . . except when he, with the assistance of his close friend and associate Fred, set about clearing out the wardroom. Bobber, being an OA major and having a good head on his shoulders, considered cost effectiveness first and foremost. For example, to this day he still uses his plebe issue bar of soap, and he claims it still has several good years of use left. Bob made one of his rare decisions of good taste by becoming the third member of First Company's Mean Machine Team. Though he was a four year man in the D&B, Bob didn't even let D&B practices interfere with participation in his favorite exercise, pull-ups. On the side, Bob managed to keep his hands occupied shooting hoops and indulging in some of the "finer" things in life. Good luck Schwank and stay away from the cheese manicotti.

Darrell Van Hutten, a Georgia peach (pit), came to U. Nav. and gained notoriety as "Wild Man" and a few other nicknames a pen would blush to write. We knew it was going to be tough to keep a straight face with him around after he started commuting in the 7-4 gutterway wearing a smile, and not much else, back during our Plebe Summer. During Youngster Year, his heated pursuits of the new plebes on their way to breakfast with his dustmop started the day on a cheery note. While a second classman, Darrell actually worked . . . a little, but maintained his "uncut" nature. We missed him first semester our First Class Year and anxiously awaited his return from his Batt. work. This EE wizard has a bright future ahead, if he can ever figure out how to use an extension cord. Since dingy sailing isn't a service selection, look for him in the sky; he'll be in the jet with the blasting cassette deck.

ROBERT L. SCHWANEKE

DARRELL VAN HUTTEN



GERALD YODER

Jerry was born 100 years too late, some times I think 100 too soon. Destined to become a Tarnsman of Gor, he resigned his career as an Army brat and enrolled in the Barge and Boat School to become a pirate. His favorite pastimes of singing in the shower and granting himself 3-striper libs (for two years running) are but mere indications of this man's limitless potential and I think we will see more in the future. Having fended off at least one bayonet charge and being an engineer makes him more than qualified to wear green and go show the Marine Corps how to build bridges or more likely how to blow them up. He will be joined by a sweet little USNA secretary who managed to convince him that home cooking and the settled down life can be much more rewarding than the rowdy days of old.

SPITFIRE
1500

2nd Company

VINCENT BELLEZZA

Vin arrived on the shore of the Severn from Staten Is. with a hardcore N.Y. accent. Vin made the most of Plebe year, having "her" (Barb) down for a few formals, hosting the "Rock Comedy Show", and partying with Schlaef (remember the mashed potatoes?). Vin was smitten in the heart by Cupid x-mas Plebe year (Barb again). It was a romance which was finalized, despite Navy, by the "tieing of the knot" after graduation. When Vin wasn't cursing at Italian fishermen in the Med or sailing in the pacific, he could be found on the Jersey Shore with "her", the board, and Mich. What would a Navy football game be without Dad's camera and Mom's bar and grill. Vin was company Honor Rep., and with 2nd. Co's integrity his talents as a brigade boxer came in handy. Vin was always fun to be with except when "making weight". Vin left Navy married and with an accent even we could understand, we'll be together again in Pensacola. And who knows, 20 years from now Vin might be C.O. . . . of the Staten Island Ferry.

A long, long time ago, from a galaxy far away (3 years ahead of Star Wars) Dave came to USNA. The Firsties quickly set about to bring him back to Earth (at his assigned frequency of 15 MHZ). After an adventurous younster cruise in Norfolk, Dave settled down to weekday Physics and weekend Star Trek. Before second class year started we almost lost Dave to NASA, but by this time Navy air was becoming more than a glint in his eye. First class year he traded his shoe-leather express for a Firebird Formula and mirrored shades. It is not nice to upset a wookie, or Han Christie either. Fair winds and following seas on your way to the F-14 and beyond.

DAVID WILLIAM CHRISTIE

Straight from the streets of San Francisco, Christopher J. Demarche left home a wanted man; that is, wanted by a lot of broken hearts and unforgiving fathers. Easily recognized by the light shining off his forehead, Chris was always able to set up friends; he is lucky that they are so understanding. Always having the right sense of priorities, Chris could never claim to take Academics seriously. Nevertheless, Chris plans to take his Jensen-Healy to the world of Submarines, where doing it deeper takes on a new meaning.

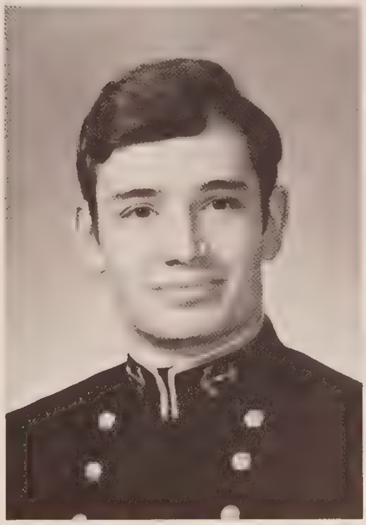
CHRISTOPHER J. DEMARCHE

MACK D. DUETT

Mack came to the Academy from sunny Scottsdale, Arizona. Having been interested in USNA for a long time, he had the gouge and life here held no surprises for him. Mack majored in Systems Engineering. A noted "sweat", he held the distinction of fewer hours in front of the tube, more weekends in the hall, and a shinier deck than any of his classmates. He confined his sports activities to company and battalion intramurals plus some extracurricular long distance running, including one JFK 50 miler. Cruise sold him on the submarine service and so he is headed for nuclear power school if Adm. Rickover will take him or SWS, if not.

JAMES FIORELLI

Jim came to USNA in the summer of '74 from ork Pennsylvania. From the very beginning, Jim was persistent in his quest for knowledge, hence the famous naval saying, "any questions, Fiorelli??" Fi, as he is affectionately called by his friends, tried his hand at lax, before realizing his true purpose in life . . . studying. Many girls were a close second in Jim's ever studious career at the Academy, that is until 1/c summer when he discovered the advantages of having a personal typist, . . . you know, to do political science papers, and other things. When Jim wasn't burdened with opening too much mail (which was hardly ever) he was busy tuning his red Camaro, or working with Big Brothers. Fi, with his profound grasp of the French language, took a month long sabbatical to the French Riviera, oops, we meant the Fr. Nav. Academy to "further his education." (yeah, right Jim) He managed, despite his roommates, to graduate a Poly Sci major with high grades and many friends.



DAVID ROSS HEINZ

David came to Canoe U. from the tiny podunk of Bagdad (Arizona, that is!). He quickly settled into the lifestyle at USNA and became second company's resident computer jock, Bible beater, grunt to-be, and man about the hall. In addition to his work in Officers' Christian Fellowship, company Bible studies and on the athletic fields, Dave became a servant to Maury Hall, and HER-R-R-R. Despite his deep personal convictions, he never forced religion on anyone and was always easy to get along with. His only desire was that they decide for themselves where God fit in their lives, and to share the deep joys he has found in the Lord Jesus Christ. When asked about the academy, he has no regrets but simply says "It's a nice place to be from, but a heck of a place to go to." Trading in his WUBA for utilities, David looks forward to wedding bells, and flying in the back seat of an F-4.

STEPHEN MICHELMANN HOPKINS

Stephen, alias the "Hop" or the "Wardroom Rat", came to Annapolis from sunny California only to spend much of his first year suffering through his first exposure to what is laughingly called Maryland "weather". Aided by a fist full of validations he managed to survive Plebe year by avoiding those pitfalls of Plebe year, Chem and Calc. During youngster year, Steve was introduced to the "tube" and started his true calling, that of a TV adict. During second class year Steve refined his habits so as to put in more tube time than study hours. At the same time he managed to keep his CQPR on the rise. First Class year turned out to be Steve's best year. Unhampered by classes as a result of his Trident Scholarship and in conjunction with his being Regimental Adjutant (Bagger), Steve managed to set an all time record for hours in front of the TV. Steve will do well as a Nuke and a submariner.

Bill came here from Barrington, Ill. after practicing for Plebedom by drinking one solid year at Northwestern University. He burned the alcohol out of his system by not only running the required 8 miles 83 times, but by being nominated for Sub-Squad CDR as a Plebe, based on his four year potential. Notorious for his horizontal workouts and Form-2's as an underclass, he mellowed with age and rented a chair in the wardroom First Class Year. He also became a regular at the Tavern. With academia always close on his tail, he pulled away on the home stretch by changing from Marine to General Engineering and "aceing" the PCR. His primary love still seems to be those Strawberry Daquiris with Big Grey Boats running a close second.

WILLIAM J. KIHN

WILLIAM KARMER

Hailing from one of the "largest" unknown cities on the east coast, Perth Amboy, N.J., little Willy arrived at Navy U. in '74. After getting through not one of the easiest plebe years, Willy settled back to a life of sailing, talking, fast cars and women. His weekends always seemed to bring him new adventures and stories to tell. From here Big Bill moves to a new program, SWO (Send Willy Overseas). For a little guy he packs a lot of fight and should be an asset to the fleet. One thing is for sure, there will never be a dull moment with Bill around.

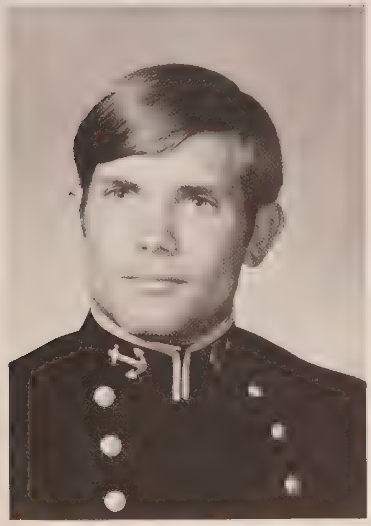
CRAIG LILE

Craig Lile came to us from Boise, Idaho smelling of potatoes and beer, and while the former is nearly gone the latter is here to stay. Craig quickly established as an intramural jock, becoming a four-year man in company basketball, lightweight football, and fastpitch softball. A frequent patron and solid performer at the local bars for 3 years, his interests have turned to the Baltimore scene, with stops for happy hour at the Club. Never an academic genius, one can often hear that familiar cry from the wardroom, "Being a History major means never having to say I'll study." Craig's heart lies in Navy Air but his body belongs to Surface Line.

SCOTT LUTTERLOW

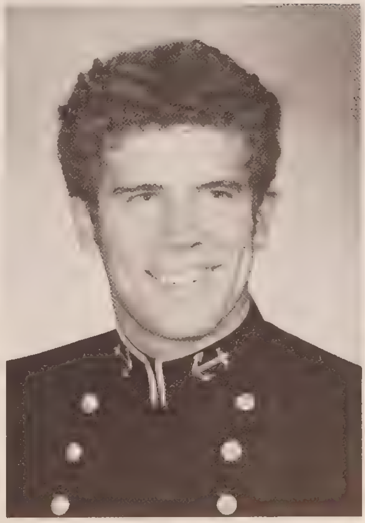
Scott came to the Academy with visions of glory – nationally televised football and great prestige. Injuries soon shattered the football dreams and the prestige often seemed missing as trouble seemed to follow his every step. Through it all though, he maintained a realistic sense of humor, gained a working insight into the intricacies and personalities that are the basis of day to day life, and now anxiously awaits that seemingly forever-distant day when he will be hurled into the realistic world of the commissioned officer.

Mike dropped in from Irvine, California to visit the Academy. Never having any set plans to stay, he was always too busy to quit. However, Mike's innate ability to find military hops kept him returning to a certain girl and the sun and surf of the home beaches. When he was around, most afternoons would find Mike on the 150's defensive line or in the ring for Brigade Boxing. His sports, studies and other activities aided Mike in maintaining his notorious low profile. This often led the new Fourth Class (as well as his own roommate) to wonder: "Who was that man with the hair in his eyes?". Next year will probably find Mike doing his thing at Pensacola since he figures Navy Air is the fastest way home. But whatever he does, Mike will never lose his free spirit or his long hair.



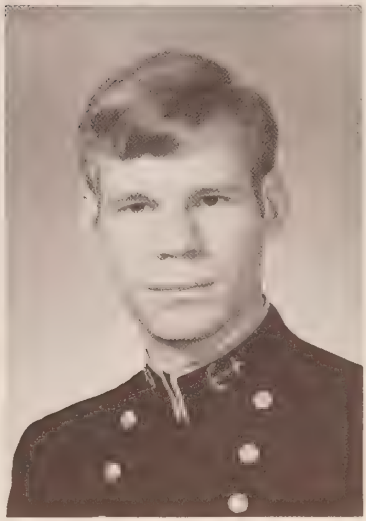
MICHAEL G. MALINICK

bye



STEPHEN E. MALONEY

"JP" came to Annapolis from Ole Miss and year of "real" college. Somehow USNA wasn't quite like ROTC, and while eating & sweating his way through Plebe Year he seldom spoke except to tell Firsties jokes (even Con-man always laughed!!!) or sing (in any key but the right one). Youngster year he came out flaming, but somewhere between Middleton Tavern and completion of AIRBORNE school in Ft. Benning the flames were doushed. Second class year he could always be found at WRNV, keeping the world's #1 station on the air. By First Class year he found that Systems wasn't something to beat, but he still found time for Wrenvee and the rack. Always willing to lend a helping hand, JP will be a credit to Navy Air. ALL THE WAY – AND THEN SOME!!!



JAMES PAUL McCANN, IV

THOMAS McLEOD

Enjoy – That sums up Tom's attitude here at USNA. Education with fun is fun, right? OH WELL. Arriving here by a circuitous route (college, USMC, NAPS) Tom became an aeromajor and quickly earned his TV, liberty and then green alert quals by averaging 5 hours study time a week. He shot rifle for 2 years and then directed his attention to company intramurals, liberty, never getting caught and acquiring those necessary luxury items. While he is known as an easy going guy, ask his plebes. Tom has also acquired the reputation as one of the company radicals, always asking questions and trying to use common sense here at Canoe U. Finally after graduation Tom hopes Adm. Hymie will accept him to fly subs in the nuclear program. His secrets of success are: Never stay up past midnight, Never miss liberty, and Never sweat your major. Thoughts on the evolution of a mid: 4 years – an era of change. From not believing I'm a mid, to not wanting to be one – then enjoying it. From not believing I'm going to graduate, then not being able to wait.

Mark entered USNA from Westport, Conn., bringing with him 4-digit SAT scores and a desire to obtain as much from Navy as possible. In pursuit of this goal Mark has used up a record 136 #2 pencils, 49 tablets of green graph paper and burned out 3 calculators in a remarkable 4 year effort. Mark commuted to USNA. He made his home in the cockpit of his dingey, and usually dropped in on his adopted company weeknights. Weekends find him sailing off with his crew, like a miniature Jean LaFitte, to return Sunday with wild tales of booty and plunder. He leaves again Friday in just enough time to avoid visits from the booty he plundered last weekend. Submarine service is a short term goal for Mark. His lifelong ambition is to command the Navy's first nuclear powered schooner and take permanent patrol duty off Tahiti.

MARK C. MILLER

Hailing from the Lone Star state, John arrived USNA speaking that foreign language – TEXAN. After learning to speak understandable English he set about to overcome his second obstacle – the world of academia. After struggling with three semesters of wires John can proudly proclaim himself a Leydorf – trained man. He proved himself able to survive any perils after successfully putting in a one year tour with '77's men of Valhalla. Youngster year saw the start of many long hauls up to Hood College, even if all he could get were a few hours of area liberty. With Barb's graduation those trips ended, but the sound of wedding bells could still be heard. In the years to come John will surely be found doing one of three things – sleeping, eating Mexican food or trying to get his foot into something new. After five years of Navy life, including NAPS, John will be seen riding into the sunrise wearing the mighty MARINE CORPS green.

JOHN ERVIN PAGE

Reb came to U.S.N.A. from the Heart of Dixie, Meridian, Mississippi, with one thing on his mind, to fly. Occasionally you could hear him called "Butterbean" but normally it was just "Hey Redneck." It was not uncommon to hear David bragging about the South and Mississippi or to overhear him say, "I'd rather be fishin' for big bass." Looking for a way to escape the day to day boredom of Bancroft Hall, Reb, found himself rowing crew. It only took him three years of 150 lb. crew at 175 lbs. to get his letter or to see the light? Having hung up his oar for first class year, Reb could now concentrate on his cars, motorcycles, fishing, eating, sleeping and writing letters to "The Kid." Any free time that he could find he devoted to studying his Aero. Following graduation David is to head South again, to Pensacola, to fly.

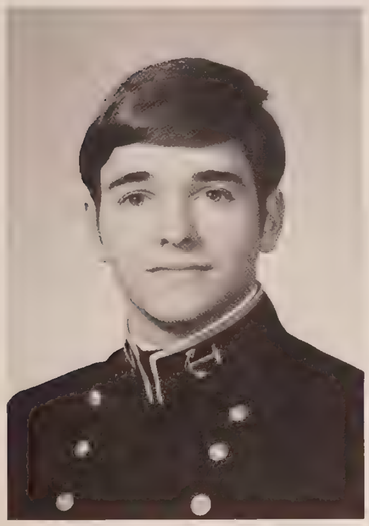
DAVID EUGENE PRICE

When Doug was turned down by USNA he couldn't have cared less, afterall, he was on his way to UCSD. Then came the offer to go to NAPS. He convinced himself that it would only be a year, he could get out at any time, and afterall, they were going to pay him. After NAPS, USNA gave the green light and Doug convinced himself that it couldn't be that bad, he could get out after two years, and afterall, they were going to pay him. The second year, he was elected to the Varsity Demo Squad and was awarded a "Black N". At the end of the second year, he convinced himself that things were getting better, he already had three years invested, and afterall, the paychecks were still coming. The third year saw Doug as 2/c CAO. He did such a fine job, he was promoted to 1/c CAO. As co-editor of the Trident Calendar, he made sure that Mary's picture ("sweet as the wind") was included. As graduation nears, Doug has convinced himself that the Navy can't be all that bad, its only five years, and afterall, they are going to pay him.

DOUGLAS ALAN RAY

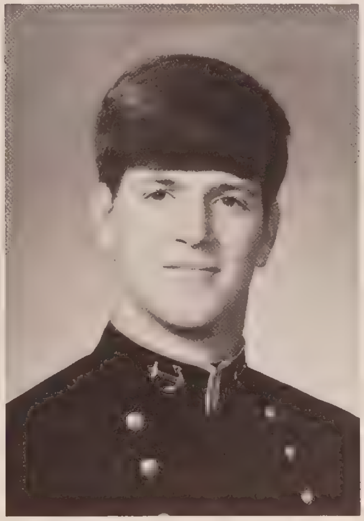
WALTER ROBINSON

The King Of of Gouge came to us from the very scenic state of N.J. With his unflappable demeanor and ability to put things into the proper perspective, Bud remained totally undecided about everything. These qualities along with his professionalism set the example for all underclass to follow. It wasn't his fault he never marched in a P-rade or got a chance to don his Full Dress Blue. Receiving those 4 N stars, ECAC all league honors, and being elected co-captain of the tennis team never stood in front of his military duties. But then again, no one can remember if Buddy ever had any military duties. Having been inspired to join Hyman's regime, Bud pursued math as a major acquiring the proper prerequisite background. After regaining his senses after first class cruise however, he made the only sensible choice available; NFO and the Pensacola golf course . . . So be it.



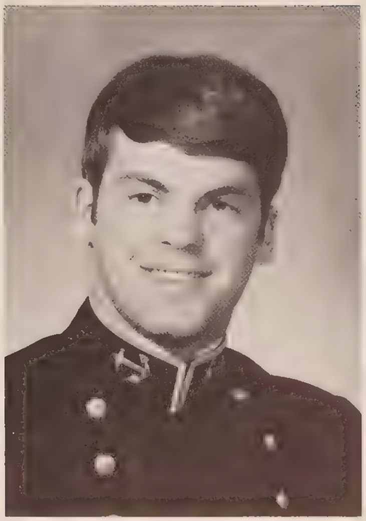
JOHN SCARPULLA

Who could forget Scarp, the Texan that everyone knew and tolerated. Being voted most likely to fit into anything, John played every sport at USNA save women's golf. By the first class or senior year he had become the finest B-ball guard in room 1237. Baby!! Who could forget Scarp, whose idea of staying basically within the regs is anything less than murder. To say he sometimes compromised the MHP is like saying Atilla the HUN had bad etiquette. It might suffice to say that his exploits are the things they make legends from; usually posthumously. "When a Texan says that he'll take his chances, chances will be taken." Who could forget Scarp, not the "O" club, not all the married women at Hood, not the hundred drink club, and not his roommate of three years who is currently under observation at Bethesda Naval Hospital. We wish the best of luck to the branch of service stuck with him. Who cannot forget Scarp? Those of free mind and wild spirit.



JOHN SEMCKEN

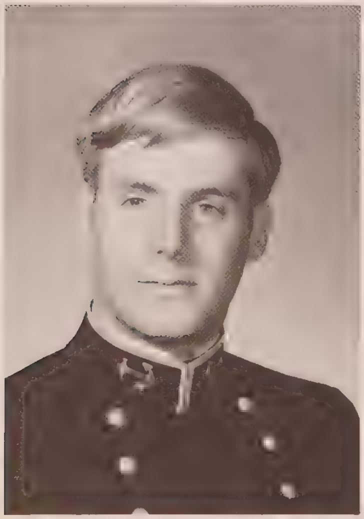
John came from somewhere between Barrington, Ill, and Long Island, NY, with a song in his heart; . . . and his classmates (& anyone within 7 miles) sometimes wished it had stayed there. Actually, the Glee Club and Barbershop quartet were quite lucky to get a light-hearted spirit like John, for he had other talent (besides "singing") and could've easily played a REAL sport like baseball, or even hockey (he'll never live that down.) As an Aero major, with time for "nothing but studying," John certainly managed to squeeze in quite a few G. Club trips, and left many a broken heart along the way. (Not to mention the one in Texas, or the memorable Ring Dance.) He also saw the entire '76 Winter Olympics (illegally) as 3/c, and every Yankee World Series game, too. "Studying" again, John?? Somehow, in between driving a blue family-mobile Grand Prix (vice Firebird) and playing touch football, John managed to pull through the Aero program. He and his voice should be in the air soon, minus tinsel, along with a large captive audience . . . and many friends.



ROBERT H. SHINSKIE

Breaker 1-9 for the one "Farm-Boy." While at Navy Bob got hooked on both types of C.B. Hailing from the land of Amish, Polaskis, and Woompy Pies, Bob made the transition from the backwoods boy of Pennsylvania to a suave, debonair James Bond 007. Four years of sweating out the suana, running sprints, and surviving a broken jaw paid off for both the 150 football team and Bob in the form of a victory over Army, a national championship and defensive most valuable player. Bob also became an expert in producing successful Form-2 statements, getting the gouge and maximizing rack time. Being allergic to water and carriers, Bob's next goal is a P-3 with plenty of steaks and a good auto-pilot. He always wanted to fly first class.

Dan arrived on the sandy shores of the Naval Academy from Southern Jersey bubbling with enthusiasm and determination. He grew gills the first week of Plebe Summer and moved into the icy waters of the Natatorium. "Spook" earned his varsity letter youngster year, and turned his terrycloth towel in for a spot on the company rack team as a second class. Dangerous Dan also became one of the regulars at the Tavern. One night he even tried bobbing for french fries! First class year, Dan really came into his own. On weekends, he and his brown "Cad" could be found anywhere but Annapolis. Wherever he may end up, may he find smooth seas and following winds.



DANIEL G. WEINER

Don Juan ("URK") came to the academy from Glendale, Calif. and never let anybody forget it. His entire four year stay has been a series of confrontations with the gringo establishment. Plots by the academic departments caused Urk to become a sweat just to maintain a 2.00. He fought back by becoming a Latin American major. The athletic department tried to deport him by flunking him in the tower jump, but after 4 weeks of practice Urk again beat the system. On weekends he's always found at Hood, dazzling the voluminous beauties with his Donald Duck imitation. Urk will always be an individual to be reckoned with wherever he goes.

DONALD LOUIS URQUIDEZ

John "Charlie" Watters swam his way to stardom in Cleveland and managed to validate his way through 4 years of swimming here at Navy. As a youngster, John logged quite a few pre-sunrise ED hours as a result of a command decision between POHP and honey-glazed donuts at CB. Perfecting new techniques and tactics for catching up on a few ZZZZZZ's never interfered drastically with John's Ops Analysis major, although some say that it was the rack which gave him the extra zip in covering the area around the fastpitch first base which the southpaw called 'home.' And though OA took much of his time, he could usually be found on a Friday night "war-gaming it" or presiding over the Deuce's wardroom, that is, if he wasn't cruising in his Z with some new-found love. On his two Med cruises, John learned new tactics (on an oiler?) . . . mostly in beautiful Naples. The USS Truckee must have provided some inspiration, however, for John's into big gray boats, patrolling the seas and watching his "comrads."

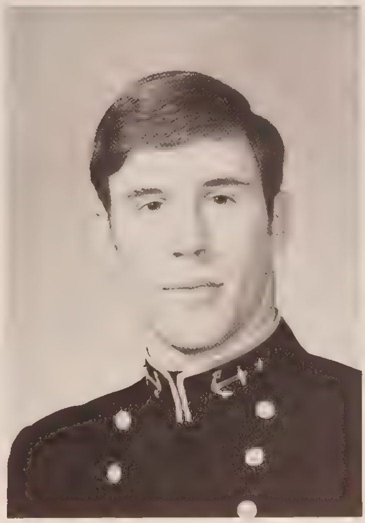
JOHN WATTERS

JACOB PRESTON WILKINS

Jacob Preston Wilkins or Wilk's as he is affectionately known by friends, enemies, and irate fallen girlfriends alike, comes to us from Merrillville, Indiana. His four year mission at USNA was to seek out and explore girls dorm's and boldly drink where no man has drunk before. Athletically, Jay could always work up a sweat at the O-club or in his Corvette. His moves with a soccer ball are only excelled by his swiftness with a brew. Never one to lose a bet and admit to it, Jay has developed his motto – He who does not risk, cannot win.He has repeatedly risked his neck with girls, parents, roommates and staircases. Our only advice to Jay in his naval career is, "May he be in Pensacola, two hours before his girlfriends know he is there."

ALDEN GREGORY WILLIAMS

I came. I played. I won.
NEXT GAME!



RICHARD J. YASKY

Rick arrived at the sunny shores of the Severn from a swimming pool somewhere outside of Chicago. He was quickly noted for his leadership abilities and became fourth class company commander, a post he held for two days. Rick was waterlogged for most of his first two years but earned his Varsity N before experience told him to sleep mornings and not swim 10000 yards at six a.m. Being an Oceanography major he was always near water and managed to stay wet and wild through the water polo club for his last two years. Rick met a girl (Hood girls ARE good girls) shortly after he got his second class car and wasn't seen much after that. Detail was an experience – half paperwork, half liberty and an amphib in the Med followed. The onset of first class year brought the joy of green alerts and three striper libs. Rick will be heading for Pensacola after graduation to join all the other pilots on those Florida beaches.

BRICE E. ZIMMERMAN

Zim, the son of JimZim ('54), came to us from the orange juice capital of the world. After giving up a boring life at the beach with such insignificancies as girls, sun, surf, and Michs, he finally settled for a plebe summer and a couple of knee operations that kept him away for the Big Blue. Wanting to excell in something, he finally found his way to becoming an excellent backgammon player and an accomplished rack chaser. When AJD joined him, we'd feared that we'd lost a friend only to find that we'd gained an apartment. Thanks AJ. After struggling through First Class year and all that traffic to get to the apartment, Zim finally memorized the eye chart and settled once again on girls, sun, surf, and Michs. Fly NAVY . . . And so on.

3rd Company

DONALD W. AIKEN JR.

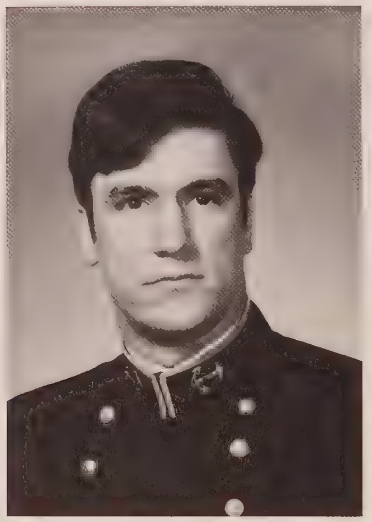
TRANSITION

In the beginning it was the end.

D
R
E
A
M
E
D
I thought as I
Will I bend?
So it seemed.

Will I break.
What's at stake?

Now the end is but the beginning.
Is there any winning???



MICHAEL STEPHEN BASFORD

From football and track down yonder in Orange Park, Fla. Steve wound up with fieldball and rack at Navy. He made a quick stop at NAPS on the way. He was a man whose many roommates chose the joys of civilan life over life at Canoe U. Why Steve? Steve himself has even tried the civilian side of life once in a while. Departing from his well earned parking spot in his orange rocketship he usually ended up finding a certain young lady over in Va. Then backgammon struck! Steve's 40 hour a week studies dwindled to losing at backgammon but winning endless friends as car boss. Just give him a beer and a parking spot. From Big Blue, Steve is heading back to Florida to become a fast airplane driver.

BRUCE S. BOLE

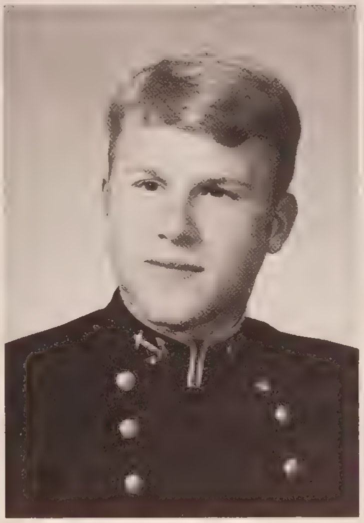
Throughout his career at the Academy, Bruce has been a searcher. Mostly, he searched for fast cars, women, and the gouge. Being an Ops Analysis major, gouge was most important during the week, and the other things came on the weekend. Bruce hails from Florida, but if you talked to him, you could probably find out without having to ask him. Bruce was not a great fan of Maryland weather, but while this far north, he did take up skiing to try and make up for the surfing he was missing. However, Bruce always made his best effort to get home every chance he got, often leading to some unusual situations, especially trying to get back to USNA. Even after serving a tour as AIP Coordinator during first class year, Bruce intends to make his career flying the friendly skies of Navy Air.

Norm spent 7 years in Cuba where he learned to appreciate the sun and the sea of the balmy Caribbean. Long hair and a beard were Norm's trademark until he decided to follow in his father's footsteps and join the Navy. Coming from a Navy family, a short stint in the fleet, and a year at NAPS, Norm was ready for USNA but was USNA ready for Norm? Apparently not since something as innocent as a marching song brought embarrassment to a 1/c and 30 demos to Norm. During youngster year he became an expert on Louis L'Amour, Gor and Late Show. A '66 Vette has always been Norm's dream car but when he found out a cooler wouldn't fit he settled for a '74 LTD. His reputation leads him wherever he goes and where he goes there's usually a party. If things go well you will find Norm raising horses and sporting a beard and long hair again once he's through playing sailor.

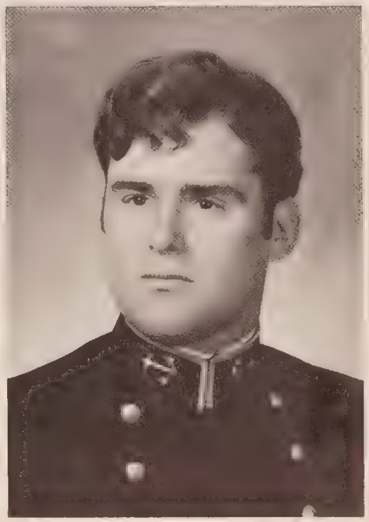
Dave came to U.S.N.A. and the decadent East, from a small hometown in Idaho. One would think he would be overwhelmed by all the fancy clothes, fast cars, and faster women. At first Dave became a little flustered by all the living at such a rapid pace and thus became alias "Clutch". It did not take long for Dave to get his act together and shift right back into his old speed. Easy going is Dave's way of life, and all of his friends will agree on that. We are all sure when Dave is cruising high in the blue sky, not even the most major of catastrophes will phase him "Hey guys let's get something to drink" . . . "so what I have a test too; — um if they can't take a joke."
END

A noted authority on everything, Alex is a indispensible member of the boys. He helped us all discover the joys of the Jersey shore as Memorial Day weekend became our social event of the year. His legendary adventures with the Navy have taken him around the world, from Pearl Harbor to Norfolk, to the seawall and room 1017. Although at graduation he gives up his membership in the Navy and the "Fabled Five", we agree that someone is acquiring a fantastic guy. His sense of humor and ability to find or make the best parties will long endear him to his classmates
end

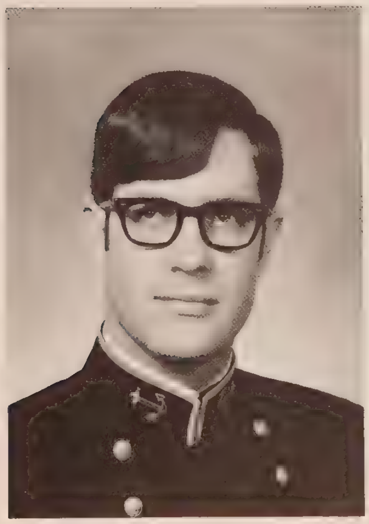
NORMAN BOSTER



DAVID J. BOWERS



ALEXANDER F. DIMITREW

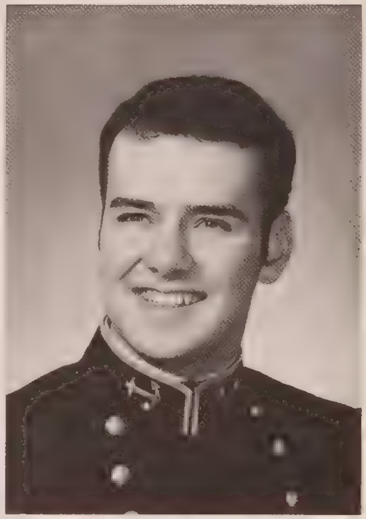


ROBERT STEPHAN DIRICKSON

When Steve reported aboard USNA in July of '74, he promptly stopped doing whatever it was that got him here. After a mediocre effort plebe year and a month on the historic "O-Boat", he started a long slide that lasted all the way to graduation. Never let it be said, however, that he can't do it when he wants to. Besides speaking conversational BASIC and FORTRAN, he is also a graduate of Mike Halbig's "Fluent German in Six Easy Lessons" course, and he can compute minimum passing requirements to a hair. As a matter of fact, if you had asked Steve to write this himself, he would probably have forgotten about it until the day before it was due, and then pulled an all-nighter. And then racked out all the next day. Steve picked up more academic Z's than all other grades combined. But he reached his peak early at USNA. After creating life in the shower youngster year, there was really nowhere to go but down, which he did regularly on tests, and which, after an SSN cruise second to none, is where he will be going for the next few years.

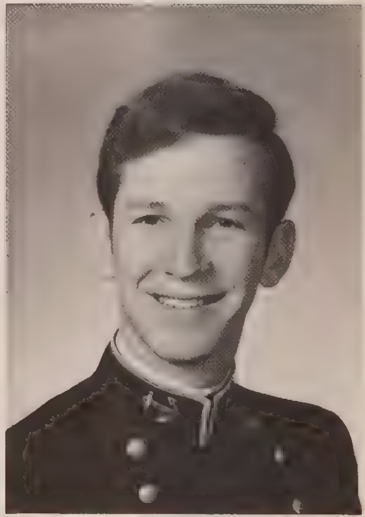
WILLIAM DOOLEY

Bill, or Wilver as he is affectionately known by all, spent most of his time thinking of ways to beat the system. The rest of the time he was restricting. Disbelieving in neutron and proton alike, grades proved to be no problem for Bill. Bill's favorite hobbies were beer drinking, hell raising and racking out. As a member of the hockey team Wilver spent many long hours in Dahlgren Hall; before, during and after the games. Some of Bill's most memorable achievements include worst room inspection ever, fighting fires in Philadelphia, starting fights in Norfolk, second worst room inspection ever, Black N club, youngster T.V., and of course the third worst room inspection ever. Bill made two not so memorable Lantramid cruises to exotic Norfolk. A firm believer in "any lovin' is good lovin'" Bill will continue his ways for he is planning an early affair after graduation with Julie.



WILLIAM MACK DUNKIN

When "Dunks" entered the Academy, he possessed two things. One was a motto which he had witnessed all of his life. "Always do your best, be yourself, and smile so that others may do the same. Those people who then refuse you are at fault; those who do not refuse you are your friends." He believed and lived this motto. The second thing he brought was a love of music which he pursued through the Glee Club and the Protestant Chapel Choir. Quickly, everyone learned why he was not at formations. They just had to decide which group was singing. Bill enjoyed himself so much that he became a choir president. He chose NFO, Pam, and Systems Engineering which was his lone mistake. Well, no one is perfect. At least through Systems, he met "Chuckles", who taught him that everything was a "piece of cake." However, "Chuckles" did not reveal that "you can not have your cake and eat it, too!" "Dunks" has many memories of "Thirsty Third."



MICHAEL ALISTER DURNAN

After spending two years of trying to work his way through college selling vacuum cleaners, Mike decided to take the easy road like his older brother and come to USNA. As it turned out selling vacuum cleaners wasn't so bad. Mike's personality and good nature got him into a lot of trouble. Turning red at any off-color joke and always watching out for the guys in 3rd company, Mike became affectionately known as "Mom". Like the rest of us, Mike had his problems with academics, but with a major like mathematics who wouldn't. Mike was member of the Catholic Choir and USNA Glee Club even though his singing caused his roommates to climb the walls. Where's Mike going from here? . . . it's hard to say . . . certainly not very far in his poor old '68 VW . . . possibly Marine data processing . . . most likely down to play squash with Herb.

Texas-born Gerardo has spent many sleepless nights wondering just why he gave up his "vida facil" on the banks of the Rio Grande for a more active existence on the shores of the Severn. Always one to seek challenges, he managed to remain at odds with the Academic Establishment throughout most of his stay at USNA. When he wasn't studying, Gerry spent his time in more meaningful pursuits. As a Plebe he enjoyed coming in late from leave in civvies, while First Class year saw him jumping out of perfectly good airplanes, and earning his gold wings in the process. Still, his favorite pastime was those two hour phone calls to Principia College and Roxanne. (Which also explains why he was always broke.) A NAPSTER, Gerry's "Spit & Polish" image finally broke down after three years' efforts by more slovenly roommates. Nevertheless, he retains more than enough self-determination to achieve "mucho" success in the Corps, although "Even Marines Don't Like To March!!"

GERARDO GUERRERO

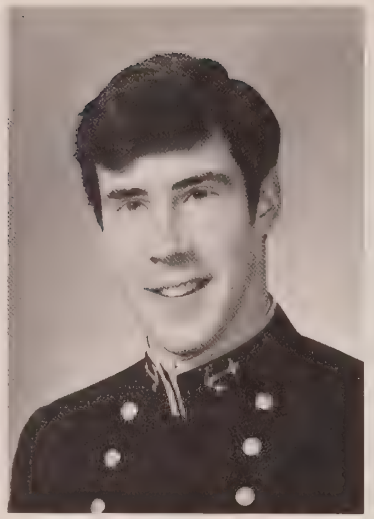
After a year of being a weekend warrior at Georgia Tech, John decided to try the big time at Annapolis where he soon become affectionately known as Herbie. Herb quickly learned the meaning of OAO in plebe year when Nancy Block rolled along and in youngster year with Heidi and then again when Robin appeared on the scene 2/c year. Herb's favorite pastimes include choosing a car, choosing a service selection and the mile run. In one month Herb was a die hard nuclear submariner, pilot, and skimmer. Herb has managed to refine the Ma Durnan study technique which yields poorer and poorer grades with increased study time. A neater and more organized person is hard to find and I'm sure Herb will do well at flight school or nuclear power school or SWOS school or all three.

JOHN HANCOCK

John came to NAVY with all intentions of joining the system; instead he silently Beat NAVY. They wanted tech – he went BULL! They wanted athletes – John managed fencing – never worked out – never failed a PE test at NAVY. They said to get ahead "GO TECH" – he has over a 3.0 QPR and beat the techs on the PCR! They ruled "Don't date Plebettes" – he had his own private "ring dance" with one, second class year!!! They lectured against BIG NEW CARS – John bought a CUTLASS. John did have some major accomplishments at NAVY. As a true southener he led the south to a total victory over the north – all because of a plebette!! John lettered in fencing – which was amazing since he never fenced. He got fried several times plebe summer and not one ever went through. He started using shaving creme at the age of 20 – just for that plebette?? Amazingly, he roomed with a MULE and a College Kid for 4 years. From USNA John goes Surface Line where he will of course BEAT the FLEET

JOHN G. HEMRY

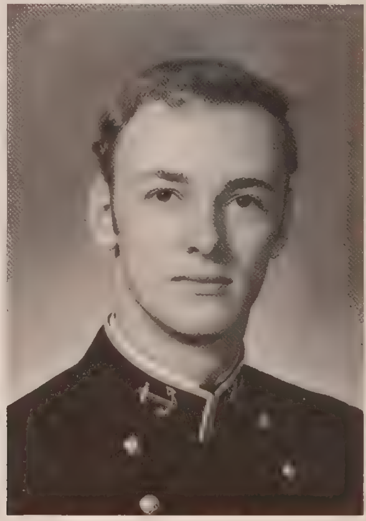
Mike shed his curly locks and came here for college all the way from North Philly. Ol' Hubes labored under the system day, night, and lot of early mornings (remember leggings). It's been said he had a fondness of numbers like 100 & 2, 50 & 4, all part of being an ME major or something like that. Every time Mike went home we kinda wondered if he'd come back, you know all those fights he was breaking up. If he couldn't be found he was usually in his rack or over the wall. Mike got his fast car (a little too fast), found fast women, and spent his last couple years as a model Mid living in the fast lane. From Big Blue Mike went South to make his mark on NAVY AIR.
"DISRESPECT, I'LL SHOW YOU DISRESPECT"


MICHAEL ERWIN HUBER

In order to spread the riches of Ireland, Dave came to USNA from Clifton Park, NY. Howie led Shenendehwoa High to an 8-1 season his senior year. To further his fame he tried Navy 150's and wound up 2nd string QB for third company lights. Howie acquired his nickname in a Ronnie Howard look alike contest. He also met the personality requirements – loves Mom, apple pie and the girl in any door. His cute, innocent looks win the heart of every girl at the party. The first two years at Navy Dave was a real pencil-neck. When his 280Z came in second semester 2/c year his priorities changed – from books and work outs to his Z and lots of parties. But the neck still shows through. Dave stays in Friday nights to study. About 11 he's heading for the parking lot and can't get out of the rack much before noon he had such a good time. Dave hopes to wind out the year as mellow as possible and head for P-cola and a jump on his contemporaries for sea stories so he can hold an intelligent (?) conversation with Chet the Jet.

DAVID G. IRELAND

He gives strength to the weary,
And to him who lacks might He increases power.
Yet those who wait for the Lord
Will gain new strength;
They will mount up with wings like eagles,
They will run and not get tired,
They will walk and not become weary.
Isaiah 40:29,31


P. ALAN JAQUITH

Since Steve has come to the big blue he has been running; running from people who thought that his good grades were the result of gouge, running for the Crew team, running away from girls, and sometimes just running for 50 miles. Steve, known to his oceanographer buddies as Jocks Constinew was a true man of the sea. Always trying to prove how hard his major was, Steve really couldn't find anyone who would believe him in the wardroom as he turned in consistent 4.0's. Derwood as he was sometimes called, was always willing to help out a friend and could always be found in a) wardroom, b) the rack c) planning his next ski trip. Steve will have to change his military ways when he heads on to graduate school. He'll be missed at Pensacola in 78.

Chris was born in, grew up in, graduated from high school in, and will probably die in Ellsberry, Missouri, if he can ever find it again. If he doesn't die there he will have a burial at sea, since he intends spending his naval career several hundred feet underwater with a nuclear reactor and "The Collected Works of Hyman Rickover." Chris has been in Catholic Choir and Glee Club for four years. They finally made him president of Catholic Choir in the hopes of driving him away with paperwork. His family worries about the fact that he is still a soprano. But Chris' greatest talents are in the field of electronics. He can build anything, and sometimes the things he builds work. His second greatest achievement has been his trivia questions, such as "How many udders does a cow have?" Chris is universally regarded as Man Most Likely To Go Down With The Ship He Just Put A Hole In.

STEVEN KINNEY

CHRISTOPHER LAGEMANN

Bob has three main loves in life: the Marine Corps, Sherry, and swimming. For a while swimming almost beat out Sherry. While at the Academy he also took to jumping out of perfectly good airplanes (Airborne) and doing push-ups in the mud (BUD/S). Bob spent his first three years here trying to decide whether to go Corps, SEALS, or punch out and get married. The Corps won. There are rumors Sherry might have won too. After all, how many Mids have flown their girlfriends out to Maryland from California? Bob is gungy, though; the only Mid to ever jump off the Tower in fatigues and shined combat boots. While his classmates bought corvettes and 280-Z's, Bob bought a Light Utility Vehicle. Unable to decide between a Tech major and Bull major, he chose neither and went Management. If only he could write, we would be reading about Bob. He may not start the next war, but he will win it.

542 AFE
MARYLAND

ROBERT W. LAMONT

One of the first things we were told when we came here was that you could not beat the system. Bill discovered shortly that you could trick it, however. All you had to do was use your head. The thing about Bill was that he was a paradox – floating around the top 50 when he was here (although he never put on his stars), he still found time to be co-founder of the Friday night party (cokes and cookies, of course) gang. Although his attitude could improve (ask Kar) he will do well wherever he goes – because common sense is a commodity all organizations need.

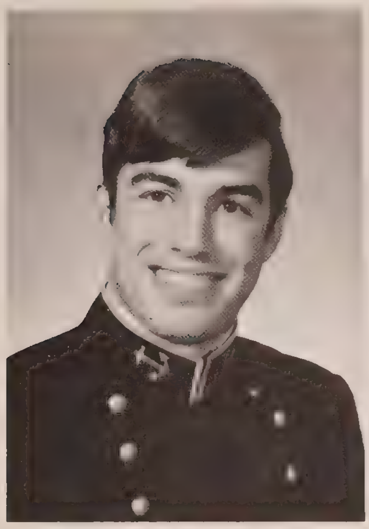
WILLIAM LEVIS

Whenever you wanted to find Charlie, all you had to do was look for a deisel cloud. In the middle of that cloud you would find an old grey boat and a not so old or salty crew, giving orders or telling sea stories. (Usually ordering people to listen to his sea stories) Never one to pass up a free drink or meal, especially at the home of an officer, Charlie was rarely seen in Bancroft Hall during his First Class year. The only thing Charlie spent more time doing than walking to the left of an officer was writing thank you notes for "dinner?" When First Class were needed for the first summer cruise with women, Charlie was "volunteered," not because of his "Ability?" but because he was the only firstie with whom the women were safe. After the cruise, he left the ranks of MCP and became very defensive whenever anyone put down women in the navy. Wonder who he met on cruise? Charlie wants to go into Surface Warfare because it gives him a feeling of conquering the water. Something he never felt at Navy.

CHARLES W. MARTOGLIO

No Mom, No Mary . . . Lines, Lines, Lines . . . Uniforms lousy weather Home . . . Crew . . . Diet Diet Diet The Sprints Finally it slowed down, a little. Crew was always really good but always really hard. Sean and Mechanical Engineering were not on speaking terms so he went to West Point. He had lots of fun with only the barest minimum of study. Then back to Navy with a bit more studying. Lots of studying . . . Studying . . . Study . . . Crew . . . Study . . . 182 pounds Diet Study Diet 154 pounds Eat Eat Summer Bliss Chile School Diet Eat ERGO

SEAN K. McCLOSKEY



MICHAEL McNISH

Mike, or Fred as he is affectionately known by all, spent most of his time thinking of new ways to beat the system. The rest of the time he was restricting. Befriended by neutron and proton alike, grades proved to be no problem for Mike. Mike's favorite hobbies included beer drinking, reading novels, and working out. As an honorary member of the hockey team, Fred spent many long hours in Dahlgren Hall: before, during and after the game. Some of Mike's most memorable achievements include: worst room inspection ever, fighting fires in Philadelphia, starting fights in Norfolk, second worst room inspection ever, paying cover charges, Black N Club, youngster Fredmobile, and of course, the third worst room inspection ever. Mike made two memorable Westpac cruises to the friendly Philippine Islands. A firm believer in "any lovin' is good lovin' ", Mike will have to change his ways for he is planning an early wedding after graduation with Julie.

TOM MILLER

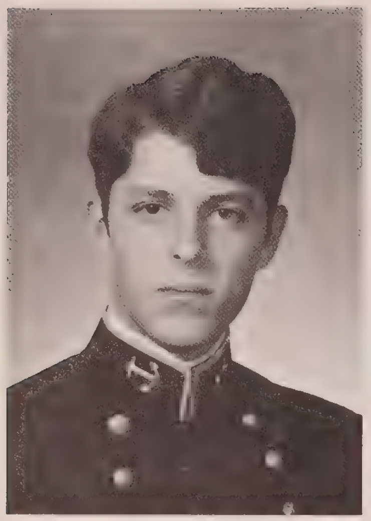
Miller-man? well he's a local boy . . . the kind that used to make you jealous as hell as a plebe or youngster when he came back from weekends at home. Ahh, but no one gets off that easy. Tom chose to follow the bloodpath of his father's E.E. career. His 4 years at Navy have been one long, interrupted clash with fine profs who just can't teach. When Tom heard Navy U. was going coed, he immediately decided to become an avid rock&roll fan and become a stud on the soccer field so all the girls would be impressed. Well a sliding tackle and a broken collar bone took care of that. So now Tom studies E.E. circuits in his room while listening to church hymns. Occasionally, he'll bust into a plebettes room while she's dressing to see if his diodes are still working. No matter what happens to Tom now that he is a Nuc Puke, we'll always remember him by his willingness to help anyone, anytime. A MID IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.

ARTHUR SCOTT MOBLEY

Having arrived to the embrace of Mother B from that far away land of Oxonhill, Md., Scooter had many classmates who "dined out" at his home on Saturday evening. First Class year has been the year for achievements. Starting with the Plebe Detail, he managed to coerce the Plebes into letting him date their sisters! Once academic year got underway, with the finesse of a pro, he led the batt crew to the best season yet (2-9)! When he wasn't directing oarsmen, he was directing midn. on who and what to see at Hood College. Makes one wonder if he wasn't an agent for Hood. Everybody has their own particular interest and Scooter is no exception. For some reason he enjoyed riding elevators in civies as a third-class. In concluding his stay, Scooter continues to do the unexpected. After a nuc-power lecture in First Class year, he was ready to sign-up for nuc surface. A question remains . . . Will Rickover accept a History Major????

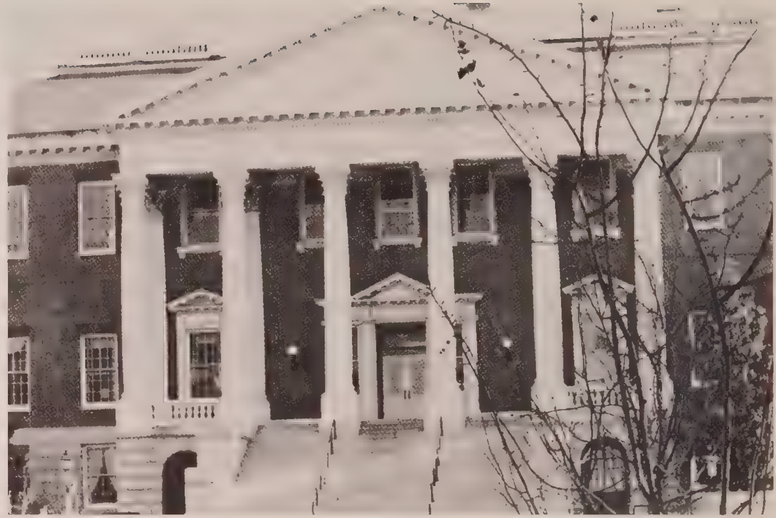
DALE MOSSBARGER

Plebe summer, everyone wondered why the timid, shy and passive Dale Mossbarger had come to USNA. Youngster year brought the answer as "BAGGER" lived up to his nickname, He was the perfect "JOE MID". He played Varisty 150# Football, Varsity Rack, Varsity Tube, and could tell you anything you did not want to hear. On his serious side, his friends could quickly tell that he knew the value of friendship. He was always there to help. Although he was called "BAGGER", the one quality which he reflected best was determination. Two areas showed this, his football (N*) and his computer works, where he linked up with his closest bud (This was the 3RD Company walking computer(S.D.)). Dale has left many memories of rack, rack and more rack to enter the Corps. He takes a new motto now "semper beditis" (always racking).



DAVID M. ROBERTS

If ever there was a guy to enter good ole Canoe U. who enjoyed doing anything but study more than Dave, it is hard to imagine. Entering plebe year finals with a 2.6 and finishing with a 3.8 was a feat considering his marvelous ability to bag it. When Youngster year rolled around Dave quenched his dry throat and spent Sundays recuperating. Somehow though, he managed to hold on to that fantastic QPR despite trying to sleep through every class. As a 2/c, Dave became nocturnal sleeping in any class he was not thrown out of and then staying up all night to figure out what he missed. As a 1/c, Dave was 1st Reg. Supply Officer which was perfect for him since his most strenuous task was picking up toilet paper in T-Court after pep-rallies. Between that and sleeping in 2/c rooms because he was too polluted to find his own, Dave had a good year. Where to from here? Well, the QPR is still in tack so hopefully, EDO and MIT. If he wakes up in time.



John lived in sunny Southern Cal for eighteen years before joining us in the real world. It didn't take him long to learn it was colder here and that people wore their hair shorter. He adjusted quickly, however, and soon turned out to be what every RME idealist envisions. His long hours of study were encouragement to us all. John's social life was divided between three girls — one in Baltimore, one in Annapolis, and that special little Susie who went wherever he did. Funny she turned out to be different than you expected, John. He'll have lots of time 'neath the waves to think of warm days, beaches, California girls, and good ol' Coors.

Happy to come, real happy to go,
Time passed fast, time passed slow
Didn't make admiral, didn't make king,
But damn, I'm gonna have a fling!

JOHN ROGITZ

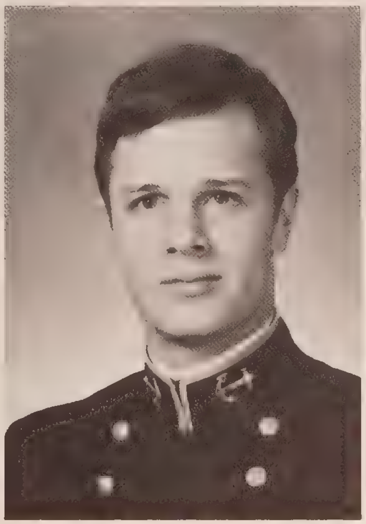
Barry comes from a nautical background. In his native New Orleans his home is built on stilts over the water. His outstanding exploits plebe year earned him the name RORK (Rock On Rack King). Barry is one of the few Mids to make it to the top of the Chapel in an attempt to place a cap on the dome. Everybody else was stopped by those locked doors. Never one to let anyone else surpass him, Barr got jump qualified the summer after his two room-mates. The year before USNA went COED, Barry, being one step ahead of the system had already introduced Camille into the hall. Barry was Company Commander during Plebe Summer '78 and played "Megaphone Mark" during drills when his voice gave out. We will never forget Barry, the most understanding Honor Rep in the Brigade.

BARRY R. SMITH

Larry has had an eventful 4 years at Navy. He is one of the fabled few good men that the Marines will not get. It's bound to hit the fan when he hits the fleet because he cares more about people than machines. He is definitely one man who will work as hard for his men as they work for him, and he cracks a vicious whip. Being on the 10 year plan, at NAPS he was known as "Kung Fu Thompson," A very different kind of guy. By this I mean he is not the first person to get ready when it's time to go, but he'll get you there, just in the nick of time. Larry and I will never forget the late night race from St. Johns and second class cars, changing on the way, through Gate 3 with me in SDB and white socks and we ran into the OOD with 1 minute before taps, or our adventures at Hood with "that girl" whose name does not rate mentioning. Last but not least Marymount will have a decisive influence on his life and future. Good Luck Larry "T" and may the best buns win.

Bob Tuohy came to Navy from the suburbs of Oklahoma City, namely Dallas, Texas. From the beginning he showed he was a man of feelings. Two of his great passions met head on one sleepy night plebe year; his great love for tunes and his "love" for Tyrannusaurus Rex. Youngster year was a new beginning and Bob quickly forgot the pains of 4/c year by loosing himself in the rigours of Navy's tough, technical, double major-Management and technology. He did find time, however, to play rugby and give his roomate E.I. in boxing. Bob kicked off 2/c year with a glorious demonstration of land navigation. Departure – Va. Beach; destination – Annapolis; route – around the world in 80 days. The year was filled out with surprise trips to Dallas, driving the vette, chewing tobacco, and the ever present promise of getting engaged. Bob rounded out his career by drawing the wild card selection for company commander. And now, with those good deals that never were "too much of a sacrifice" behind him, Bob, upon graduation, heads for those Navy wings of gold.

LARRY BERNARD THOMPSON



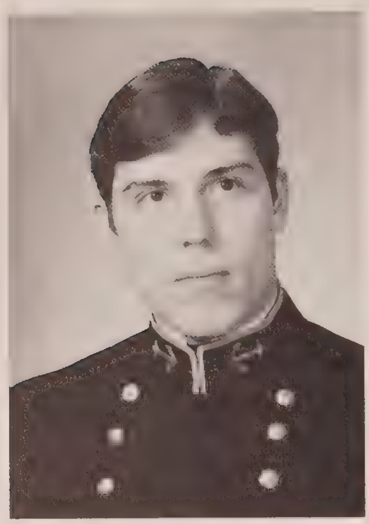
ROBERT TUOHY

JORDAN ANTHONY VAUSE

corvette
NEW YORK

Jordan got off to a slow start at USNA. As a matter of fact, for a while there it looked like he wasn't going to start at all. But he was so inpsired by his youngster cruise on an AOR that he decided to take over the LOG magazine Art Department. Periodically he went into a semi-conscious state where he didn't sleep or think for three days. When he came out of it another Bohica Brothers story was ready for the printers. Following in the steps of the immortal Limes, he never spent a weekend away from Mother B. He was known for leaving clothes in odd places (hanging on a fence in Pittsburgh?), but he did make it to graduation with a full set of SDB and six pairs of white works. First Class summer he was forced to take a three week all-expense-paid vacation in Germany, but, to make sure he got his professional training, he also spent a few weeks on an AFS tied up to the pier in Monte Carlo. With such qualifications, he is no doubt headed for a long and successful career in the Surface Navy – or with MAD Magazine.

4th Company



DAVID ANTHONY BALESTRIERI

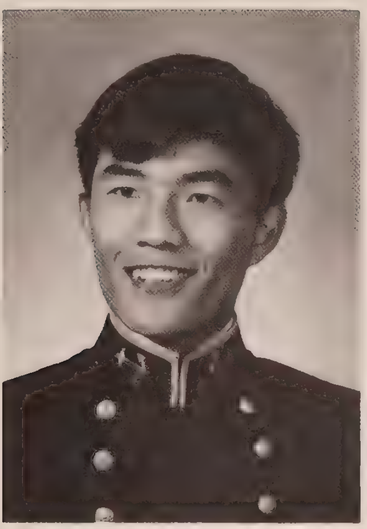
Contrary to popular belief a person hailing from Buffalo, NY is not the lowest form of life on the evolutionary scale, And Dave, also known as "BAL", has done his best as a model mid to dispel this myth. After a pit stop at Naps consisting of 3 totaled cars, Bal made his way to the sunny severn with the barest of necessities; football cleats, a hockey stick, a case of beer, and a TV set, all neatly packed on his motorcycle. The cleats and the motorcycle passed by the wayside as did the TV set, for a while but the beer and hockey stick remained. While at USNA, Bal believed in good table etiquette, the Admin conduct system and abstinence from wine – women and song, heavy on the women; He just believed in being Super Straight. We could wish Bal the best of luck, however this is unnecessary since he can find or make his own. Therefore we will instead wish the future Mrs. Bal, Caren, all of the luck in the world in converting this "Alkey" into a semi-human state. "Let's have a fashionable few."

"American Graffitti" will long be remembered by Fourth Company thanks to the gallant efforts of Steve "The Fonz" Bartie. Coming to USNA from the South Jersey metropolis of Paulsboro, Steve became known as the automotive "Dear Abby", owner and operator of "Little Steerage," and as a dresser for all occasions, even study hour. After studying Plebe year, he managed to get the gouge on Academy academics: study less, sleep more, and "No Doz" through exam periods. Throughout the first three years, Steve had few if any haircuts. When placed in the position of leadership and responsibility during his last year, he rose to the occasion by getting his hair cut. Always fun-loving, Steve turned in his oars for a Shelby and a congregation of girls. With Naval Aviation as his primary destination, we all know we can find him in one of three places: in the rack, "in the rack!," or in front of a mirror.

STEVEN R. BARTIE

John S. Casey arrived at U.S.N.A. after making a short trip from Long Gisland, NeYawk. He was soon to be known by some as the infamous "Case," "Face" by others, but no one has met the man who calls him "John." Being forced to change his "All-American Boy" image, Case soon showed us all what Irish drinkers were made of. Knowing that he didn't really want to study his way through here, he also showed signs of extreme effort in the areas of rack, the tube, sports and yes, even left some time for the opposite sex. All this time he was losing sight of the way to the barber shop. With this attitude he quickly decided to major in Mechanical Engineering. In the midst of all this action, he was able to maintain his sanity and still provide members of the Brigade with banking privileges at Case-Manhattan Bank. John will long be remembered as one hell of a guy who is bound to go far.

JOHN S. CASEY



RUSSELL MING CHANG

If it is an axiom that all things from Texas are overly large, then it's obvious that all that excess size is coming from somewhere – Rusty is living evidence that the Texans are filching their height from Oklahoma! Our mighty Ming Warrior (Hong Kong '56) arrived at USNA with glorious dreams of Aerospace and Jet Fighters and rapidly discovered that things weren't nearly as glamorous as described. Diving steeply through Aero and General Engineering, he pulled up and leveled out into Applied Physics and flew quietly towards Graduation Day. Rusty rapidly developed a novel way to retaliate for all the snide remarks about his height. Having never seen a crew shell, he leaped into coxswain-ing with such a joie de vivre that in 3 short years he had the 8 biggest and strongest members of the Varsity 150# Crew Team rowing him around all the local waterways. Even though there is not much height to him, Rusty has the heart of a giant, and what there is of him is quality stuff.

KENNETH C. COLBY

A survivor of both Boot Camp and NAPS, K.C., the Methuselah of Foaming Four, knew better than most of us how to handle the slings and arrows of outrageous superiors, and we often marveled at his facility for avoiding the deuce. A diehard wargamer, he rose in the ranks of those degenerate warmongers to the pinnacle of the office of President of the "Military" Studies Association, and brought wargaming at USNA out of the closet and into the open where it could be jeered at from all sides. It didn't seem to matter, for almost one in twenty of the Brigade were seduced into 'gaming during his tenure. Luckily for the Brigade, before this plot reached fruition, K.C. was swept off his feet by a pretty little number formerly of the class of '80, who stole K.C.'s heart and youngster afternoons; in the summer of '78 there will be two Colbys heading for Pensacola and P-3 training. We wish them both the best.

JOHN GEOFFREY GARDINER

"J.G.", in a way he was like the country in which he lived – everything came too easily. John came to us from Birmingham, Michigan after a short tour at Bullis Prep. After tap dancing his way through plebe year, the young Astaire excelled in the ways that we will always remember him. He was the highlight of every company meeting with his outspoken, but true, comments. He was the King of all parties by drinking less than all but getting drunker than most. John's high prowess with women could be attributed to a body of Adonis, the personality of Gatsby, and many hours spent before the mirror. His high grades were due to the fact that he would always nod in agreement in class and study best in the vertical. John has a great future ahead, wherever life may take him.

RUSSELL JAMES GORDON

Hailing from Essex, MD, Russell James Gordon, or for his tall ambitions – STUMP. He may be short but his arms are strong enough to crush a tank. Speaking of the Marines, Russ wants to fly helos for the Navy. He wanted something applicable to his hard earned major – Ocean Engineering. Plebe year Stump thrilled the 1/C giving them shaving cream filled delights for Halloween, but this backfired when a firstie decided Russ ought to sample his own delights (all of them). 3/C year Russ started his favorite pastime of arguing with the Co. Officer, this also backfired and 1/C year Stump got 3-stripes and the Company. Stump is one of very few mids to hold onto his high school sweetheart, Carol Lee Leimbach, future bride and mother of the Stump family; and Russ was the only one I know who stayed totally faithful all the time (He didn't even pay me Carol). There is one other love in his life – EMA (Sorry Carol). She is his '66 silver Vette purchased needing only a little work (especially after it fell off a moving trailer) – OUCH! How's it going Stump? – SH* + + Y!

In the Elder days of 78 all was chaos, but there arose from the chaos many great warriors and heros. Such a one as this was Miken Holdenarm & he was a wizard of great deeds, though small he was in stature, for he was a chief of the ancient order of Sandblowers. Now he was wizard of the great god Math & he sat long at the feet of the ancient & wise Systemite Engineertus who was a cohort of Math. It was while studying under Systemite that he became skilled in the use of the PUTER, that magical gift of Math & his fellow god Electronicus. Long he toiled, for only a great wizard can control & use the PUTER, as it has a fell mind & is very dangerous to unskilled users, lashing out with Orcs & monsters that it creates in its evil mind. With this knowledge then Miken sallied forth to battle that evil monster, Nucus Poweren for he had to defeat Nucus to reach that final plane Subarinen, the Nirvana of Math. So passed Miken Holdenarm from Middle Usna, and his legend lives on, even to these days. **(Elrond at Rivendell)**

MICHAEL J. HOLDEN

STANLEY JOSEPH LABAK

Po alias 3RD wing czar, was the ideal plebe during his 4/c year. He arrived at USNA with a reg haircut, and a low profile. Since then only his haircut remains. As 1/c Training Officer Po firmly believed in the proverb of "Train not Strain". Po is sliding down the rocky road to the depths of degenerative dereliction. Stan can always be counted on for a good hearty war game, and his usual 3 beers. Po's few consistent tendencies stem from collecting leaves, sleeping over pyramids, and falling in love bi-monthly, depending on which Golden Oldie movie was showing. Po will graduate knowing he will remain a mystery to his class. His good grades came between commercials and his basketball expertise from his basic neanderthal instincts. Few people had the opportunity to know the real 3RD wing czar, his quiet nature baffled the brigade, this made people wonder what he knew that the rest of us wished we did. I'd like to, just to say I did.

PAUL B. MANSFIELD

The one and only "Munch" sure has come a long way from growling at corners in the hallways. Now he'll growl at anything with his AN? SQS 23 sonar manual in hand. But then again, what can you expect from a guy who lives in places like England, Arkansas, Puerto Rico and Cairo, Egypt. Perhaps the most difficult job for "Munch" since his stay here, besides being 1/c CAO, has been losing all that weight for the Varsity Lightweight Crew. As a 3/c he jumped right into the fire during the mid season and has since lost twenty pounds. Sometimes you can still see him periodically searching under his desk trying to find where it all went. As our Nuclear Power representative who wants to "pound the waves", we forgive him. After all, anyone who drives around an orange FIAT with CVAN "Nimitz" stickers plastered on the bumper couldn't be all that bad. Needless to say, a truly honest guy that shows a genuine friendship for all of us in Fourth.

MARK CHRISTOPHER MANTHEY

Mark or if you prefer They, Stork, Tree (Pick 1), came from Oregon, Ohio bringing only memories of some good times and painfully high standards for the future. He applied these to his duties, his partying standards were always high. Mark's outstanding albeit strange physique was put to the test of variety with participation in Plebe and Batt football, intramural sailing, waterskiing, snowskiing, scuba, and a little surfing, turning in stellar performances in each event. On his own time 'They enjoyed the simple pleasures derived from Academy life: a big car, beautiful women, and expensive clothes. Those who knew little about Mark, mainly his superiors, judged the Stork to be of a quiet nature with a low profile, quite a paradox for someone who stands 6'6". His friends appreciated his good nature and rowdy sense of humor. Mark's other love (besides the sweet music in Ohio) is the Silent Deep where his talents will finally meet a worthy task. Good luck, Felix.

Take a good look at this man. He's the best the city of brotherly love could come up with. His friends call him Merc, we call him Merc too; his real name is Bob Merler. His accomplishments include: leading the Batt. cross-country team to a Brigade championship on a pair of legs unfit for a parakeet, attending one of the premier engineering schools in the country and completing his major course of study in History, and last but not least, earning the four striper position of Batt. Cdr. at 250 bucks a stripe! In his free time Bob has attained probably one of the best working knowledges of Dahlgren Hall of any man in the Brigade. Always living out of the bag, the gaping hole in his cover during watch squad inspection, the deliberate step made into the guts of the dead squirrel during the march over for the Navy-Air Force Game, 1977! Ah yes, fond memories indeed. How could a man of this caliber have done so well – I don't know! Can he do as well being the Navy's #2 F-14 pilot out in the Fleet – we will see!!!

Mike came to NAVY from Medford, N.J. and brought his conservative eastern style with him. However, Murf was quick to learn that he didn't have to maintain a stiff upper lip and eat stew to be Irish. Mike was always one to work and play hard. His competitive spirit wouldn't allow him to be satisfied unless he arose a good while before the plebes. But Murf, did you have to get your roommates up too?! Mike could be seen daily making his trek to the 'brary in order to put in a few hours of study for his EE major. Murf probably would have felt better sleeping in his rack rather than with his face in his wires book, but somehow it didn't feel as though he was accomplishing anything that way. Although Mike may still be undecided about service selection, he does know whom he serves. But no matter what he decides to go, Mike has the right combination for success. God bless, man.

Known to some as the PUD and to all as NUKE, John Finley Newcomb came to USNA from Gainesville, Fla. He soon learned to love Md. weather so much that he spent part of every summer leave in Md. putting out for the big blue. Originally an Ocean Engineer, Nuke wanted to become more friendly with some of the resident faculty and staff. To this end, Nuke arranged a meeting with the Supe, the Dean, and others at the end of each semester. He got on such good terms with the Supe that Nuke borrowed his car during one pep rally. One lesson that Nuke learned Plebe Summer was the value of uniforms. The Pud is the only person at Navy, that consistently gets out of the shower at the five yet is never late for formations. Nuke is such an amiable guy, that he let a classmate snake him on two seperate occassions. So, in the future when you hear Ted Nugent blasting from a van (?) look for Nuke, kick back, and enjoy the show! BUCK BUCK

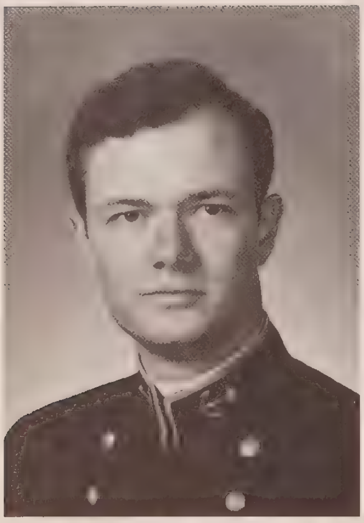
DAVID J. MERCER

MICHAEL JOSEPH MURPHY

JOHN NEWCOMB

Curt Perry found USNA quite by accident. It seems he missed the turnoff to USAFA four years ago and only now has realized the difference. He should be named "Brian". One of Plebe summer's finest, he spent his time counting chins and demo's from the everloving "Roach". When AC year arrived, Curt managed to lose two roommates to the AX and pick up the "Odd Couple" to add variety to the room. Grades were never mentioned in his presence, but a switch from Ocean to Phy Sci made conversation much easier, but also moved Nimitz much closer. Most of his time was spent participating in intramural basketball, football, soccer, along with uniform races at the ten minute call before quarters, "studies" in the catacombs, "see me" sessions with a favorite LT and a long list of fine women. (When he got around to calling them) Marine Aviation will never be the same after June 1978.

CURTIS A. PERRY



FRANK V. SCHRAM

Schrams came to us from a closet in Baltimore Md. and returned to a closet at USNA during the middle of second class year. The guy loved to study and never did so in anything but working uniform "uncool". When not running, the only reason for Schrams' sanity and survival of second class year was the Saturday night trek to the Main Street "King" for "Whalers". Seems like whenever you were looking for him he was in the lab or the shower. Karen is the one but April, May, atoms and molecules seem to have rated more attention. H.R.'s loss is the Corps gain – T.C.M. "Hey Frank, get out of the shower"!!!!

TIM SPRAGUE

Whenver you heard the words, "Not now, I've got to study!" it was a sure bet they were not being said by Tim Sprague. An academian in his own right, Tim "decided" that four years was too short a time to spend at U.S.N.A. and opted for the five year plan. In a variety of activities from soccer to cheerleading, nothing could hold his interest too long – especially women. The only thing which remained constant about Tim was his interest in having a wild time on weekends. Whether he was in the "Blue Streak" or on foot he could always find action in one form or another. Often heard saying, "I want to steam until I die" Tim has chosen to drive boats and sell Buicks in the North Atlantic for a career. After five years at U.S.N.A. it should be a breeze.

ALEX ROBERT STOWE, JR.

"Let the high times carry the load" is a quote from a song by Jerry Jeff Walker that could best describe Bob's outlook on life. He's a casual person who handles situations one at a time. You could say he has it "in one sock", what he has he's not sure but ask him; he'll tell you "IT'S IN THERE". During his first three years at USNA Bob survived a few hours of EXTRA DUTY; drinking with the boys on the weekends, and a vendetta. As a result of those three traumatic years spent at USNA Bob will not be found anywhere in sight on weekends. On weekends he's playing Hobbit at Loyola College to his main squeeze Joi. After knowing Bob for three years I can safely say that no matter who he rooms with (unless it's Nuke or J.G.) he will be the Oscar Madison of the room without a doubt. (good luck Joi). In the future you'll probably find this man near the ocean with his surfboard living his normal Corpus Christi life. Whatever he does we wish him the best of luck. Surface Line is getting a fine person.

Just passin' through . . .

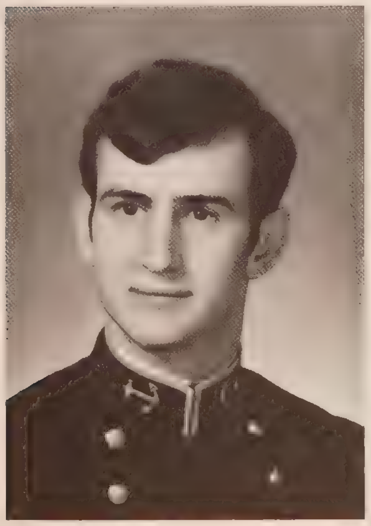
Emerging from the very dregs of civilization; Shrewsbury, New Jersey, Mike came to us ignorant, blissful, pre-married to a Jersey beauty named Vicki, but mostly unaware of what awaited him. Starting off with some plebe year acrobatics consisting of a fingernail hang outside of 7-3, this D. with E. got a reputation as quite a wildman. He then rounded out a rather rocky frosh year by feeding Dog Yummies to the upperclass on Halloween '74. In the ensuing three years Mike became quite a perfectionist: perfecting his racking technique, his beer guzzling technique, perfecting his grades with quotes like: "If I'd only done the homework before the quiz", perfecting the art of the one night ECON paper, the one night formal AERO lab, finally perfecting his checkbook by buying a 280Z in Vicki's favorite color. Darth Warner even tried his hand at architecture as a Plebe Summer 4-striper, when he remodeled 5TH wing by embedding a plebe and a chair into the bulkhead. Navy Air is his game, but HOW LONG??????

Unlike most mids Woody rows crew 6 days a week, going to school on the side. When he's not rowing he's running or lifting weights to stay in shape. However, he doesn't let all this inactivity ruin his appetite. Near the end of each meal he's on his feet scrounging for any food that remains, especially ice cream, earning himself the title "the man with the hands of a thousand stewards". In between workouts John has managed to scratch out a meager existence as an aerospace engineering major and do such diverse things as scuba dive, earn his military jump wings, and snow ski in Europe. He has developed interesting study habits which include covering every square inch of his desk with books, papers, calculators, etc . . . Navy Air (pilot) is John's service selection and he's started flight training a little earlier than most by driving his BMW whenever he can. Woody's determination, stubborness, and independence are assets which will be fully utilized when he joins the fleet.

EDGAR VAUGHAN IV

MICHAEL E. WARNER

JOHN L. WOODWARD



JOHN F. YOUNG

Known to his classmates as "Younger" and to the plebes as Uncle Johnny or Dad, John F. Young has to be one of the most popular men in the Brigade. The reason he has made so many friends is quite obvious considering his past. Born in the bustling metropolis of Milton, Fla. he was lucky to see another living thing let alone a person throughout his childhood. Since he came to USNA John has developed many talents not one of which concerns studying or has anything to do with academics. He puts in less hours a week at the books than the average Mid does a night. John would rather spend his time playing basketball, football, softball, or his favorite sport, the "horizontal workout." He like the latter so much he often forces himself to continue on day and night! This guy sounds more like Richard Pryor than Richard Pryor and he can often be seen sucking on a bag of peanuts while humming the tune to that 'ole spiritual "You've got to Give Up the Booty!"

GEORGE R. BALL

5th Company

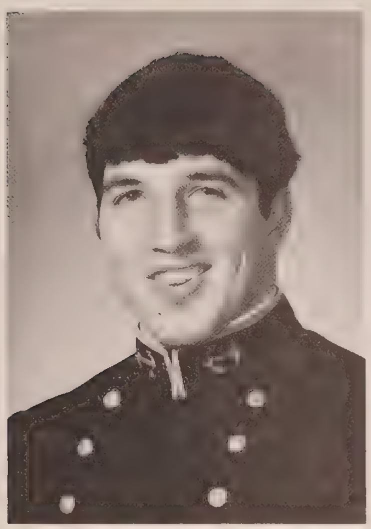
On Geeeorrge! Wait a mintue, I've heard that somewhere before, Come on, Gerbal, marriage can't be that bad. Just think, six screaming rug rats. Besides, she's probably the only one in the world who could love that emaciated thing you call a body. Well, you can always go back to Tucson and cuddle up to a nice cactus, but you better hope Harry never finds your car with his steam roller. But before you go someone ought to unplug your headphones so you can dig the pringles out of your ears and listen to what we have to put up with. I don't care how much you spent, it still sounds like tin. I think all that coke has pickled your brain. You better stop listening to that thing and start studying or the Man is not going to let you spend the rest of your life under water. As it is He's gonna make you promise to study 8000 hours a week. And clean up your blotter, we got girls here now. No, you can't have one for a roommate. What a perv. You should have to get a license for that mouth. I just hope they don't stick you on my FRAM I when you flunk out of Nuc.

KENNETH C. BATES

K.C. Bates. Que sera K.C. Yeah, you're macho alright, drivin' around in your 'vette replete with shades and a perpetual 5 o'clock shadow. Why don't you go back to Long Island and wrestle with the Snow Queen? (I know, it's Luang Gisland) Fast Attack, huh? Gimme a break. One of these days some sweet young thing with amorous designs on your unsuspecting body is going to make a statistic out of you, so beware Master! But I know how it is, after getting snaked of the girl of your dreams by none other than the Gerbs, you've got to do something to reassert your masculinity. At least you bought a decent car. After you flunk out of flight school you can fly *it* and try to convince everyone that you're a weatherman, even though the only thing you've ever been able to predict was the outcome of the annual VMI-HOOD jai-lai game. Maybe next time K.C., maybe next time.

RICHARD W. BORCHARDT

Ah one, ah two, ah one, two, three . . .
Hey Willey! Want to get hammered? Heard you did a lot of drinking in high school! I like trying to make conversation with you, but then again, I like root canal therapy! Yeahhhhhhhh
But that ain't nothing . . . Back in Chemistry lab we split a naked atom with the royal BUFOO stick. It was alive!!!!!
But that ain't nothing, cause you ain't right.



Mug, from Titletown, USA, is one of the more boisterous members of Fifth Co. Mug's p-rade performances were improved with the arrival of CAPT Bob and his early morning drill sessions on the red beach. Never one to break a sweat studying, Mug decided that boob-tube visual aids would enhance his 3.00 CQPR more than books would. This made him the natural selection as Wardroom President 1/c year. Shaun's football career at Navy was curtailed by knee surgery which loomed in the background until it came time for service selection and he suddenly became NPQ with shore duty only. Even though Mug was a member of the Brigade Honor Committee, he did not always follow the straight and narrow path. Shaun's voraciousness (14 cutlets at a setting) enabled him to fit snugly into the gorilla suit. During 2/c summer, Mug attended 2 firefighting schools, one in Philly and the other in New Orleans. There is nothing else to say except, "Hey Shaun, ya got any food?"

SHAUN GEORGE BRADLEY

Out of the land that is East of the Sun and West of the Moon arose an aspiring Chemistry major whose academic success was overshadowed only by his own narcissistic weight-lifting program. From Steve's high grades (3.6+) it would be extremely easy for one to call him a U.S.N.A. pencilneck (#2 lead), but as you can see from his picture, his neck reminds one more of a Californian Redwood tree. Of course, everyone in the Brigade knew that he was nothing more than, if you will, basically, a bag-it Phy Sci. major whose speciality was ZZZing out during "Chem" labs on Sealy Poster Pedic racks (at least that's what his Norwegian roommate always said.) It's too bad that he had to opt for Nuc Power. (Oh well -- he'll make an excellent officer on board the USS General Electric.) What ever the future holds for him, he will always be accompanied by carboxylbenzenediazonium. Too bad that he never did get that Kjeldahl method down. By the way, Good Morning! BBBRRRAAAPPP!

STEPHEN M. BRADLEY

And as he drives his big black bird off into the sunset we can hear Chalker say "SOUNDS TOO MUCH LIKE BEEF WELLINGTON TO ME". WELLING S. CLARK, what kind of a name is that. And from Yucca Valley in someplace in California no less! ARGH! I think I need a drink. But what else can you expect from an OA who specializes in meal counts, rifle inventories, and computers. You'd expect an EX-NAPSTER to be straight and squared away. WRONG!!! Why don't you go wrestle yourself, or ask how WILL is. Maybe some day I'll explain that one to you, if you ever come down from the ceiling. How a guy who has lived 18 years in the Mojave Desert, and has never seen a body of water larger than a swimming pool, wants to go SURFACE LINE beats the XXXX out of me. Well, I guess a guy who'd like to start a war with a Russian cruiser is okay, maybe not too smart but still okay.

DONATELLIS

WELLING S. CLARK

The Oak, from Mt. Union, Pa., held sacred the L.A. sports teams, pumping iron, Barbara, Red Man, and the Fuhrer. Finding the EE was too limiting he decided to broaden his spectrum of learning in Phy. Sci. The Oak's striper dreams vanished with the uncovering of the 2/C cruise scandal. His military genius developed such BIZARRE weapons as the aerosol shaving cream bomb and the Pledge flame-thrower, right DOCTOR? And who could ever forget the changing of the ICOD ceremony with Wacky, Mg, and Ham. Oak's four year experience as a member of the Aquarocks will make his service selection options, not Air, Surface, or Subs, but Danforth, Stockless, or Mushroom. Upon Graduation, Oak's name will br bronzed in the weight room, and his White Works will be bronzed in the Uniforn Shop. Symbols of he who was King.

Carlos ventured in the Naval Academy as a midshipman from Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. He quickly earned the well-deserved title of Company Rack King. His easy going style made him easy to get along with, While here, he participated in Judo and several Battalion and Company Sports. On weekends he could be found ground-pounding at Disco-Dahlgren or off to sweep another "Senorita" away with his Don Juan flair. As a member of the company we will see least of in future years, he will be greatly missed. Not everyone can learn a new language in eight weeks and then enter one of the tougher academic insititutions in a new country. To our foreign brother, we wish all the best and know he will have a long and rewarding life in the service of the Dominican Navy. "Hasta la Vista".

On "I" day '74, Pete "Salty" Flynn traded his motorcycle and high school haircut for a pair of sturdy seafaring legs and a Tracy special. Hard core and determined from the start, Pete quickly became one of the stalwarts of 5th Co. One to know his limitations, Pete steered clear of the "Bull" opting for an M.E. major. The two gold stars that became a fixture on his SDB uniform marked Brother Flynn as an excellent wine-man and a sure source for the "straight poop" in any course he took. His natural talent and ability weren't restricted to the classroom, however. After two and one-half years with Navy baseball, Pete became a mainstay in the company intramural picture. Whether he was quarterbacking "lights", nailing a gounder, pulling down a crucial 'bound, or just "toolin" around in his "Z", he was always one step ahead of the pack. Fair winds and following seas in the Nuke Surface Navy — walk on water Pete!! See Ya — Be There.

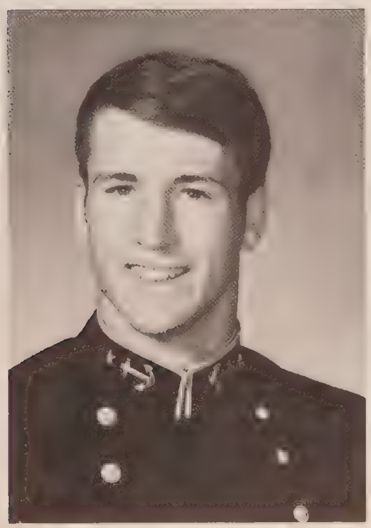
MICHAEL JAMES CRUM

CARLOS ESPINOSA

PETER S. FLYNN

JOHN HALEY

The HAM, better known as the Jack Lambert of the 150 football team, subscribed to the formula of plenty of time in the rack and watching the tube in pursuit of academic success. 3/C year started with a bang when 3 Annapolitans attempted to assault Ham, only to be saved from destruction by Oak and Mug. John decided to turn down a Trident Scholarship so that he would have more time to study football plays. His pursuit of such subject as Stellar-Astro Star Trek Physics, Newtonian 3-Dimensional Atomic Mathematics, and Advanced Statistical Analysis of Captain Kangaroo did not deter him from catching a few cold ones with the boys. There is only one thing left to say about this Irishman — YOU ARE THE GREATEST!



JACKSON LEE HANSON

Jack stumbled upon the Naval Academy enroute to pursuing life and liberty. Weighing in at 230 he cut to 177 Second Class year to wrestle Varsity. For this accomplishment (along with winning a few matches and generally excelling, as usual) he was named Captain of the team as a Firstie. Excellence was the norm, for Fat Jack as he quickly moved to the top of his class in everything. Through it all he somehow managed to keep it all in place, as he never seemed to sit still. Weekends, one could find Jack wrestling, scuba diving, or pursuing the oldest sport known to men. He always succeeded. Last seen he was in hot pursuit of a fellow named Rhodes and a free trip to England. Hymen will be getting a good man in Jack and we wish him all the best as he embarks on his Nuclear Navy career.

FREDERICK ASA HILDER

Fred came to us from Virginia Beach as a Navy Junior and a hard charger. Quickly, he took control (Sir, request permission to restow neckerchiefs). Fred worked hard and long hours, yet still found time to be the mainstay of company fieldball and softball. Second Class Summer found Cuddles in Lynchberg and it's been wedding bells ever since. Working and dealing with people and being part of the team have always been the most important things in Fred's life. With this in mind, he is looking forward to a long and rewarding career in the Mighty Fine, Surface Line.

DAVID KARCHER

Your Going Where? Yes Sir No Sir ... Go Hard 78 Go Hard ... Recon Raids Brace Up ... Running E.D. AC. Year ... Days So Slow, Weeks So Fast ... Sleep Dinghy Team ... Away Regattas ... The Boys ... Little Tommy ... Water Fights Syren ... Study? The Little Girl ... Shaving Cream ... Marker Fights ... Going Sailing ... The Rack ... 280Z ... Georgetown ... Demos ... Blondes ... Miami Sun Whata A Rifle ... Cal — Berkeley East ... Do You Rate That? ... Outa Here ... Race To Bermuda ... 3 on 3 Off ... Training ... Play in The Mud ... Under Water ... In The Sky ... On The Surface ... Want To Fly ... Back For Good ... Kick Back ... Foredeck Capt ... Whats Marching ... Grades ... Sailing M.O. Raise Some Hell ... The Free Companion ... Red Beach ... 0545-0635 ... CivLine ... Weekends ... Jensen — Healy ... Made Loud To Play Loud ... Go For It ... Block Island How Much Can You? Command Kings Ship ... Firebrand ... Whats a P-Rade Another Sailing M.O. Hood ... W + 1 ... Bufu Boys ... Good Times ... Lets Be Real ... Outa' That Rack ... Who Wants To Study? Sans Moi ... I Wish You Well ...

DANIEL T. KEUHLEN

On the first day of my plebe summer I woke up. I rubbed my knee. I went to sleep.
On the second day of plebe summer I woke up. I rubbed my knee. I went back to sleep.
On the third day . . .
He was wobbly kneed but light on his feet,
and popcorn kernels were all he'd eat.
Only a few women did Tex dream of in his sleep,
Against Dallas cheerleaders, it's tough to compete.
At tailgaters did Coors flow from the Van,
of this obscure drummer in an obscure rockband.
It's visions of TOMCATS that he'll ride and rope,
Oh "Buffalo Breath", we'll miss you the most.

John came to USNA from Trumbull Conn. with his mind set on success. Throughout his tenure as a midshipman he displayed the motivation, enthusiasm, and steadfastness which few could match. Assaulting academics, many late nights he slashed his way through the M.E. Dept. heading towards that destined appointment with the nuke power service. Involved in many activities – SCUBA, Plebe B-ball, the Handball Club, Airborne School – to name just a few, John did it all to the envy of many of his classmates. Accumulating many nicknames – Lot-A-Boy, Turkeyman, Skyguy, and Birdleggs to note a few of the nicer, John opted for the "Mean Machine" instead of a Vette' come 1/c year. With his impressive wardrobe, which included 3-stripes, his '62 machine fit him perfectly. June 7th will bring the end of a brilliant tour at USNA for John. B.Z. Lot-A-Man. See Ya! . . . Later.

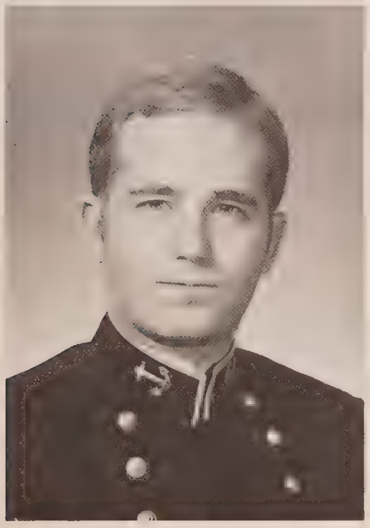
JOHN F. LADEMAN

Mike McCaffrey was exiled from Petaluma California and sentenced to four years hard labor at the federal penitentiary, Annapolis, Md. Known to many as Macker K. Wardroom-Racker, his close friends referred to him affectionately as Mac. Despite Mike's charm and debonair personality he holds the distinction of being one of the few midshipmen who, when he enters T-court the guns still go off. Mike was also known to some as "squeeky" due to his distinctive voice which often inspired people to ask if he had a cold. During his incarceration, Mike participated in a voluntary medical research project. The results fo his case alone have verified that excessive smoking and coffee drinking DOES stunt your growth. Besides many unprintable things, the one thing that could always be said about Mac was, "You can pet a dog, you can pet a cat, but you can't Petaluma."

MICHAEL EUGENE McCAFFREY

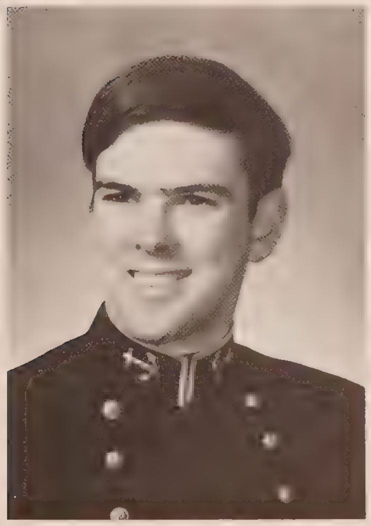
MICHAEL B. McGEE

Long as I remember, Bernie never liked it here.
It was so small it was cute,
As he hung from the chute.
As a machine he was beyond refute.
What's yours is his, what's his is his.
He's done it all, the rabbits are tall, he keeps touching the ball.
If that sounds bizzare, you should see his car.
When all is said and done (and he has done it all).
Bernie sure was fun, but we thank the lord there was only one.



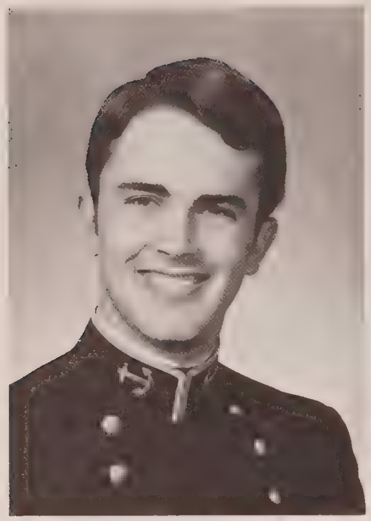
MARK A. MUNSON

From the frozen Tundra of the North to the mighty banks of the Chesapeake: Simle, Mr. Lund, and Geography; Roma Lingua Scholars; 18-mile frozen treks: no one understands; red carpet treatments and vodka sours — The Twins; Bismarck Municipal Airport — hellos and goodbyes; N.D. chicks and paranoid personalities; rum cokes and "The 26 or Bust Club"; Ops Info — fish dinners; 2/c New Year's Eve (-27F outside, 78+F inside); Miss "Independent"; Ocean City — Labor Day W.E. '77 — a frisbee game; a two-story house in the country Oct. 1 '77; Russki Yazuk; and GRADUATION: Mark can truly say: Veni, Vidi, Vici.



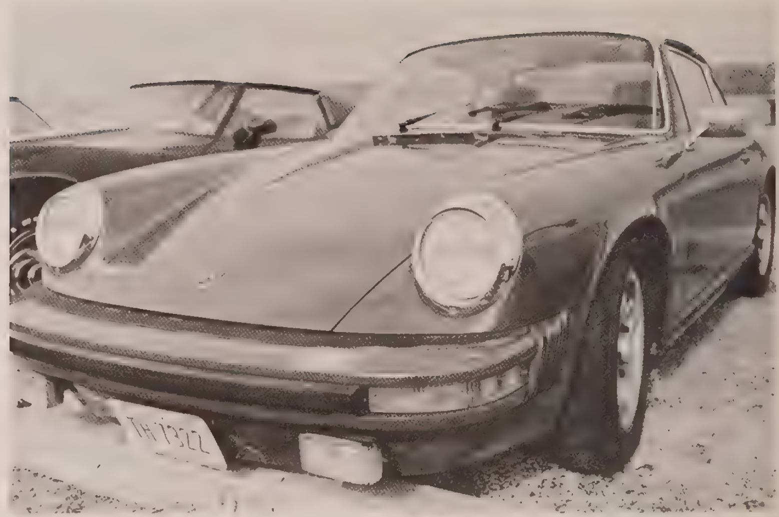
JOHN MARK O'DWYER

This is the ballad of John O'Dwyer,
To attend the Academy he did aspire.
So the Aussi came to USNA,
And American citizenship was the price to pay.
The major he choose was double E,
Too much work some say; and in the end he would agree.
From straight 4.0's to a confirmed derelict,
A member of the wrong crowd; seven and seven's sure didn't conflict.
As coach of the 50 mile team he did train,
While injuries and cries of his victims will always remain.
After four long years to the fleet we all go,
And among our memories lie those of Jonny O.

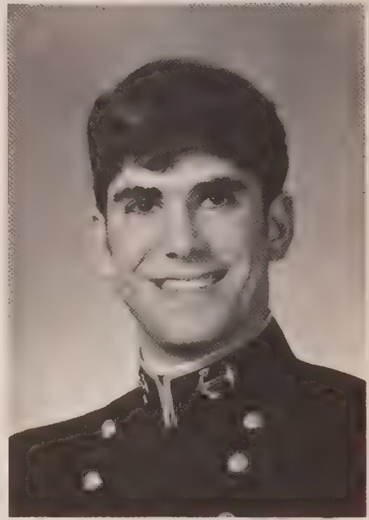


WILLIAM B. PEARCE

Will's uncanny ability to smother his QPR with gravy made his room a favorite stop for E.I., especially by us who were unwilling to pull the occasional all-nighter Will utilized. He could decode everything from wires circuits to stability curves, but the most amazing trick was his "Answer From Nowhere" illusion. We will probably most remember the way Will sang for the MESSIAH, in fact, the way he tried to do everything for Him. Will Pearce is one brother who will be fulfilled no matter what circumstances he finds himself in as he navigates his way through life.

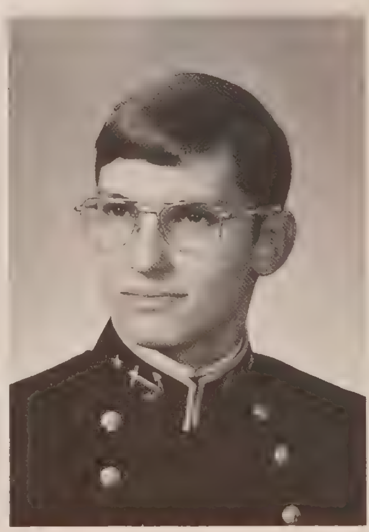


Now this is the ballad, of Artie Babes,
the fun loving meatball, who sells diamonds by trade.
His locks all in curls, and bright green eyes,
those big hairy ears, made all Europe sigh.
He'd sell you the shirt, off his roommates back,
laugh like a hyena, and get through French by being a smack.
With Tomcat in hand, he'll be on the move,
if he doesn't drive his VETTE, into another Barbecue.



ARTHUR PORCELLI

"T.R." Rentz, famous from Plebe Summer because of the ever-popular "Take it lad, you need it more than I do." by Chaplain Rentz. "T.R.", astounding us all with his 4.0's, the Navy junior who never sweated once the high demands of USNA. Well, maybe once . . . remember 2/c weapons, "T.R."? With his right foot high into the air, our illustrious classmate did punt 2/c weapons only to meet again 1/c year. "T.R.", never to be outdone in originality (except for a close second by a Swede from the "Tundra") chose not to be driven insane by Hyman and his friends, and with the wisdom of Confucious and strategy of Mao Tse-Tung, threw into confusion the hierarchy of USNA and those 4.0 lovers by selecting as his course of study . . . Chinese! "T.R.", skinny as a Youngster (and as a Plebe, Segundo and Firstie) but always trying to cut weight to maintain (?) his physique. Simply amazing. If anybody did it all as a mid, it had to be our "T.R." . . . Japanese Forex cruise, Rifle Team All-American, Air Force Academy exchange program. BZ, "T.R.".



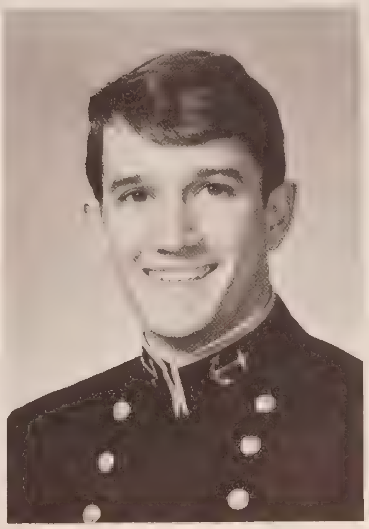
THOMAS R. RENTZ

ROBERT J. TOBEY

Bob Tobey came to the College of Crabtown-on-the-Bay as a product of the California Sun-'n-Fun system. A self-professed resident of Disneyland (and proclaimed by some who knew him to really be Sleepy the Dwarf), Bob set out on a (planned?) four-year program of anonymity, maintaining what is known in military circles as a "low target profile". From the very first, B.T. was a man who was quieter than most, generally not standing out from the crowd in most respects. He was not what could be called a "star" at any one thing. Rather, Bob was an Average Man, just like most of us, and also a Christian brother. It wasn't his goal to be a 4.0 pencilneck or N-letter jock; Tobias is a man who simply seeks to be a finisher in the Christian life.

BENJAMIN McLEAN TRAPNELL

The Trapper hails from the grand and glorious state of California. Having gotten used to the more mild climates of the West, Ben thought that the Maryland winters would have to take some getting used to. This was not the case, as skiing proved to be one of Trappers favorite endeavors. Sailing also proved to be one of Trap's favorite pastimes as he went on to teach sailing and win his yawl qualification. Professionalism being his number one goal, the "King Rat" spent many hours a week perfecting his CRT display interpretations. The king of field-ball romance is off with his new navigator to P-Cola in his "Obi-Ben Gnome Mobile". We wish them success both now and always . . .



MICHAEL J. YURINA

Michael John Yurina. Weenie, Regimental No-Load. 4-striping smack. Sycophant. Take your pick. Just like a Chinese restaurant; one from column "A" and two from column "B." What a guy. Ever since he drifted into this hole from Pompano, Fla., playing his guitar and Brassoing everything in sight, things just haven't been the same. And now that he finally got his 'Vette, the kid's insufferable. Nice car! How much did Mom pay for that thing, anyway? But the wife likes it, right? Right! Ah, the indomitable Miss Gin-Gin. Just like the Mounties, she always gets her man. But really, Weenie, everyweekend? What about all this B.S. about Narcs having so much work to do? I didn't know they had a tow tank in Staunton. Just finished it last summer, huh? And you say you've got some nice swampland for sale, too? Sure thing Kid. Just wait 'till Hyman G. gets hold of you. Then it'll be "Do not pass GO and do not collect 200 dollars. Well, that's life in the big city. At least on a FRAM 1 you get to see the sun.

STANLEY N. ZEHNER

In the usual innovated and dynamic words of Cdr. Rehnez, "Football games were created to give people something to do before tailgaters!" He had more than his share of good hits on the football field, but he got his payback between the legs at third base. On Friday's a tired and weary Rehnez slides into his white wrapper and is transformed into the weekend warrior called FLEETWOOD. From Delaware, he returns with his marginal propensity to consume satisfied, only to greet the PEAR with, "Four days and a wake-up."

6th Company

JAMES K. ANDERSEN

Jim's main purpose for coming from the sun baked arrojos of El Paso to the dingy dampness of Annapolis was to get the most out of USNA. If he failed there he surely found his Thrifty parties worthwhile, providing he remembered them. And when theres time to rack he doesn't even waste time taking off his shoes. Plebe year Jim must not have gotten enough to eat because youngster year Jimbo had an appetite not even taps could stop. Unfortunately the O.D. hiding behind the coke machine did. 2/C year Disco Jim graduated from his 411 geared Shelby (pavement destroying) 350 G.T. to a 280-Z soon learning a new and exclusively earned 1/C art of delivering fear on MD highways enroute to and from his favorite Severna Park pastime. Nuc Power will be impressed by Jim's extensive M.E. knowledge, his true puppy love with reactors and his avid professionalism.

GREGORY FRANCIS ATCHISON

After a fun year at the Marine Military Academy in Hardly Any Gin Texas, Atch arrived at boat school with a bicycle in one hand and an empty beer mug in the other. Four years later, the Louisville Slugger heads to the surface navy with negative two bicycles, a flight suit for sale (thanks, medical), a worn out rack (well rested, well tested), and many fond memories. After flying with his old buddy Ralph the pilot at Pensacola second class summer, this Navy junior proved his worth with three eventful but stable flights off the Independence on first class cruise. A token three summer plebe striper (me, a bull major?), Greg finally, and successfully outplayed the academic world. An eternal friend — Yo Atch, how about those female officers — ever see a fish ride a bicycle?

DAVID A. BABCOCK

In July of 1974, Katherine said goodbye to Dave, who was off to USNA to become an officer and a gentleman. Having a head start on most of us, Dave hailed from New England where he was a proper prep and a real good egg. During his innocent plebe and youngster years, Dave's favorite hobbies were studying, brushing off, passing out at parties, and keeping Serf in line (which became a full time job). The boys set out to work on Dave and these days of old were shortlived. Dereliction set in, culminating in a black N and a Presidential Pardon 1/c year. Dave never went all bad though. He always maintained a high academic standing as a systems major (American Political that is) and the gouge never stopped flowing with Dave as Director of "Gouge Central". Weenie also exhibited his athletic prowess on the Rugby field as Captain of the B side. As for the future, it's wedding bells and Navy Air for Dave. Fair winds and following seas to a truly fine individual. Good luck Weenie. "You're alright!"

A young rebel (Rubble?) from Long Island, N.Y., We'll always remember Bob with a twinkle in his eye, cheer in his heart and a Form2 in his hand. If you had a hard time, youngster year, deciding whether or not to stay, you could always get a taste of fraternity life by going down to Bob's room, where he could always be found with his feet on his desk, a smoke in his lips, a Playboy on his lap and his books buried beneath the pile of rubbish he called a locker. A man of great foresight, Bob figured he'd eventually lose his 1/c car privileges, so he went ahead and used it all 2/c year, for compensation. In fact Bert was never a great fan of the regs and in his numerous exploits he earned two Black N's and a job as Company Conduct Officer. If he can stay out of jail long enough to graduate (Beat Wake Co. P.D., Fight!), Bob is looking forward to earning his gold wings and flying with the eagles. Good luck to Bob and keep hangin'.

I never let my schooling stand in the way of my education. Such it was for pineapple, grand pubah of the sixth company coconut picking team, the only surviving kamikaze, and the imperial pacific side of DIXIE AND JAP. Arriving at boat school via NAPS and the Waikiki school of surfing, Nels soon forgot karate and chose boxing gloves, not only participating in the plebe summer smoker but subsequently challenging Academia, where at last count he had been knocked out in seven of eight bouts. Youngster year saw the Nephew of the Nippon begin his quest to break most every USNA reg without getting caught – yes, he did it – and second class year brought the arrival of Lulu, and consequently the Annapolis to D.C. Aloha Special, with first class service in a Camaro . . . uh . . . Porsche. A tin can in Norfolk and the NFO option await one of 78's best friends. FLY HIGH, EAGLE ONE.

Bubba the D, CB and B, Mohammed, Whale, Ragman, Doc, Bub, Malpo, Sturg, PJ, Tiptoe, Flimflam, Lem, Redman, Detroit Steel, Eddieman, Krackoff Elrod, Joeboy, Archie, Bookie, Harp, Kiki, Joe Black, Egor, Speederino, RJ, RIII, Sale, Schniels, Wiener, Merf, Hulkman, and last but not least the Colonel. These were the guys that made it all worthwhile. There were two things that "Itchy" loved about this fine institution; one was this great bunch of friends, the other was leaving.

ROBERT E. BACKUS

NELSON MARZAN CAYABYAB

RICHARD E. CELLON

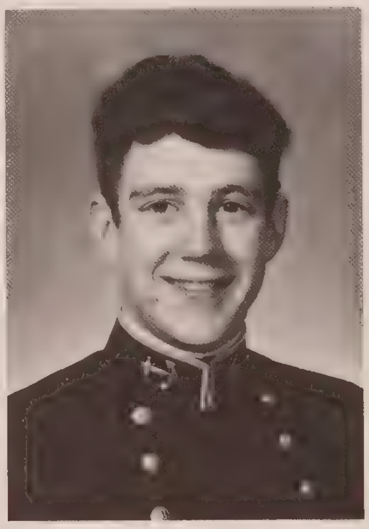
CHRISTOPHER JOHN COBB

Leaving exciting Poughkeepsie, NY, behind, Cobber entered USNA as one of the few true beaders of our time. A believer in keeping a low profile, his very existence wasn't proven until sometime youngster year when he took the first beer of his life and the real Chris Cobb emerged. Cobber could most often be found in his room or at the 'brary sweating the rigors of EE or out on the D+B field earnestly struggling to blow his horn and put one foot in front of the other all at the same time. He did find a little time to dabble in another new sport for him, the opposite sex, although his love life took a big hit when his true-love June Week drag told him four days after the ring dance that she wanted to get married – to someone else. With his heart still set on an oiler out of Adak, Alaska, Chris proved in his job as 6th Co chief paper pusher and gopher that he'll be a natural for surface line. Chris is apt to drift a bit but if you can tune him in, you'll find a very dependable and just a helluva nice guy. Fair winds and following seas to a good friend.

A scrawny "Dash" left the Connecticut countryside one summer for the security of Bancroft Hall. Yet Jeff was to avenge his "Cobber" look alike title during youngster summer in his transformation into the incredible HULK. Undaunted by ridicule, Dash bought five new WUB"D shirts and continued to bench press the 7th wing until one little blonde carried his interests off to Va. every weekend. Flex's sense of decency and honesty won the hearts of Sixth Co. which in turn named him honor rep. Yet this position never did hamper him or others as he adopted a "see, hear, and speak no evil" policy towards his corporate magnet roomate and gouge seeking affiliates. Now destined for Navy Air and wings of gold we wish him luck. Afterall who but Dash is equipped to carry the problems of the real world on his shoulders?

JEFFREY DAISHER

Starting out from Chicago, Ill., this bubbly teenager came totally unprepared for the country club atmosphere of Canoe U. "Rod's" meager frame and curly hair seemed inappropriate to the rigors of Plebe Summer. However, his period of adjustment came quickly to an end as he discovered the power of the rack. Only infrequently did he stray from his comforter and "Alfred", his teddy-bear companion. All too often, his ventures into the dark passageways of Mother B ended in disaster. Rod earned his black N* youngster year while imitating a fristie by making a burger run in his brother's car. He later purchased his own wheels, a TR-7 doorstop with a standard lawnmower engine. Rod's tastes vary from the simple (pretzels) to the extreme (Heineken). Maintaining a 3.0 was no sweat – he was once seen opening a book in fact. The Deli was a delight to all. Rod, with a heart of bagles, helped Herbie maintain that 2.0. Thanks Rod – we'll miss your Spiderman comic books. Outstanding!



STEPHAN BOND DOWELL

The Grode is one of the most unique products of the tough south side of Chicago. After cruising through plebe year he decided to lay back and relax his remaining years at Canoe U by choosing a fruit major, wires. He could always be found burning the midnight oil (the gouge flows easier at night) but he took compensatory time by racking out in each class. In keeping with his taste in music (or lack of) he became a four year veteran of the Drum and Bagger Corps where he assumed the lofty position as chief cymbalist. Youngster and second class years he found a second home at Timmy's where he developed an intimate relationship with the Nectar of the Gods, but as a firstie, he changed his feeding habits and moved into his rolling Strohs beer wagon. He has been an invaluable company asset as a constant source to bum cigarettes from. The future looks bright for this confirmed ship driver. After a June Week wedding to an Irish maiden, he will hit the fleet armed with a cup of Lifer Juice and a KOOL in his lips.

At first glance you wouldn't think that this mild-mannered person was really "ROSCOE FANTASTIC". His diverse background includes such titles as the Trivia King, the mad barfer, lips, and Scoe. When he first came north from Georgia, many thought him to be the long-haired hippie type. Now as he heads toward graduation, just as many think him to be of the short-haired variety. He has starred for 6th Co. soccer and softball over the years, and met his future wife Margie after a knee injury in 1975. On the heels of his Presidential Pardon, Rosc will sign with the USMC in hopes of flying some day. Best of wishes to the Georgia Boy and his bride in the future.

ROSCOE ALVA GODFREY, II

THOMAS L. GRODEK

STEPHEN E. HINCKS

Steve came here from Oregon via Severna Park in Dad's footsteps to play lacrosse, make $, and have a blast. He managed all 3 and during his spare time hit the books and signed the Form-1. Stinky, as known by his lax buddies, was a 4yr. varsity letterman and stud extraordinare on and off the field. Maintaining a big black book, Steve never had a problem finding a date and in fact girls ask him for a dance. He also gained fame as the least talented member of the Bondells, as Mr. Stiff, where his jello gained fast popularity. Being an OA major, his computer talents can't be overlooked – both of them – signing on and off. As an honored Black N recipient, Steve lost his 1/c car privileges – or did he? Often complimented for his financial wizardry, it is often said that when S.E. Hincks talks E.F. Hutton listens. His wide range of talents, friendly personality, and commitment to living will make him a great man with whom to serve and know in the future. Good luck Kiki.

HERBERT ANDREW HOPPER, III

Herbie came to Six as the brigade's true representative of those few good men. Quickly establishing himself at Canoe U, he set about pursuing his own earthly interests: philly 'vators, motorcycles, and beer – lots of beer. Found carousing about early on in his youngster year by Beth, she alone was able to tame and domesticate the old man. All the best to the both of you. As for Herb's academic efforts, it is truely amazing that he actually managed to study and even to pass a few courses despite the determined efforts of his roomates. Always a leader of men, Herb soon earned notariety as Sixth Company commander in a successful raid on Prof Cindy's house. One black N and presidential pardon later though, and his boys were back on the streets. From here its on to bigger and better things in the U.S. Marine Corps for Herbie (ah, the real world at last), so beware cause "all is fair in love and war, baby".

RANDOLPH T. KAHN

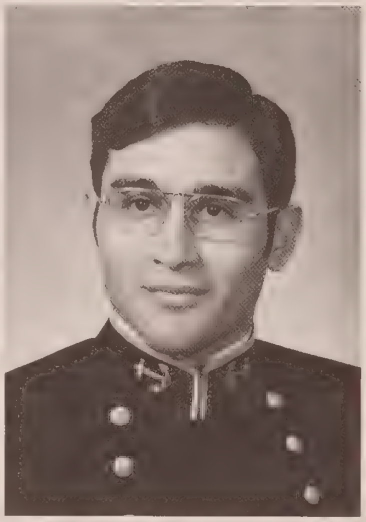
Randy, a West Point grad's son, came to USNA from the barren wastelands of New Mexico. After surviving the rigors of plebe year academia and becoming a top player on Navy's squash team Randy was soon on to bigger and better things. Being an individual of obviously astute intellect it was not long before Recon (as known and loved by the OA world) became a staunch supporter of the axiom that an ounce of gouge is worth a pound of knowledge. Never one to be intimidated by regulations Randy partied whenever possible and even two black N's couldn't damper his festivities. June of 1978 will see a new addition to the Surface Line community and all of us wish this guy the best of luck in the ensuing years to follow.

JAMES R. KOSLOW

Referred to by many as the "KID" . . . came to USNA with a few years of fleet experience plus the Naval Academy Prep School. Jim intends to make Navy Air his home for the next several years Besides his interests in Navy Air "KID" especially enjoys driving his '77 VETTE along while taking guitar lessons from a certain nursing student named Lori . . . Assigned to the USS Schofield FFG-3 during first class cruise, Jim came away with PACTRAMID FIVE'S shiphandling award. Creeping up on the age of 25. Jim is looking forward to hitting the fleet again but this time as an officer.

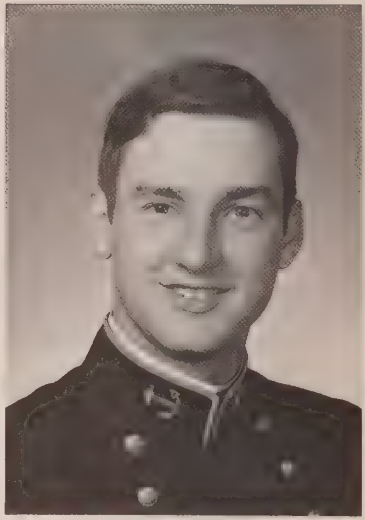
SALE TRICE LILLY III

A bayou boy at heart, "Bubba" left his rebel yell at home in Baton Rouge and headed for the Boats School and yankee territory. His dreams of "OLE MISS" and southern sunshine destroyed, Bubba decided to accept the despair of no shrimp gumbo or country ham for four years. Bubba often thought he was on a polar expedition plebe year with a roomie who let the snow fly into a perpetually open window. Always putting the needs of the Navy first, Bubba realized the tremendous calling for technically trained people and consequently majored in Soviet Studies. Developing his hybrid accent to the utmost, Bubba translated and gouged his way to success in the academic world. On slow nights Bubba entertained "the boys" with Mardi Gras stories while they munched out on his hot peppers and pecan pies from home. A good friend to all, we only regret that Bubba had to settle for Navy air on service sleection night instead of naval attache to the French Quarter in New Orleans.



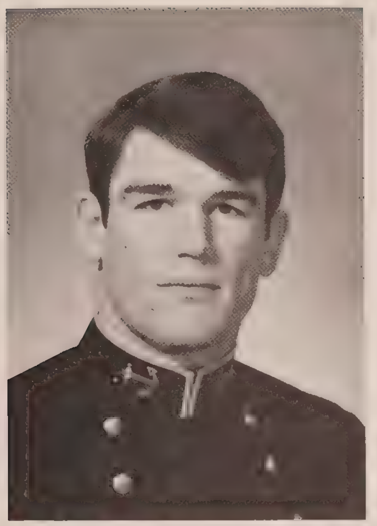
RAFAEL VIERA LUEVANO, II

Hailing from Fremont, Calif., Moon never became accustomed to the East coast. The lifestyle, weather, pronunciation and relationships were not quite up to his expectations. New friendships however, helped to smooth out the rough times. Moon felt the east coast cramped his style. His innate ability to say cool things while just hanging around lacked the luster of his earlier years. An avid fitness nut, Ray could always be found playing handball or doing situps. Moon's room was always cluttered with artifacts to promote his coolness — a lighted wall clock, trash can basketball and McDonald Cookie Boxes. Second class year saw Moon necking it as academics took their toll. Ray never dropped by except to show why Mexicans eat refried beans. This Whiskey Hotel, as the women knew him, was the flame of Plebe Summer '77. Moon concentrated on perfecting his personality first class year with braces and black hornrims. Nuc Surface is his goal, but through it all Ray trusted and knew Whom he believed.



JOHN W. LYVER, IV

A friend of mine once told me:
"Nothing is better than complete happiness,
and a ham sandwich is certainly better than nothing;
so therefore, a ham sandwich is better than complete happiness."
My reply to him was to follow the example of a squirrel:
gather what you can while you can;
leave some nuts alone to grow their own trees, somewhere;
smile at the tourists, for they throw his food;
never take a banana seriously;
and remember that no matter how dark it looks, and how long he must wait, for the sun will surely come up tomorrow.
He questioned my source.
And I told him to check L.PIF**** ADVENTURES. He did and we parted company, four years older, a bit more degenerated and yet hopefully a bit wiser for it all.



PATRICK J. McCORMICK

Pat missed his calling in life when he became a midshipman – what he really should have become was a magician for he was constantly amazing us with his feats of magic. Some of his greater tricks included turning plain, ordinary socks into white gloves, making 75 demos mystically appear out of a simple burger run, and stunning his football opponents with his fancy footwork as one of the fabled "children of death." Why at times he was even able to amaze the whole company by showing up and thereby proving that he was actually still around. Some of P.J.'s best magic, however, was in the rack. There, when he was asleep he was often more awake than when he was actually awake, which is when he slept. And the five minute call, wake up with a shower and down to quarters on time trick was always a favorite. Pat has plans now to work on an even more impressive trick for the Navy – defying the law of gravity in one of their snappy little jet fighters. Good luck to you, Pat. Where's Pat?

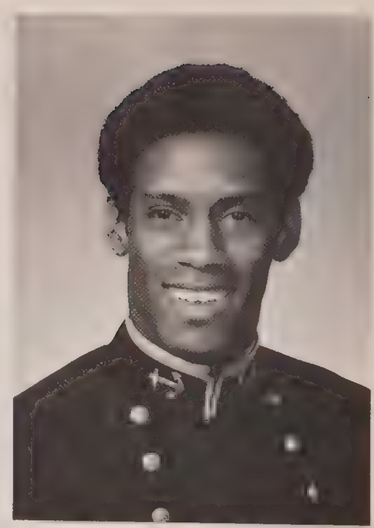
JOHN A. O'NEIL

Despite a tremendous depression in tourism, Massapequa Park, N.Y. relinquished the rights to their premier citizen, only two days late. John soon found himself a pretty girl from Texas, a 3.0 QPR, and a place in the Gouge Hall of Fame as the founding father of the "Poop Constitution" – clear, concise and correct. No mere rookie to the regs, Schneils managed to eek out two black N's, a star and a Presidential Pardon. A connoisseur of the finer things in life, John held a Mother B wine party for the Easter leave restrictees, sought international entertainment in Dahlgren, gathered feminine companions for the "Top of the World Club," and won an Emmy for his performance with the "Bondells." After enjoying a career on the Rugby field, his interests turned to diving and the Scuba Club. Disappointed at being beaten out for the Chief's Band for service collection, John opted for Navy Air and the good life. Schneils' humor and friendship kept many of us going through the last four years and hopefully for many more.

Coming to USNA Mike found it difficult adjusting from his affluent family's Columbus Georgia mansion, where every family member had their own personal bank vault, to the hectic life in Bancroft Hall. Graduating from his private high school with honors and receiving much renoun for his athletic prowess, Mikey was a shoe in for the Naval Academy. Since he always had more than ample cash on hand (he finally cashed a plebe summer pay check this year), the "General" soon became the man everyone came to when they needed money, thus necessitating his opening of a Bancroft Hall branch of The General Finance Company. Blessed at birth with a natural edge for swimming, Mike amazed the coaches and his classmates with his swimming ability. First class year found Mike finally buying that exotic foreign sports car that he had always wanted without even needing the loan he got. We hope to find Mike "doing it deeper" after graduation or, if not, sailing the seas to distant lands.

MICHAEL GEORGE PATTON

Joey, the bowlegged kid from North Carolina, spent his Naval Academy career enjoying life. His philosophy was "do enough to get by." His belief in the saying, "you rate what you get away with," aided his philosophy. Many times he would not comply with Naval Academy regulations. Very few times was he ever caught breaking regulations. These were all minor offenses. He had a couple of close calls for major offenses but he managed to escape both times. He was a very friendly person. He was always greeting someone with a cheerful smile. He always wanted to help somebody. He was quiet about his personal matters. No one knew if something was bothering him or not. He always greeted everything with a smile. He majored in operations analysis. What is he doing now? No one knows; he did not reveal his service selection.



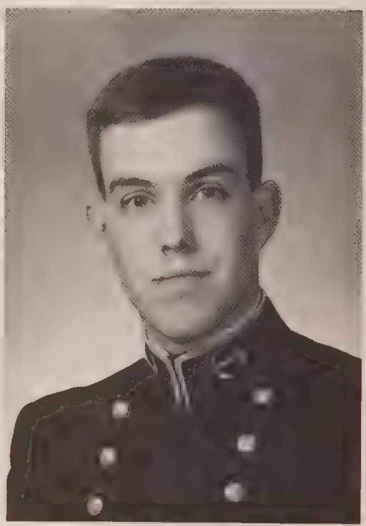
JOSEPH CARL PETERSON, JR.

JOHN PLENCNER

Hailing originally form Viking country, John is now from the San Fransisco area. An avid avoider of striper billets, he was active in the Catholic Choir and Masqueraders. Although he majored in math here at the Academy, he has been pursuing post-graduate work in astrophysics. We expect to see him out in the fleet, for although he is a submariner at heart, he failed to make it through Uncle Hymie's screening the first time around.

LARRY DALE PRICE

Who is moaning Larry? — the foghorn at the end of 3-4, sir. Never one to sweat, Larry Dale arrived at USNA two days late, but that was okay because the Regimental Staff was happy to give old Larr a little EI each night before supper. The country never left Larry but before long we all wished Larry would leave the country after having thoroughly saturated us with his scratchy Johnny Cash records. Fearing he would grow old too quickly (he was the only guy in his third grade class with hair all the way up his arms), our favorite redneck from LaPlata MD turned to cradle-robbing (is a girl legal at fifteen in MD, Larr?). Larr's a real dependable guy though, and is always ready to do a favor if you can get him out of the rack. When the Navy found out that Larr thought that even blue nuns have odd black cans, they canned him from unrestricted line. However, Larr is looking forward to a good career in CEC or the Supply Corps and is sure to do well in whatever he does. Our best wishes will always be with him.



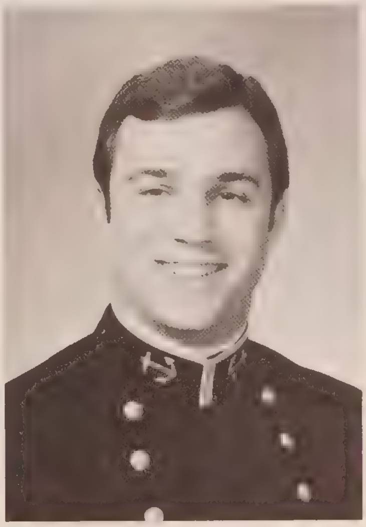
LUTHER H. RIDENHOUR

Forsaking fame and riches, Dixie burst upon the USNA scene at the request of Congress and country. It took him several weeks to realize that he was not in charge here. His first two months in Aero found him a constant engagement with the books, but early youngster year "PHI SCI QPR HIGH" was more appealing and made his reputation as the "fastest gouge searcher in the South." A strong desire to succeed and intense motivation guided Dixie through many academic obstacles which might have stopped most of us, but dedication and almost unbelievable perseverance have brought him academic triumph. The Pabst Blue Ribbon drinking half of DIXIE & JAP will carry on a fine tradition of soaring with the EAGLES as he looks to the clouds for a career. (Prowler Pilots jam it deeper) As was his motto — "If you ain't a Navy Pilot, you ain't." The world won't remember what we did here, but will always recall that one good friend who said, "Save our land join the . . . "

Timmy, alias Cynical — head, worked his way out of Dallas, Pa., to come and excel for the Blue and Gold at Canoe U. His sincere and patriotic spirit Plebe year soon had him guarding the third wing terrace from would be early morning invaders. Younster year had him exploring the night life of Annapolis, most of which eminated from behind the bar at his favorite sub shop. In Second class year Timmy soon found empirical evidence that a history buff does not necessarily equal history major and "PHY SCI QPR HI" sounded better than "Civilian Line is mighty fine." Having viewed every John Wayne gunge flick made, by first class year Timmy was psyched to become a fire eating, mean, lean (?) wearer of the green himself come graduation. He'll do pretty good — just ask anyone who's ever had the slightest difference of opinion with this basically dangerous individual. Aside from that, we all know he's really a pussycat somewhere deep down inside and just a hellava nice guy. Good luck TIM.

TIMOTHY L. SAWYER

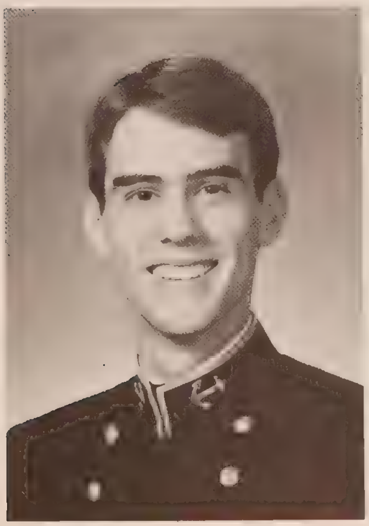
A macho three letter man, Serf hailed from King of Prussia, Pa. unknowing that he would subsequently letter two more times at USNA's elite Main (O) squad. Establishing his prowess early on and off the rugby field, Serf wasted no time with the rigors of plebe year and got right into the suds. "No way O.A." never got the best of Serf as he secured his rack time each year by skipping out on book issue. Always up for a thrill, Serf once tried out for the Hurricane Helldrivers Rt. 50 team late one Saturday night as the third in a trio with Weenie and Schneils. Not satisfying his daredevil urge, Serf triumphed in soloing for the Flying Segundo's aerial act at Hood and thereby establishing a reputation unparalleled in human aviation. Service selection will find Serf heading to San Diego for rugby and surface line in that order. Let's hope he gets there O.K. Afterall, Dan is the only mid that left a late Happy Hour at the O-club for the Hall via D.C.



DANIEL DAUB SERFASS

The Bird flew into our hearts on July 8, 1974 and is still roosting to this very day. He has inspired many smiles and has impressed us all with his basketball skills, his incredible (?) study habits, and those unforgettable crazy antics. Who else could have withstood the likes of Bert, Chump, Rod, Timmy, Blurb, and Lips as roommates and still manage to survive long enough to receive a pardon from the President. Soon the Bird will be flying with the men in green . . . and who could have planned a better ending to this story, than to see the Bird marry Robin. Best wishes to the Big Bird and his flock in the future.

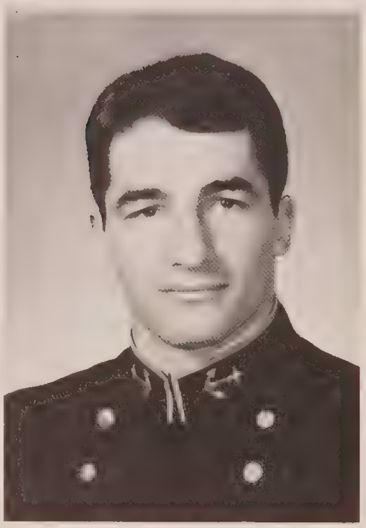
KURT EDWARD STEIN



KENNETH T. WAMMACK

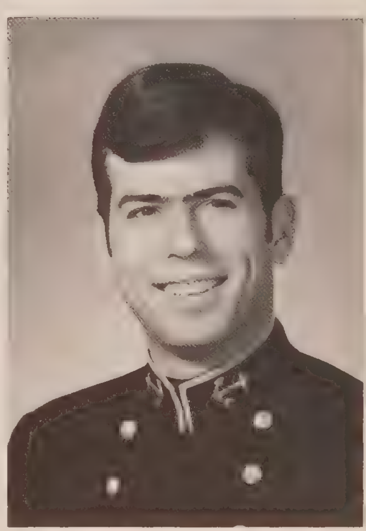
"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." Unable to find a girl in all of Crabtown to fill the qualification, Ken turned instead to Mother B and obtained his Hall Rat quals early (which didn't turn out too badly when the new females arrived, eh Ken?) Actually, he had other motives for spending a lot of time inside the gates. Academics aren't everything but the AC Board thought differently . . . When not in the Hall Ken could most often be found volunteering his charm (?) to attend some sort of cotillion (or other formalized Hogfest), or to drag a beauty queen from Podunk, Pa. or, out of the Point with his Boxer shorts sticking out of his PE shorts, tossing a Frisbee and imagining he was on a sunny California beach with his sweetie back home. Although deep inside he still wishes he had been a Woop, Ken is looking forward to joining the Surface community and catching a little salt spray in his face. A staunch member of the God squad, he'll be steaming with the Lord by his side. Good luck, Ken.

7th Company



Chris, "the geek", is truly an amazing person with a multitude of talents. Entering the Academy with the desire to become a career Marine, Chris has been the embodiment of the spirit of the Corps amidst great adversity (Blessed are the persecuted). Chris rose to immediate fame Plebe Summer as the local "geek", amazing all hands with his incredible "edibles." The nutritional value of insects, etc. has been manifested in Chris' physique, as seen in his ability to contort plebe bodies into strange shapes at pep rallies and his being awarded two Varsity "N's" in Boxing. Few people have the concern for others that Chris always exhibits. Chris has spent many hours of his time to help others with English, his area of expertise, and with personal problems. Chris can always be counted upon in a tight spot, and his sincere Christian lifestyle and leadership by example have left Chris as a respected friend of all who know him.

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN BRESLIN



Dave soared effortlessly, and with more than his share of fun, through four years of Pensacola Prep. His devilish good looks and smooth charm teamed up to make him the object of many a young lassie's heart – much to the envy of his classmates! Being in the Glee Club only contributed to his problems(?), as he returned from every tour with a fresh batch of addresses to 'check-out'. If this wasn't enough, he found time to be the company's resident tennis bum, hot shooting basketball forward, and oh yes, midnight hair stylist. As can be seen, we really tested the vast talents of the acclaimed star of the 'Bugs Brownie Rack-Runner Hour'. Dave rose to every occasion, though, earning the admiration of all who knew him. Good luck with those Wings of Gold, Dave! The place just won't be the same without you.

DAVID ALLEN BROWN

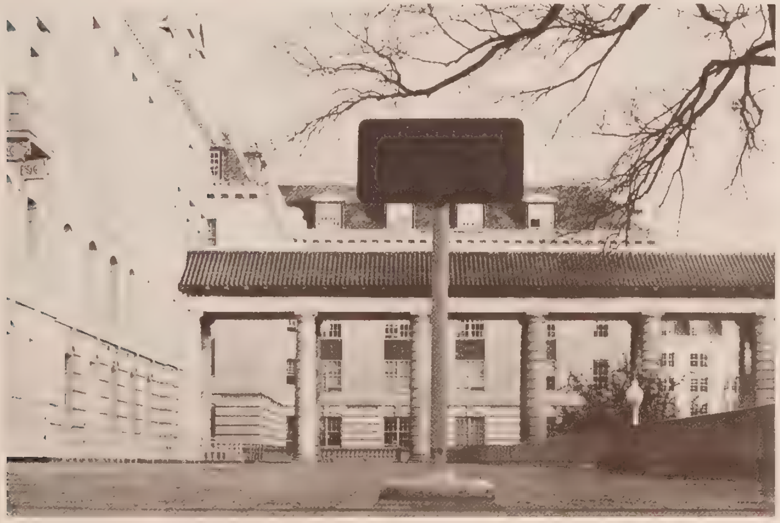
Gregg, born to a family with a heavy Air-Force accent, came to Annapolis via Vienna, Virginia with visions of choosing USAF on service selection night. Whether or not his wishes were to be fulfilled Gregg cultivated his tremendous talents in both the physical and intellectual arenas while keeping USNA in its proper perspective in relation to the real world. Known to everyone including his parents as "Burge", he was never known to sweat, crack a book, or let outdated regs stand in the way of his Fiat and his woman. He was known to assume the role of "Sonny" on the gridiron, devote his heart, soul, and desserts to the Redskins, have fine taste in music and stereo equipment, and cut a mean head of hair. Burge can best be described as a class guy with his head on straight, unafraid to buck the system or his peers if he disagreed, and the kind of man anyone would proudly claim as their brother.

Out of California — land of the Pine, the giant Redwood tree, the Sequoia, the little whopping Rue tree — rode Yosemite Chartrand. He fell upon Severn U. with all the fury of a dead Parrot. He impressed his friends with a magnificent memory for the musical language. Joe soon established himself as one of the company's greatest philosophers — patterning his life around such key phrases as: "Well rested, well tested," "The Mark Roberts corollary — If it doesn't make sense it'll happen," and the memorable "Think Soup!" Guiseppe was evicted from California during Second Class year and he found shelter in Oregon where he sought employment (during his leave) as a lumberjack. Unfortunately, he had to settle for raising hogs. Although chased by many young ladies, the Char always said, "I won't get married until I'm 80 — and then it'll be because I have to!" All of this aside, the one thing that will live in the memories of his many friends, or just as many of his enemies — is: "He's average weight for his height!"

GREGG BURGESS

JOSEPH CHARTRAND

JAMES L. CHEEVER



Jim Cheever ran his way to stardom and recognition as a varsity athlete in cross-country and track during his four years at the Academy. It has been said that he was so light on his feet that he drifted through the halls of Brancroft. The soft-spoken runner from Oklahoma could make friends easily. His wit and humor were something to marvel at (just ask him about C-O-R-N-F-L-A-K-E-S). One of his most noteworthy achievements was his miraculous improvement in academics during Plebe Year when the demands on his time were many. His friendly personality is a great plus in his favor which will help him in the years to follow.

JEFFREY L. CLITES

One of Jeff's classic stunts was to show up for the O-course in "White Works Clites", a modified version of WW"E". Being all psyched, he quickly stripped to his P.E. gear, only to find that he was minus his gym shorts! Try running the O-course in hysterical laughter sometime! His humor and a brown belt in the art of karate guarantees that one will be left in (with?) stitches, one way or another. But seriously, as a certified scuba instructor and president of the Scuba Club, he has done an awful lot to promote scuba here at the Academy. With his talents and personality, he will go very far in life. GOOD LUCK! LOPJr.

Ned's legacy began long ago along the muddy banks of the deep Pocomoke River. Little did Aubrey and Nit imagine the gentle little lad they found afloat in an empty honey-pot amidst the bullrushes would mature into a man of unique character. Inquisitive Ned has never been too proud to ask others to show him how to do the right thing. Reflective, he has spent many a thoughtful night leaning pensively from his open window, unmindful of the world below. Airborne and smart-fisted, Ned is the kind of devil-dog to have in your corner when push comes to shove. With St. Augustine, he believes, "What ought to be, must be," and lives accordingly.

EDWARD VERNON DAVIS

Ever since July 8, 1974, Wilbur and his unorthodox laugh have jumped into the hearts of everyone at USNA. DR. "DUBBS", while no Einstein in the classroom, made his mark at Canoe U. with his boxing talents. Winning the Brigade Championship and the Spike Webb Trophy his 2/C year, Wilbur can now die a happy man. Actually, he is looking forward to the National Collegiate Boxing Tourney and possibly even graduating. Wilbur is going to be the second Ervin boy to become a surface warrior and the first to be elected to public office if he gets his way. Come Graduation Day '78 Wilbur leaves many a great friend behind, but in all sincerity, Wilbur's aquaintences will take some of the indomitable DR. "DUBBS" with them.

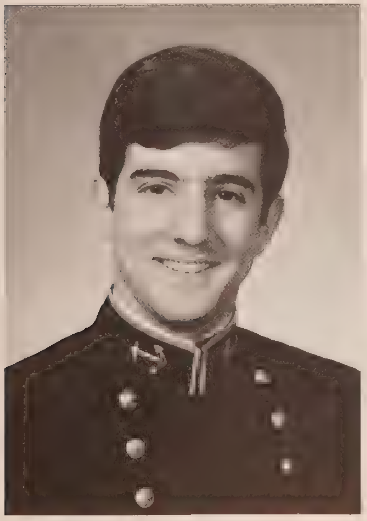
W. P. ERVIN

MARK EDWARD FERGUSON III

Mark rolled into beautiful USNA from the distant metro of Glen Burnie, Md., and took plebe summer in graceful stride. Putting that grueling experience under his belt with typical ease, he moved on to greater achievements, excelling at everything he tried. Subscribing to the work hard — play hard theory, 4.0 Ferg helped his lacrosse teammates with their academics. A self-admitted workaholic, things revolved smoothly around him during his tenure here, and he drove himself on to greater things in spite of DB's huge efforts to make him take it easy. Mark just couldn't take it easy, though, saying that "The only way to rightfully finish first is to work harder than anyone else!" To sum up, Ferg was an experience — living proof that good guys finish first. He was the standard of excellence for his classmates, and you just couldn't ask for a more thoughtful and caring roommate. Good luck, Ferg, whatever you do. Remember, all 'Rhodes' lead to Navy, and vice versa!

CALE TYLER HAREN

Cale came to Canoe U as a member of "the boys" of Fifth Company. After three years and three company officers, he decided to leave Canoe U and Frat Five to see what the Navy was really like. Cale became an integral part of the Navy's tug force where he attained the rank of third class boatswain's mate. Nine months and seventeen days after leaving Canoe U, "Boats" — as he was now known to his friends – decided it was time to return. Cale received a few bruises in his return to the RME, but found a home with the Sea Dogs of Seventh Company. It was in Seventh Company that he soon learned of the smiling-face and pat-on-the-back philosophy along with the "see me RLC" syndrome. Fortunately, Cale was not caught in the "hard sell" that didn't exist and retired from Mid life as a member of Royce's Raiders and joined the Navy's fly boys.



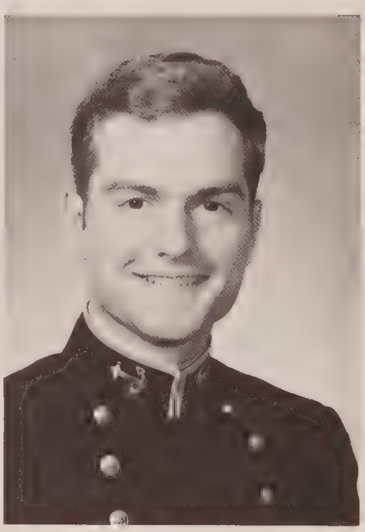
S. B. KLOPPMANN

DR"K", or KLOPPS as we liked to call him, is a product of Mayor Daley's windy city. Mechanical Engineering problems, and a snout the size of Mt. Everest couldn't deter Steve from being 7th Company's Mr. Personality. You have to admire someone who laughed in the face of Academic Boards, roomed with STUBBS, and endured two Plebe Summers. When he wasn't canvassing the country in his MGB, making electrifying runs on the football field, sampling the brown stuff, or extending the legacy of the incomparable DR"K" on the courts of Halsey, Steve was making friends by being an attentive listener and a well-versed conversationalist. Noone will forget Steve's comments during Plebe Detail, "We may be loose, but we're #2."

Although Washington has contributed little to the United States, Scott is an exception. Arriving at Annapolis one early July morning, he discovered that the Academy provided little challenge. As a result, he acquired a new habit-sleeping. This extracurricular activity left adequate time for both academics and athletics, at which he excels. Acquiring three stripes during the first set, he is now free to keep the battalion under his ever watchful eye. Although temporarily purblind by Rickover's program, Scott's future is ensured with success, either below the sea or in business.

SCOTT A. LANGDON

USNA provides the opportunity and the facilities to do almost anything one desires, yet nobody had the time to do everything – well almost nobody! Paul Martin, better known as "THE JAW" is the exception. Paul came to USNA in July of 74 from Columbus, Ohio as a 74 high school grad with one semester's credit at Ohio State and a private pilot's license. He quickly showed his willingness to work hard and keep busy. While at the "boat school" Paul has earned his gold military jump wings, become a qualified scuba diver, gone on a SSBN cruise, overloaded nearly every semester (his record is 25 credit hours with only one free period during the week, which sent the DQ scheduler insane), double majored in EE and Physics (that explains the 25 hour semester), and watched as many old movies on late night TV as his roommate. It is no surprise that the Seventh Company underclass rarely saw THE JAW, earning him the reputation as the mystery man. Navy Air is getting a good man. At least for five years?



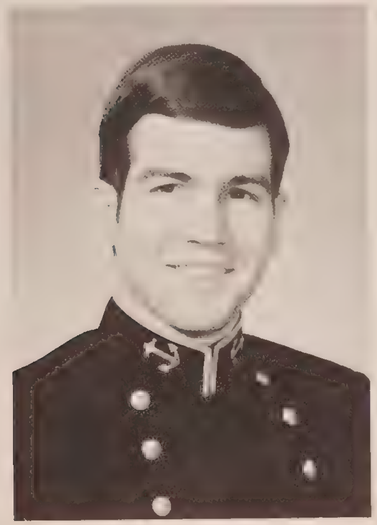
PAUL W. MARTIN

The "Stubbs" Miller Story has been one filled with notable, and not-so-notable achievements. One of the ever-present Alexandria, Va., residents, Scotty's only major fault (other than being a Skins fan) was his crazy urge to run further than from the Wardroom to his rack. Seventh Co.'s "Marathon Man" piled up an impressive list of races, crowning that list with the Boston Marathon. With a possible second "jog" beneath Boston skies pending, Scotty has shown us all his will to compete fiercly. Running wasn't his only vice, though. By the time 1/c year rolled in, Dr. Stubbs had found the art of bagging the books to make room for those more important social obligations, to which he proved more than able to handle. Scott's venture as an Airdale should prove no less successful than his career at USNA, nor no less rewarding. I just pray the lessons learned in Space Alley . . . are soon forgotten.

SCOTT MILLER

Steve came to USNA from Pacifica, California, where his reputation as a beer-guzzling girl-chaser was known far and wide. He was sure to continue this tradition at USC, but fate and the Secretary of the Navy had other plans. Steve had one of the last real Plebe years, in the able hands of Brace-up Bob. He never got a chance to continue where he left off in high school, for no sooner did Plebe year end than he was lucky to meet a very stabilizing influence. The rest of his Academy career was spent surprising all with his B average in one of USNA's toughest majors, and making himself scarce any time liberty was available. He applied himself in ECA's as well, contributing much time and effort to the Seadogs' highly successful Army projects, and to the Pop Concert Committee (the extra liberty, free front-row seats, and prade exemptions were mere fringe benefits). His roommates fondly recall his unique study habits and fine taste in music. We all wish him the best of luck with his favorite roommate in the years to come.

J.P. became a Seadog after a year long sojourn at NAPS. While there, he received a large dose of nuclear radiation from Rickover's Nuke School, thus his destiny as a Submariner was established. After bagging out of Parents Weekend with an "O" Course injury, John whizzed through his first academic year repeating his coursework from NAPS. He did right well and thought that Physics was fun until he took Engine Math. John was always notorius for getting the short end of the stick. During Second Class Summer he gave up his well deserved leave to make the trek down to Ft. Benning, returning with a slight port list due to his new pair of wings. Deciding that little or no leave made the summers seem longer John pulled a repeat performance First Class Summer by taking an extra long cruise in addition to Plebe Detail, what dedication! To make the academic year seem shorter John forfeited his spare time to play his trumpet for Trident Brass and Masqueraders. J.P. will be recalled as one of the Celica Boys with a flair for F.M..


STEVEN PETERSEN

JOHN S. PETERSON

Dennis came to USNA from the "motor city" (Detroit) in the summer of 1974. During Plebe Summer, Dennis became popularly known as the excused squad commander taking on the title M/Adm. Popeila. During plebe year, Dennis was one of the fastest chow callers in the company and you could always hear him no matter where he was. Plebe year was interesting to say the least. On a particular Sunday morning Steely Dan asked. "What time did the sun rise today, Mr. Popeila?" During Dennis Popeila's upperclass years you would always see him wandering the halls in his Admirals B-Robe and any time that the company dressed up in costumes for Halloween or Army he always had a unique costume! During first class year, Dennis was a member of the "big car" bunch driving around leisurely in his Cutlass Supreme. He has been an attribute to the Academy and will be long remembered after graduation.

Grand Prix
BY PONTIAC

DENNIS M. POPEILA

LLOYD O. PRINCE

As one of the company's electronic wizards, Lloyd was always busy. He worked with WRNV, the photo club, and the sailing team, as well as taking care of all his other extracurricular activities such as classes and homework. As the Carib rep for the company, he did much to promote his home in the Virgin Islands among us with his pics, music, and tales of home. Whatever his career choice is, he should do well with his energy. May his LOP always help him keep a firm fix. JLC

MARK ROBERTS

Mark came to USNA from Auburn (pronounced AH-BUN), Massachusetts via NAPS. Many thought that plebe year would be "just too tough" for Mr. Roberts. But Big Foot survived all that the upperclass could dish out, developing into one of the best chow callers in the annals of Mother B. history. Oral studied hard in EE but found that in second class year the fight for a 2.0 was like a struggle against a zener diode. To save himself from an avalanche breakdown, Mark joined the ranks of the Physical Science elite. Boots will be remembered as a good buddy to down a few brews with and to tell some good complaints to. This will make him a natural to succeed at SWOS school when he joins that mighty fine Surface Line Navy after graduation. Good luck Mark and see you at Newport!

CHARLES OTTO STEPHENSON

"Cosine", as Charlie came to be known, sailed into Canoe U. after four years at William Chrisman High School in Independence, Mo. He decided to say goodbye to the quiet midwest for a more challenging and treacherous life at sea. With a quiet easy-going attitude, Charlie rarely got upset at anything, academics included, but rather tried to look at the brighter side. True concern for others made Charlie a valued and dependable friend. He spent many of his Sunday mornings teaching Sunday school and singing with the choir. He now points his sights towards a surface combatant, with his professional knowledge and ability he can look forward to a promising career in Surface Line.

JOHN WEBSTER

John arrived in Annapolis way back in 1974 and it took but one year for his most enduring label to be conceived – Snooze. For John there wasn't much else to do plebe year. We all learned differently youngster year, though, when we discovered that Snooze is not always a quiet, mild-mannered mid. He picked up the more colorful description (and more accurate one) of Ster Crazy, for a number of reasons. He's a natural born party leader who knows more drinking songs than even Joe Chartrand for one thing and when he plays football he forgets that his body belongs to him. Ster crazily ignores probable turf burns, cuts, and abrasions.

ROBERT WESTBERG

A man of the world, this Navy Junior can call several countries his home. Instead he prefers to drop anchor in the late great state of California. With his motto, "WE DON'T GET OUR FEET WET", Bob tried to get into the Civil Engineering Corps like his father. Unfortuantely his knees worked and he could see. Happy to pursue a life at sea and ready to settle down, he has picked a wife to be and a home port in California. An avid water sports freak and an ocean engineer, Bob has been known to be all wet. Yet, in his tour at USNA he never settled for second best as was exhibited in his academic excellence and professionalism. Stork was well liked by his classmates and feared by the underclass who knew a flamer when they saw one. We will all miss him after graduation and can only wish 'fair winds and following seas' to a great guy and good friend.

When Spence arrived at the academy, he quickly discovered what his priorities for the next four years would be – the rack and the GOUGE! The "Manager of Gouge Central" made his debut as an academic bead by spending a relaxing evening watching TV with two exams the next day. Of course, he maxed-out on the exams and proved that multiple choice questions were no match for CSDW and his calculator's random number generator. Spence's love life was like a Walt Disney movie – rated G. However Second Class year Spence became interested in a horse-crazy girl from Philly. Unfortunately, horse shows took precedence over June Week and our hero had to play second fiddle to her four-legged Shadow. Poor Spence was forced to take a ravishing Southern Belle to the Ring Dance. Convinced by Marine Engineering that Nuclear Power resulted in a short half-life, Spence decided to become a dedicated lifer for surface line. He will be remembered for his mother's pralines and his favorite saying, "I am not hungry!".

CHARLES S.D. WITTEN

8th Company

JACK ADOLPH

Jack attended NAPS in the summer of 73 and worked hard the whole year there. Then he decided to take a vacation and wound up on the shores of the Severn. While here. Jack decided to major in reclined static equilibrium. Yes, Jack could be seen many a study hour on his back. Jack always wanted to see the sights of nearby Washington and Baltimore. However the only sight he saw was the parking lot. Jack's biggest achievement was getting his letter in squash. He wore his letter sweater at all times, when he rated it and when he didn't. Jack hopes to go Navy Air. GOOD LUCK JACK!!!

DB charged into Annapolis from Salem, N.H. with his charming Mr. Magoo features and a string of chow packages which will still be arriving when he returns to USNA as a company officer. As our leader, Don was always one to set the best examples: most car accidents in the company, leading 11th company soccer in goals scored in the Regimentals, lowest score on the PCR leadership exam (a failure of course), and longest hair upon entering on I-day, '74. He wasn't without fault, though. Don's unselfishness was to the point of sacrificing his own goals to aid others; he was one of the very few who was willing to pull an all-nighter before an exam merely to help others to study for their tests. Any part of the Naval forces would benefit from Don's ability, but Nuc Power won out.

DONALD J. BOLAND

Chaps came to the Naval Academy with a 19-year military career as a zoomie brat behind him. He made a lasting impression on I-day by squaring a corner with a spirited "Go Air Force!" As a plebe he was a favorite of most of the second class. Rich chose the Chinese major and has been mumbling in Mandarin ever since. A company intramural athlete, Rich kept in shape by running from numerous young ladies. Being conscientious, he never allowed his studies to interfere with having a good time. Although he was never a flamer, somehow the plebes in his squad never lasted very long. First Class year finally arrived – along with a shiny black 'Vette he had ordered (he waited longer for the car!) After a month-long FOREX party in Japan, Rich fulfilled the basic prerequisite for Company Commander by almost flunking leadership on the PCR. Graduation will find Rich taking to the air. His quick smile and easygoing personality assure him of success. 'Nuff said!

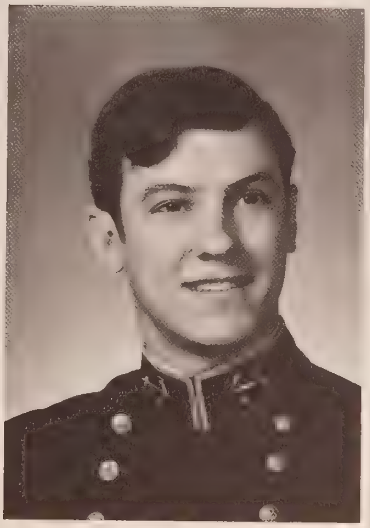
RICHARD CHAPMAN

JOHN M. COSTELLO

New Jersey was the fine state that John left to come to good old USNA. Cos is known for his athletic ability and always enjoyed a nice friendly game. John often burned up the books and spent many long hours trying to study. There were a few times when Cos got away from the daily routine and ventured out into the real world. John will probably kill me for writing such a bad biography but I could never tell the things he actually did while he was here. Navy Air will get a real flyer when Cos hits the friendly skys.

JOEL GONZALES

Joel "Twosheds" Gonzales, better known as "Speedy", came to USNA from sunny San Antonio, Texas. A true sweat from the word start Joel was a stickler for the REGS. Yet, as he experienced more of what the world had to offer his aspects on life at the academy loosened considerably. When old "Pencil Point" wasn't out barrel rolling his car he could be found at the University of Maryland exploring the mysteries of the orient in his own personal foreign exchange program. Joel also was known for eating great quantities of pinto beans to the great dislike of his roommates who dreaded the after results. Because of this he was quite often threatened with bodily harm – like unexpected night flights and grapefruits, not to mention a few others. Upon graduation, Joel, no matter where he goes, will be an unusual addition to any unit.

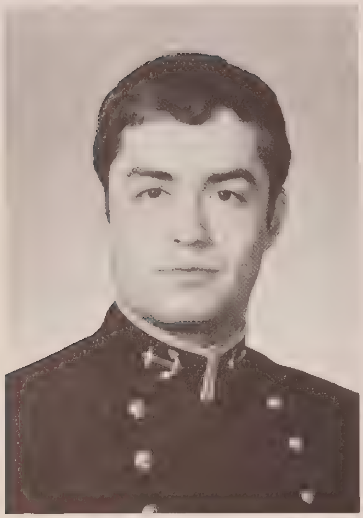


JOHN BARRY HOLLYER

J.B. came to Navy from way down in Houston, Texas. Determined to become a Naval Architect, he achieved his goal despite many sorties on the academic tightrope. When not studying, which was most of the time, Johnny could be found engaged in a variety of activities, from sailing the "Insurgente" to Bermuda to painting the Mahan Hall clock during finals. On weekends he would be off in his "tailor-mades" and 'Stang to meet another in a long line of girls, or sweating a lines drawing for Dr. B. while consuming endless pizzas and listening to Camelot. Sir John also enjoyed hobbies such as scuba, antique cars, camping, photography, and anything else that costs money. J.B. plans to go Navy Air and have his own jet, or until it's repossessed by Master-Charge. Wherever he goes, John is sure to bring a touch of chivalry to whomever he meets.

STEPHEN J. HOLMAN

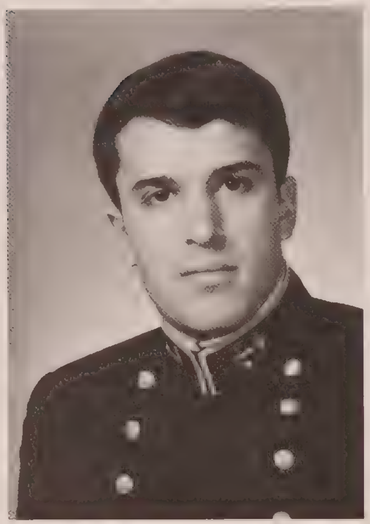
Steve came, he studied a little, boozed a lot, and graduated.



MICHAEL F. HURLEY

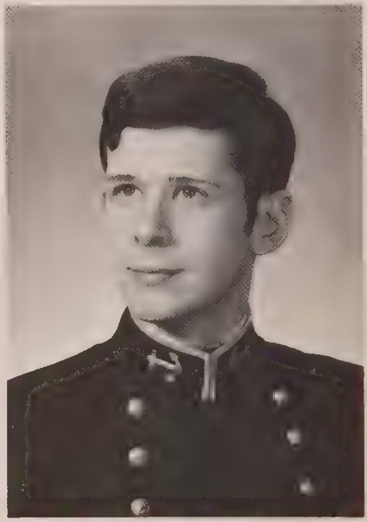
Hurls will always be remembered by the plebes of eighth company. As an upper class, he was famous for smoking plebes out wherever they tried to hide. Water balloons and shaving cream bombs were utilized when necessary. Co-member of the feared Delta co. hunter-killer group, Hurls, along with Pops, was famous for turn — '81 plebes into sniveling blobs in a matter of seconds — but got his in return first class cruise with four long weeks on the dreadful USS INCHON. This recklessness in the hall carried over to the highways. Hurls likes to see every scratch on the rear bumper of the car in front of him, though rarely is it in that position for long. Never one to turn down a beer, he was always ready for a party. An avid skier, he should be right at home at Quantico. No doubt he will be a frequent visitor to the Hawk. We will all miss Hurls' precocious smile and winning ways, but the Marines will be better for having received another good man.

While in Marine Corps boot camp Don was given the idea to come to this beloved institution. He thought the Marine Corps was great, they only gave him one bad experience . . . NAVY. No, things here were not all that bad, but they were never that good either. Academics were never any problem and once he had a class that might have been interesting if he had liked it. That about sums up the more exciting things that happened in Don's thrilling career at Navy. He will always regret one thing about leaving USNA . . . not doing it sooner.

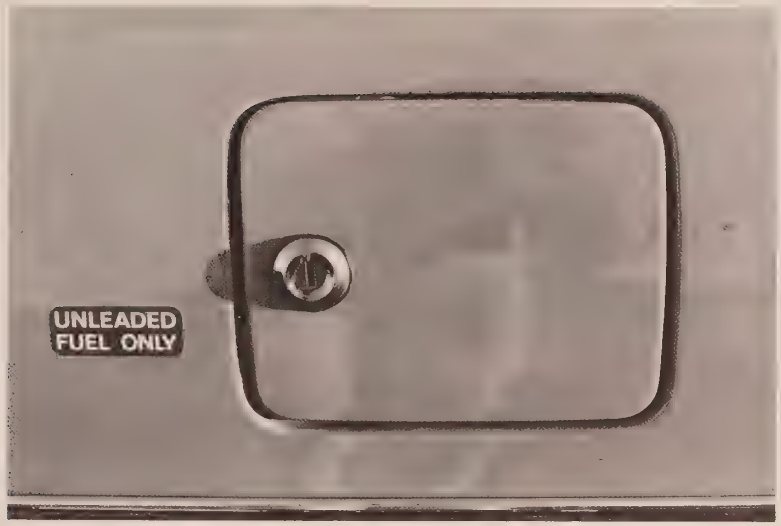


DONALD JOSEPH LOTT

Greg came to USNA in the summer of 1974 with high hopes and a determination to excel. He chose Electrical Engineering as a major and struggled long hours to maintain a QPR above a 3.0. Not what you would call an athletic individual, Greg makes up in brainpower what he lacks in brawn. As one of the few Midn. who kept the same girl through 4 yrs. of the trials and tribulations that only "Mother B" offers, Greg was made to be a married man. His drift factor is alarmingly high, which should be an advantage in his future as a Nuclear-powered submarine officer . . . Good Luck!!

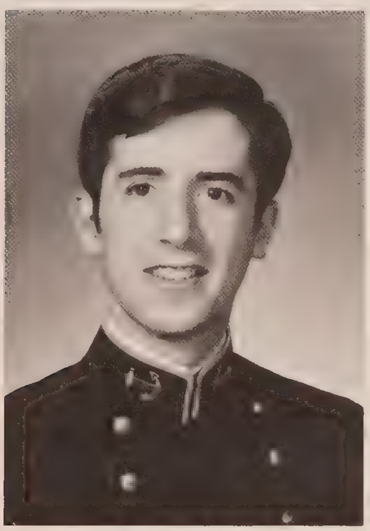


GREG MANKEY



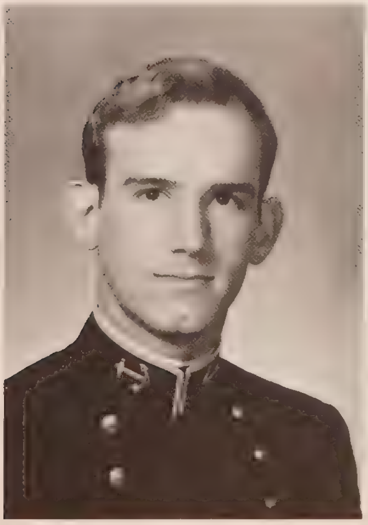
MICHAEL McCRABB

Mike came to Annapolis from Moorestown, N.J., amazing all of us from Day One with his extraordinary facial features. True to his title of Dr. Drift, Mike went from major to major before settling down to Ops Analysis. Sliding through four years of study, the Doc was always busy running, especially in marathons, Batt cross-country, and other crazy distances. Never wasting a second of liberty, Mike always returned with seconds to spare after parking the car in the yard. His timing improved First Class year. After removing his anchor at graduation, Mike plans to take to his natural environment, seeking his own level – look out Navy Air.



PAUL E. MONAGHAN

Paul came, he studied, and he graduated.



VIRGIL V. MOORE

V came to USNA from Huntsville, Alabama in the Summer of '74. Originally wanting to go Marine Recon, Vance practiced the trade using an assorted arsenal of water balloons and punctured shaving cream cans. From his scars and number of excused squad chits, it seems that Vance lost the battle. Undaunted, V changed his service selection to Navy Air, soaring to new highs in the elevators of Hood College. His taste was somewhat strange as well, favoring toothpaste cocktails and second class for breakfast instead of CB. Being an English major by trade, Vance was always helping us through the term papers. Whatever service accepts Vance will value his amazing abilities.

Diamond Jim came to USNA from the cotton fields of Jonesboro, Arkansas, A History major, Okey handled academics fairly well, though he fought a four-year battle with P.E. In Mother B Jim established himself as the man with the pro-gouge, spending many hours answering plebes' pro-questions. Still he found time to devote himself to the BSU and his constantly expanding library. Weekends often found Okey re-fighting the Battle of Waterloo to the music of the Rolling Stones. Despite his busy schedule Jim still managed to enjoy life. A bachelor for the time-being, Jim plans a career as a Surface Warfare Officer, and is determined to stay in the Navy until they bring back the battleship. God be with you, James!

Tater, our hand-to hand expert, hails from Fayetteville, N.C. He was so impressed with the Annapolis summer weather that he spent the majority of the next three summers here keeping his head above 2.0. After a two year stint with the Aqua Rocks Tater found Hood College a more interesting place to spend weekends than the pool, and before Football 77 began, his nameplate was transferred to Coblenz. Few people worked as hard over the years, and few people will get as much satisfaction from graduation as Warren. This kind of dedication will receive the recognition it deserves in the surface warfare community.

While we were fearing it, it came –
But came with less of fear
Because that fearing it so long
Had almost made it fair.
There is a fitting – a dismay –
A fitting – a despair –
'Tis harder knowing it is due
Than knowing it is here.
The trying on the utmost
The morning it is new
Is terribler than wearing it
A whole existence through.

Emily Dickinson

JAMES EDMOND OLDHAM

WARREN ROBINSON

BRIAN G. ROCHON

KENNETH P. ROEY

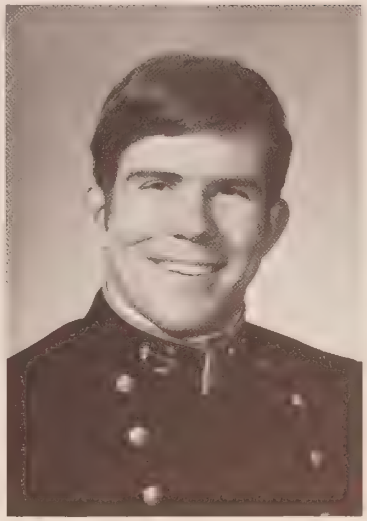
The Ro. What can be said? Always recognizable by his distinguished walk and elegant manner of speech. He's always claimed to be a boxer but mauler is perhaps a more fitting description; but few would argue about his style while being carried off on a stretcher. And who could forget the mauler during pep rally rumbles in the halls. One of the more notorious boozehounds in the company, he was always well supplied by old man Roey's bar and package store. But, of course, he was always outclassed by his Irish drinking pals. And we'll always remember Ro's respect for the regs and his love of wire class (the highpoint of his second class year was the antenna trip). Well, it's been four long years with the Ro and maybe now he finally remembers why he came here. The Ubes would be proud. Surface Line will be getting a "mighty fine" man, but if the Israeli navy only knew what they were missing.

GLEN ELLIOTT SHIPMAN

Back in '74, Glen made a fateful trip from good ole' Kansas which would change his life. After Plebe Summer Glen became a "dedicated" gymnast, at least for two years. After that, Glen took a stab at being a Navy Cheerleader, which was great except the travel had a rather adverse affect on his grades, so he gave it up in order to excell in his major, mathematics. This brings Glen up to first class year where he is planning to join the Corps. U-RAH!

TIMOTHY JOHN STARK

As a Navy Junior, Tim hailed from all across the US, calling no place home but where he hung his hat. In an effort to fulfill his lifelong dream, he entered USNA with hopes of graduating with the class of 1978. After a brief career with Navy Crew, Tim went subsurface to share his immense knowledge and experience of swimming to all those less fortunates who could not master the art as well as he. Tim had a few of his own hurdles to clear before June '78, including Wires, Fluids, and a Polish roommate, but he did find the right key to outside help. In the spring of 1975 Tim dedicated his life to Jesus Christ, and ever since then, being under new management, has been a source of joy and encouragement to all who have the privilege of knowing him. May God bless him always.



RAYMOND STIVERS

Stives arrived fresh out of high school from the booming metropolis of Tower Hill, Ill. His original intent was to be an Aerospace Engineering major, but he changed his mind and decided to graduate instead. Ray, as one of the more fun-loving people in the company, was our resident "Mountain Man", and often retired to the wilds of Shenandoah to escape the rigors of Bancroft Hall. Ray never passed up a party but knew when to buckle down, too. He made a joke out of several of the courses he took and because of this often became relied upon to provide the gouge to less skilled classmates. A diehard Marine from day one, Ray will provide the Corps with one of the "good men" they want.

WADE CARL TALLMAN

Wade came to USNA via Phoenix. Starting out his plebe year he was known by his classmates as the "BRICKER." Youngster year he followed in the steps of past 8th Co. youngsters with 12 oz. curls at the famous Annapolis "PIZZA KING". As an enthusiastic aero "HEAD" he was never seen anywhere except the wardroom. Then came the car and the Commandant car washing party at the 1 mile limit. Also known about town as one of the CANOE U "SKYGODS" he spent many a long weekend jumping from perfectly good airplanes (a prerequisite for Navy Air). Coming around the bend and heading for home it looks like its never going to end.

Heedless of the warnings of his older brother, Topo traveled to canoe U. from Elgin Illinois to become a Naval Officer. Throughout his Academy career, the number three has been significant in Dan's life all the way from three years of Gymnastics to his third class year class "A", leading to both Gold and Black "N" awards. After three years of Naval service, Dan decided to give up his water wings for some green air wings, being one good man the Marines will not have to look for any longer. Because of the physical fitness policy of the Corps, Top should be able to apply his Physical Science major. A constant inspiration to us all, Dan has been faced with more "Opportunities" than many of us would care to remember. Through it all, his faith in Jesus Christ never waivered. May God bless him always.

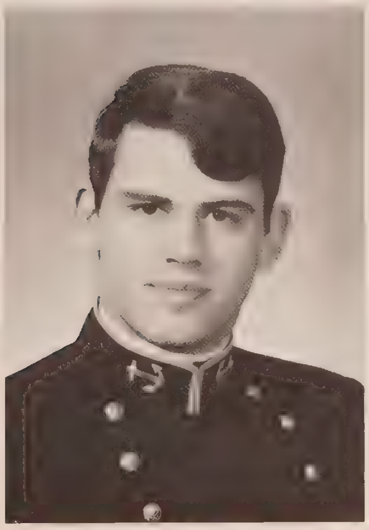
DANIEL CHARLES TOPOLEWSKI

Waldo, originally from RiverVale, New Jersey, came to the Academy intent on running cross-country for Navy. This desire resulted in four years of varsity for him, the fourth as captain of the team. After a hard workout he never hesitated to make time for sleeping. Although he put in his time studying on weekends when he wasn't running, he never passed up a chance to relax with the boys. A great lover of music, Kevin had an extremely large record collection which could be heard from all ends of the hall. Although one of the thinner people in the company, his room was never complete without a bag of cookies. After two years of Annapolis, Kevin saw the light and decided to go Marine Corps. If Waldo puts forth as much effort in the Corps as he did as a midshipman, he'll make a fine officer.

KEVIN J. WALSH

Tex came to us from somewhere; no-one knows for sure. We did figure he came from a big family because he had more brothers than we all could shake a stick at. After we got to know him, we found he had some unique traits which opened up new dimensions in the company and enlightened our knowledge of cowboy customs — especially them pointed boots, Stetson hats, and Beechnut. He was appropriately able to apply his cowhand skills while a member of the 150 LB. football team. In addition, he didn't do too bad in handling an occasional girl or two. As a result we all would frequently hear him babbling some strange foreign language late at night. We couldn't decipher a word and guessed it was one of them advanced graduate courses since Tex had been here when some of us were still wet behind the ears. Always willing to put in his two bits, the Marines can look forward to his arrival.

Jonathan, five striper, stars, all around professional, what more can be said. He came to USNA from Vienna, Virginia, and immediately began to prove himself one of the most outstanding performers in the brigade. A slasher in academics, he became known as "4.0 Jon Will". A flamer he wasn't, but a Regimental commander he turned out to be. With his handsome boyish looks, and extremely "straight" personality he could be a stand in for the all-American Boy. This however, was not reflected in his ability to drive. Jon could be seen many Sunday afternoons piloting his Nova by dead recking around Dewey Field. His car certainly will not be worn out with over use. Always willing to do his utmost, Nuclear Power will be receiving a fine individual. This will certainly be the beginning of his trip to the "stars".



AARON E. WELCH

JONATHAN EVERETT WILL

KEITH WRAY

Iceberg Slim came to the Naval Academy from Columbus, Ohio. He didn't do as well in high school as he could have so he was sent on a one year tour to NAPS. There he was known more for his friday nights at the pool hall. Mother B finally took him in and somehow he survived plebe year. He studied alot while here but he had many good times too. Many a Saturday night you could see him on the streets of Washington talking to his girlfriends. Keith's main interest in sports was in fencing but he could give a mean elbow in football when he had to or was that every play. He fell in love the spring of his junior year. She was beautiful. Slim. Fast. He never went out without her being close by. I don't think he'll ever forget that green TR 7. Keith is going surface line. They don't know what they're getting into. Who else can smoke and shave at the same time?

9th Company

RICHARD BARTH

Biff flew into Annapolis on the wings of a song (either "Rocky Mountain High" or "Ballad of the Green Berets") and tried to convince one and all that strawberry blondes really do have more fun. Well, after two years of that nonsense, his roommate Keith got smart and left Rich alone to contend with the harsh world of eye charts, walls, blackboards, EE, smog, and the Phillies. Rich, though, came through relatively unscathed and with a large portion of the sanity he began with. If nothing else, he learned that not everyplace has mountains, or even wants them. If our fair sister service is willing to pay out a billion a copy for a B-1, they ought to be really anxious for this country boy: both investments make about the same amount of sense.

STEPHEN K. BRADY

If time truly flies when you're having fun, then plebe summer must seem like yesterday to Brado. When he wasn't partying, which wasn't very often, then he was shooting off his mouth. It's amazing how his heavy caliber, rapid fire vocal chords have never gotten him into trouble. In fact, it's amazing how he has never gotten into trouble in his quest for life, liberty, and liberty, and more liberty, not to mention his pursuit of happiness. Second class year, Carol entered Steve's life and although he didn't noticeably change, we warned him that if Caroling were meant for every season then it would always be Christmas. Even though doomed to marriage, the legend of Mary Wash will live on. A dedicated management major, Bardo has made the last four years an exercise in maximizing output with a minimum of input. This success will most likely make him a first round draft choice of Amalgamated Bottle Cap. With Simone as his NFO, Brado will soar to great heights in his P-3; we hope he never crashes.

JACK E. FERNANDEZ

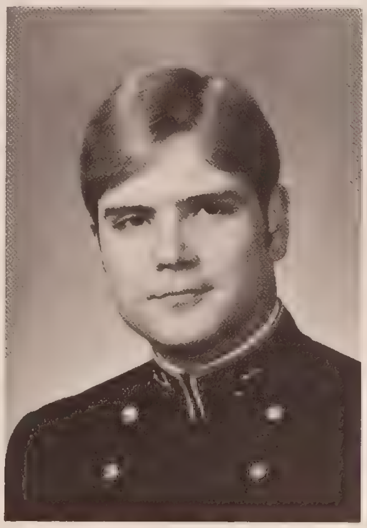
Gravel . . .

Marcus Fisk
Marcus (I don't understand this . . .) Fisk is famous for expensive dinners, corny jokes at parties, emotional outbursts about studies, and theatrical critiques. Marcus thinks that all the world is a stage. His nightly performances on cloud 9 supported him through repeat courses, dummy sheets, no weekends, no leave, and an Ac Board. Feechie never did believe that schooling should interfere with his education. Marcus can perform on the bridge of a ship, also. By winning a shiphandling award, he proved that he is ready for the Fleet. But, is the Fleet ready for Marcus's "Oh, what a beautiful morning"!?

And in leaving, I can only return . . . BOOP!

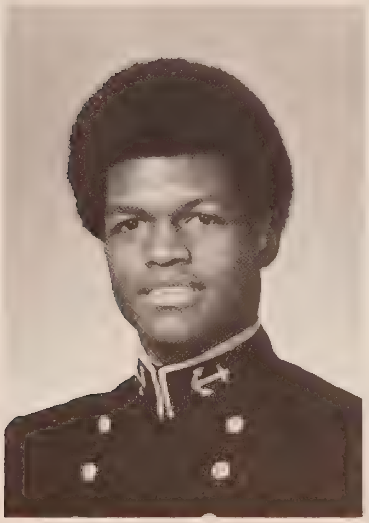
Ty hailed from the windy city of San Leandro. He came rambling in on a summer breeze and went rambling out in a red MG. During his stay at USNA he started out studying alot and rowing alot but gradually digressed to rowing a little and studying even less. Living for the weekend took up most of the week, with weekends spawning such things as frosty B's, Mad Dog, and tops down weather. Often accused of being a Hood College day student, he was known to frequent the Halls Of Optimum Development on occasion. In Ty's service of undecided or other, he will be happy in "either one."

MARCUS JOHN FISK


JAMES KEVIN FOLEY

TY JEFFERY GLASGOW

Goody, as he was called by most of his classmates was one of the easist people to get along with at USNA. He is an Air Force brat now homeported in Portsmouth, N.H. Sometimes a bit idealistic but always energetic unless it is football season. Goody was somewhat less than a star in High School football but at Navy 150# football was his chance to excell and that he did. Starting as a youngster he was overjoyed as were his friends that knew of his past experiences. Goody was not an acadamian either but he managed to get by. He will never forget first semester Youngster Year, the ride in the 'vator, or the parties at Thrift and Holiday Inns. Terry is the one question in his life left unanswered. What will it be?


ROBERT O. GOODMAN

TIM GOODWIN

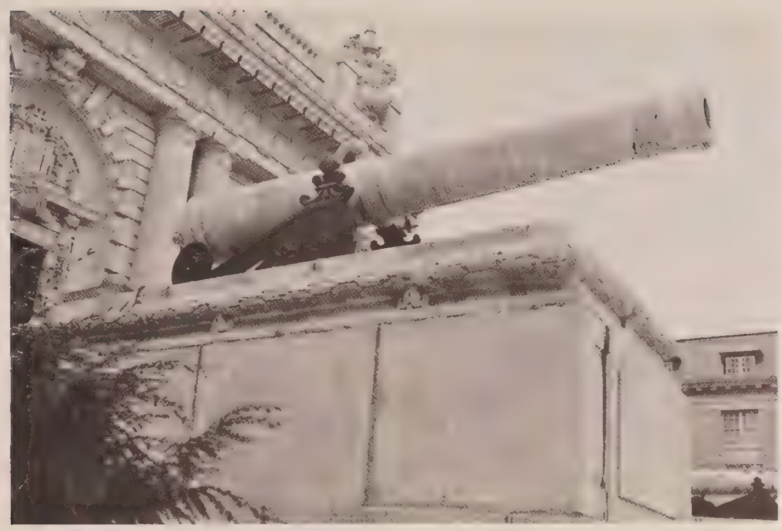
As much at home on the bridge of his YP as he was behind the wheel of his beloved Beetle, Tim has demonstrated that the surface oriented Navy man still exists, despite rumors of a brief flirtation with Navy air. Although records reveal that he was a NAPS alumnus, certain articles of uniform found in his seabag indicate that Tim was actually a transfer from the 42nd Highlander Regiment, or General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. That Tim was a history buff of the first degree was well known, but not much could be learned of his party habits, since he was never to be found around the Academy on weekends. Maybe he was at Pat's house studying German. Or Pat. Who can know? And although he goes to the fleet already wearing his command star, Tim has demonstrated repeatedly that achievement need not tarnish one's outlook on life, or one's regard for his friends and shipmates. One is, after all, human, and like the rest of us, Tim puts his trousers on one leg at a time.

Mike, forever champion of anything Philadelphian and Palmyrian, was 9th Company's own "Shell Answer Man," and could always be counted on to do verbal battle with anyone who dared to challenge his title. The Mechanical Engineering Dept. succeeded where Plebes playing baseball and the Aerospace curriculum failed: to zap him at trivia. Mike would not be licked, however, and weekends spent imbibing at the VFW always charged him up for another week. Mike's two claims to fame will always be his sea-stories about Steve Suttles which entranced and humored many a listener and as the only mid ever to break his roommate's hand without touching him. A loyal and true friend who was ever ready to offer his gracious hospitality, Mike will undoubtedly continue to climb the ladder of success. We wish him our best.

MICHAEL H. HARING

And like a mirror I reflect all that I see . . . Boop!

GARY K. HERRAULT



CARL J. JENSEN

. . . yes, gravel

STEPHEN JOHN KORONKA

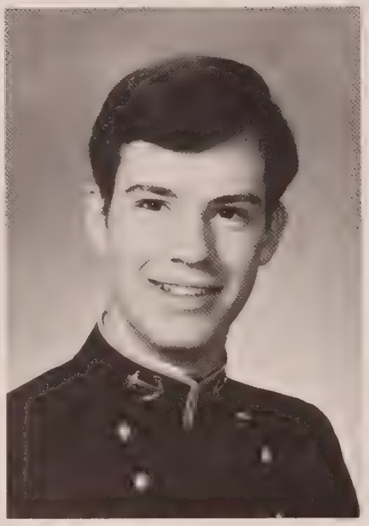
And I fly to the sun, with my feet on the ground . . . Boop!

WAYNE LEONG

Walter migrated from the sunny shores of California to the barren wastes of Annapolis back in 74. He accepted the academic challenge of the Naval Academy with quiet reserve. Following four years of deadly combat with the infamous Z-monster, he has emerged as a frustrated electrical engineer minus a couple term papers. While attending Canoe U., Walter participated in numerous extra curricular activities, such as standing classmates' watches, listening to old radio shows and playing with pocket calculators. When time permitted he even played a little company light/heavyweight football. Walter is a YP jock turned surface-liner. We all wish him luck in the surface navy and we know that he'll do well, for with all kidding aside, Walter was the most professional firstie in the company. HOLY BUTT!

MICHAEL GARY MATACZ

Mike Matacz toasts us from the rambling boondocks of Wyoming county in northern New York State. His high school days left him with the memories of superb academic performance and 12 athletic letters. Little did he realize, however, the many Navy "good deals" he would enjoy for the next 4 years. Mike was known for his athletic prowess in lt. wt. crew and for his athletic brain as well. Headed in the path of EE he rapidly found this too much of a shock for his QPR and the motto "We graduate" quickly appealed to him. Riding smoothly now in Phy. Sci., he prepares himself for a retirement job at his hometown weather bureau. Mike was also revered for another talent. People will remember the 'Pop-Top' kid as having a capacity to down more brew and walk away from the table than anyone they've ever seen; he's been in training since he was 3 years old. Mike has a wealth of creativity, a talent for winning, and a talent for having a good time. Look for this hard-charger 'riding the waves' of surface line.



DANIEL McCREADY

Mac's indoctrination into the Academy was influenced greatly by the personal interest of Dave Mears and Frank Yasment. Along with the many fond memories, one could never forget the many times Dan threw Martin around the room. Also, this 180 pound "bean-pole" blossomed into a 220 pound crew jock. After the many long hours spent in the shell, his hands will take years to recover. And who could forget the late nights spent in the wardroom trying to uncover the many mysteries of the atom? The screams of contempt while pursuing physics derivations will never die in these hallowed halls. Nevertheless, Dan has decided to become a "professional" and be one of Hyman's boys above water. We will all miss his friendly smile and comments and wish him well in the surface community. He is a fine and talented individual and will go far.

WILLIAM MILES

Bill is known to all as the stump, except to Joanne who calls him Poosie even though she has a better right than anyone to call him stump. But not another word about Bills love life that is, if you can call sitting around on the weekends counting the days until vacation or staring at a picture much of a love life at all . . . Ahh, but those sandy beaches of California and Jo are sure a long ways away. Stumps major hurdle second class year was Engine Math. We tried to tell him to stick to baseball and leave track to the real jocks but he wouldn't listen. Needless to say, he is taking the course over again senior year, but with the Count as his prof. even he can get an "A". When the good times at USNA come to an end, Stump will pack up his Buick, his wife, and his kids and move in with the Marine Air family, and maybe in six years he'll fly low enough to wave to us civilians. The Marine Corps needs good men and with Stump they got the best.

STEVEN M. OLECHNOWICZ

Picture the first day of Plebe summer. "Name, mister", snarls a firsty. "Olechnowicz, sir." "God bless you. Name again." "Olechnowicz, sir." "Olo, what?" And so it came to pass, Steve's friends found it easier on the tongue to say "Olo", rather than spewing out virtually every letter in the alphabet. His imprint, was the uncanny ability to make a room a home. All the way from soups and hot cereals to those infamous Vodka and cheese parties, topped off with unforgetable strawberry daiquiries. As much as he loved to utilize his culinary abilities he appeared to hate the rack. Night after night, the neon lights burned. Very few have ever seen Steve sleep. I suppose it was all worth it, what with Hymie practically begging for him. Hopefully he will enjoy his life with those denizens of the deep . . . and by the way Steve, do Subs really have windows?

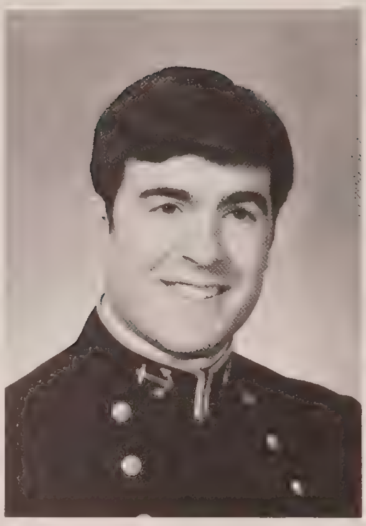
LESTER L. PRICE

Perhaps the best thing to be said about Leebert is that for four years he managed to exist during the week to party on weekends. Not wanting to disappoint any of the available young ladies, his dates were numerous and varied, starting with Sweet Joannie and culminating as the 9th company "Mary Wash Rep." As a plebe he majored in letter writing. Youngster year he switched to Paperbacks 101. Finding it easy enough to get by, first and second class years he overloaded by taking letterwriting, Paperbacks 400, and Rack 327. But on the rare occasions that he did decide to study, he managed to cram in enough to get by, although a certain company officer did volunteer him for a voluntary study program. A true southern boy at heart he never could master the English language, but overcame this obstacle with a strong pair of glasses and keen eyesight that we're sure will be of great value to him in his squadron some day.

The weight of indecision is in the air,
I cannot be afraid of the choice I have made,
I must go where my spirit leads me.

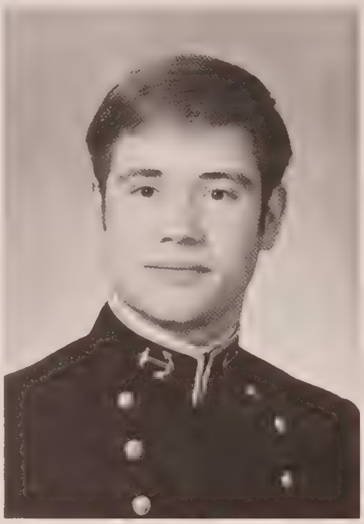
JOHN STEPHEN ROSA

Bunk came to us straight from the heart of Balmer. Much a negat Plebe year, he became a man of the world during youngster year. To display his worldliness, he spent the year laying hard boiled eggs and sleeping on thumb tacks. Bunk was voted most accident prone of '78 after his encounter with the Venetian blinds in his room and the manhole covers in MacDonough Hall, the latter case resulting in the USNA Fire Department and Ambulance coming to his rescue. Quite a sailor, he spent more time on the Dolphins than the boat. Here is wishing him well in Newport and hoping he may return someday as a company officer like "Flash."



MICHAEL RUTH

Leaving the sky blue waters of his native Minnesota, Mike entered the Academy with high standards of morality, physical fitness, and academic performance. Over a four year span, his dedication in trying to maintain these standards did not waiver. However, exposure to the rambling personalities of his California friends changed his conservative outlook on life to one filled with wine, women, and song. By the time his senior year rolled along, Mike was devoted to his corvette, Mary Washington and Hood girls, and systems engineering; in that order. Always quick with a smile and helpful words of advice, his friendship became a part of us all. With the rush of Navy Air over the next horizon, Mike's future looks very bright



MICHAEL SAGNESS

Raaaaalph!! echoes through the halls as yet another day of exams is prepared for. Oceans majors galore have flocked to Schwartzy's over the past few years for what only could be described as the gouge king's roost. When Ralph flies this coop they'll have lost a great help and an even better friend. Our curly haired comrade has been well known for cruising weekly in his sleek blue Z with his cohort Kathi. She makes him smile an awful lot for a man who has lost many a battle with a vacuum cleaner. BZ to Kathi!! Ralph's well known Kansan twang and friendly disposition will truly be missed. We all hope Hyman and friends will treat him well. The nukes had better watch out for this one, 'cause Ralph's a quick climber and is bound to show them how the job is done.

RALPH SCHWARTZBECK

Fred Shutt
Pronounced "Frai-yed" by his fellow kickers in Edna Texas. Freddie boy followed his brother to USNA out of ignorance and wants a harbor tug out of Galveston. First Semester break Youngster year, the '57, the Van, Apple and beer are Fred. What makes Fred tick? Who knows? His definition of happiness? "All I want is a million dollars and some buns." To date Fred owns stock in Chevrolet, Montgomery Wards, Sears, Visa, C&P, Electrolux, USAA, and the Thrift-Inn. Donald Duck and his Disco Woman Cindy (not to mention B.B.) should enjoy Surface Line, and the surface community should enjoy them, or at least be amused.
"Hi, I'm Fred (funny noise) Shutt."
"Gimme a beer, boy!"

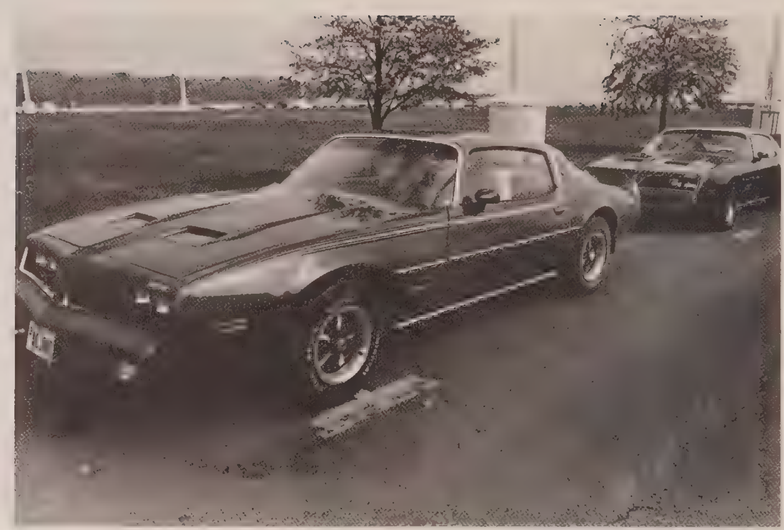
ANTHONY A. SHUTT

D.J. caused all of us many laughs during our stay at Navy. He managed to do this by making a serious attempt at verbal communication (ie. "talking). In fact, medical had him diagnosed as "untrainable" until the first set of grades came out and Smitty had "done bilged us all." Well, in the four years since we've been here, DJ has certainly proved himself -- on the basketball court, in the classroom, in his car (with the exception of the back seat) and even as a friend to several "damn Yankees". In fact, I would even go so far as to say that Danny will make a valuable addition to any branch of the service which he managed to physically qualify for.

DANNY J. SMITH

JJ came to the Academy in search of military discipline and leadership ideals. After finding neither, he then voluntarily became the protege of L. Sposato and the infamous "Old Man.' Under their glorious guidance, JJ survived the rigors of Plebe Year. All things evolve into a pattern, even JJ as his day began when he got up at ten after the magic hour of seven, but he did not open his eyes until after CB. Cautiously scoping out a Tea Fight one afternoon, JJ spotted Donna across Dahlgren Hall, and unfortunately for her, she did not have the heart to turn him down . . . the rest is history. From then on, he spent the weekends and weeknights away, becoming the Academy's first day student. Maybe he had to be witty to do this, but JJ is the master of deception, for when was he really married? In the end, possessed by a crazed and degenerate mind one night, JJ chose to be a Marine in green, only proving there is that 5%.

JOHN J. SPEGELE



SCOTT L. STAFFORD

Scott began his career at Navy on the excuse squad with a broken ankle. After that he disappeared for the remainder of plebe summer to be a manager for the Big Blue. Even that didn't last long and Scott returned to 9th Co. only to disappear once again into the art of alchemy – or was that chemistry? He did well, though. He even passed P-Chem first try. As a segundo, Scott began to emerge into society only to skip out of everything possible. And bag it he did! First class cruise was "full fart ahead" to a 2 month party in Sweden, followed by ac year loaded with 12 hours and a Trident Rack Project, even intramurals were taboo. For this, Scott donated his afternoons teaching 7th battalion's varsity aquarocks how to conquer Neptune's realm. Even the plebes better watch out. Rumors are flying that SC104 might not read "staff" under professor but "Stafford". So look out world, it might be driving subs or making bombs, but the worst that could happen to us would be – S.L. Stafford, USN, M.D.!

Lance, "Tucks," or "Woodstock" came to USNA as a Navy brat from Southern California. Adapting readily to the new environment, he quickly learned to get along by doing less. In fact, after surviving wires, he emerged in his senior year with an idea of the true Socratic learning experience. Always ready to go somewhere, on the weekends he rambled with his roomate (scruff) or Mikey (to Hood, MWC, etc.) and bounced from girl to girl.With high hopes of grad school (a real college) and leaving Pensacola next year flying P-3's (so he can get a Coors when he lands), Lance has always kept one eye on the History books and the other open for that special little blond.

LANCE N. TUCKER

We're all lucky to have had Wad around. Not only for the amount of attention that he diverted from us plebe year, but also for the entertainment that he provided over the years. First came the platoon aptitude board plebe summer. Luckily, he survived it. Next came youngster cruise and Naples where he scared all the women of the streets. While in Newport during Protramid he became a "man" and met his first true love – a 350 pound local nymph. A once dedicated Marine at heart, Wad came to his senses over first class summer. Now he's muttering a different slogan, "Surface line, mighty fine." Here's to the 9th company "SUPER-DUPER PARATROOPER" and we'll see you in Newport.

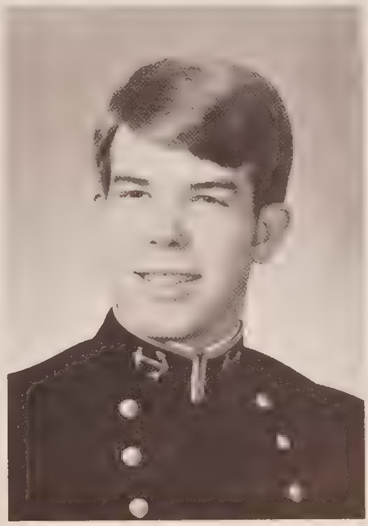
CLAUDE SIOMA WEILLER

Harry came to Navy from Naps and is a hometown seed from Youngstown, Ohio. Known for keeping 9th Co. off guard and in stitches with his quick wit and uncanny spidie sense. Army/Navy/Air Force Cottilion youngster year was one of his more memorable contributions to morale. The superman episode in the "vator", "F&C", and "the endless pursuit"make his life interesting. "Green teeth", "GHAA", "The buns", "your mom", "toot toot", and "in the biblical sense" are Harry's favorite quotables. Harry survived the academic conflict with anguish and determination. Our last memory of Harry will be the figure of a big bear waving his arm and saying:

"Haay-oooh"!

Lee came to Navy to run cross country. By Sept. of Plebe year he was over at Hubbard Hall rowing ergos. He was a member of the Hop Committee. He was in charge of Disco Dahlgren much to the chagrin of certain members of the 7th Battalion. He took time out from crew to attend jump school and BUDS. On First Class cruise he won a shiphandling award. The Marines are getting one hell of a ship driver. As a Plebe he partied in First Class' rooms. As a firstie he chased D.C.s from Mary Wash and still partied in First Class rooms. Crew however still dominates his life. If he can learn how to drive and talk on the C.B. at the same time he should make a fine wart on the pickle of progress.

HARRY MAC WOODS

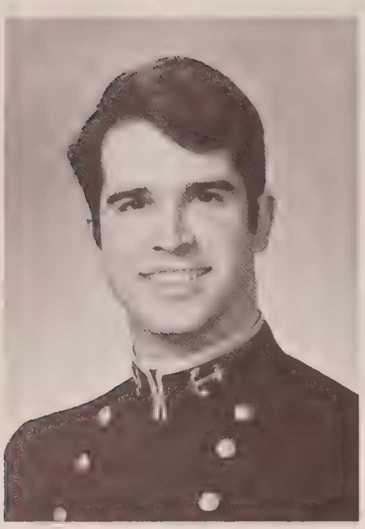


RANDLE LEE YARBERRY

ROBERT MICHAEL ZALASKUS

Bob hails from a rather large family in Great Falls, Virginia and attended Langley High School He then put in two years as a math major at Allentown College, before he was struck by a fit of craziness, and started anew as a Plebe at Navy, majoring in Electrical Engineering. Bob joined the ranks as one of the Company's "Old Men" and soon discovered that WIRES was a shocking and electrifying major. He is sticking it out though and hopes to be accepted into the Nuclear Power program and become a submariner. Though not considered a Jock at USNA, Bob has tried his hand at fencing, rugby, squash, and crew. He is a qualified Scuba diver and parachutist, but unless he can change his jump wings into water wings, I fail to see how they will be of much use to him. Bob's plans for June include graduation, preparing for Nuclear Power School, and permanently tying up to a Submariner Tender named Janice.

10th Company



ALAN T. BAKER

Al's decision to come to Annapolis was made on very short notice, so he really didn't know what to expect. Coming from Santa Ana, Calif. 5 miles from the gates of Disneyland, he never really knew what to expect anyway. He thought that Mickey Mouse was his cousin. But after all facts were considered, Al came, looked around, got a free haircut, saw that he didn't like the place, and stayed. Moreover, he stayed and managed to improve himself in spite of the system. During four years at the Academy, Al excelled in a variety of ways. He was very successful in his chosen major (history), was selected as a battalion 3 striper, and was among the first to discover Pilot pencils. Photography, travel, and people (female people) were Al's hobbies and he was never one to neglect an absorbing interest. Alan will select the Surface navy and eventually head back to California, the nut-house of the West Coast. With his multiple talents and ambitions, no goal will be unattainable.

Danny Cook came to us from the hills of West Virginia with a quick smile and a simple no worry approach to questions, orders, problems and life at the Academy. Essentially a country boy at heart he soon found bigger and better game among the women of Maryland to replace the squirrels he hunted back in Charleston. But Dr. C. never lost his country ways and remained aloof from the evils of the big city: drinking, wild women, and fast cars. His calm and quiet demeanor was an inspiration to us all in his infrequent visits to the D.C. O'Club and other reputable places. Always one to look before he leaped or dove, Danny could be counted on coming to earth quickly if need be.

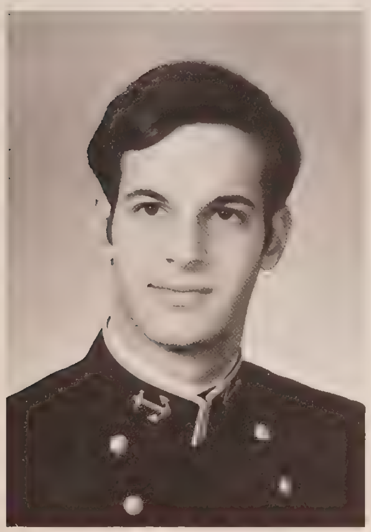
DANIEL COOK

"Pointer" had an interesting battle in becoming a Systems Engineer (I guess he made it 'cause he was at graduation). Another highlight in his brilliant career at USNA was biting a plebe in the leg as he was being carried to a pep rally. Of course, "Country" apologized. "Bill" was a devout Christian, a good friend, an individual who took a lot of ribbing for his beliefs; he always came up smiling and asked for more. "Hey 'Country', can you stand my CMOD?" was a very common phrase the first two years. Sports included coach of the second battalion football team and goalie for company fieldball. I bid farewell to this man whom I respect, and wish him the fairest of seas, flowing winds, and the best of life.

BILL COUNTRYMAN

JOHN EDWARD CURTIS

And so it was that in the summer of 1974, John, son of Col. R.J. Curtis came to Annapolis. Fresh from Desert High School, he was eager to achieve, restless in his determination to make something of himself and green as hell. He was but 17, and tended to drift around Good Times Ten in his early days, but the years in the place molded his character, his determination, and he was able to survive and to get the grades necessary for a good student discount on car insurance. He learned the drama of competition on the Co. soccer team, the invincible 2nd. Batt. Team Handball team, and sailed 10th. Co. Knockabouts in many a bloody race. He discovered the meaning of the words: hangover, PDA, BOHICA, ED "pass in review", and SURFACE LINE – MIGHTY FINE, and came to appreciate the weekend, the car, the brew, the rack, music, and rainy Wednesday afternoons as never before. And so it came to pass that his last year found him an Oceanography major, engaged, 5000 dollars in debt, and headed for S.W.O.S.

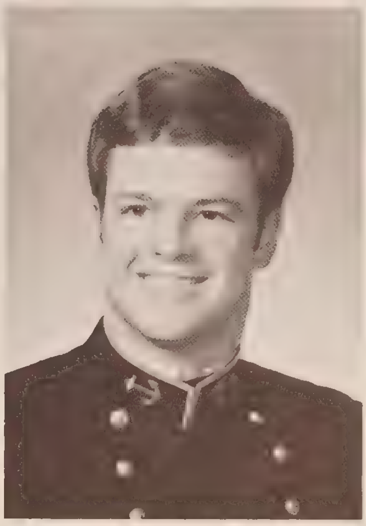


GEORGE J. DeMARCO

In July of '74 Skid left his home on Thoity-Thoid Street to sharpen his talents on the shores of the Chesapeake. His plebe year project, "1001 Ways to Wake Up Waldie," was a smashing success and he became adept at imitating "Cranes" and other rare birds. Fame was not far off. As a youngster he was crowned King Demo and reigned for two glorious months. On those nights out, Skid quickly established that he can drink like a fish. Unfortunately he swims like a keg of beer. After learning how to "shoot bogies" as a plebe, surface line is in his future. "Everyday I say I've seen it all and everyday I eat my words."

CRAIG DIFFIE

During the summer of '74 a president resigned, the Boston Celtics won the NBA title and Maryland gave us the Conway Twitty look-a-like. Whether it was sports, good times, or robbing liquor stores, Dif was always one of the toughest. We'll always remember him with a lacrosse stick in one hand, a basketball in the other, and leaning on his "Gahan" crutches. How can we forget his alligator shirts, "Waldo" haircut and that cocky grin. After 6 months of TAD, Dif and the boys will pick up in Pensacola where they left off in June. Only flying a little higher and just a little faster. (RED)



LOREN C. DIVERS

Loren came to Navy U. from the great Northwest after a year's vacation in Beautiful Bainbridge. His first ambition was to be a shipbuilder but was disheartened to discover that neither the world nor the OOW was quite ready for a ship that looked like an amoeba. So he turned his talents elsewhere, namely the Brigade Hop Committee, but at his first T-fight discovered that he wasn't ready for a girl that looked like an amoeba either. He endured however, and soon became President of that organization so he could have first pick. Loren, the only member of the Brigade with two phones (How much to call Seattle?) in his room and "belles" in his head, helped keep the Brigade entertained for four years both on the dance floor and in the boxing ring. When his show closes at Annapolis, you'll do well to catch his act in the fleet.

JOHN EHLERS

"Boston John" hails from the city of Harvard, MIT, and Boston College, which is why he came to USNA. He started off his shining career plebe year with his jacket off and a beer in his hand in Buzzy's, and almost ended it first class year while over the wall with beer in his car. This aspiring aerospace engineer rarely had time to hit the books, much less take to the air, except in drinking bouts with "the men from ten", warming up at Dahlgren then graduating to crashing the D.C. O'Club first class year. John's pride and joy was his Monza Spyder, especially when he found out that you can shift gears, drink beer and eat burgers at the same time, but then he found out that you have to watch out for trees and North Carolina policemen. We all know that John will be a great Nuke once he gets out of the bar and goes down.

ROBERT BRACY GULLEY

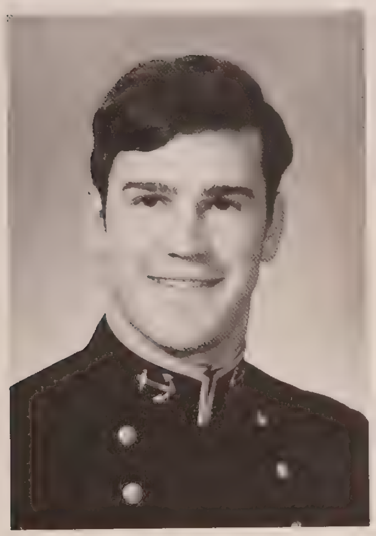
Plebe year presented many difficulties to Bobby G, like how to spend $400 on a two day excursion to California over Easter. Or how to stand up after Notre Dame in Philly. Youngster year came and the batt officer's phone became more accessible – and so did the demo's. Boxing was his sport now, but trying to get tough with his roommate got him an ambulance ride. Second class stripes brought a new girl and wires and steam EI over Christmas. First class year has found him to be one of two people in the company able to walk into a room without opening the door. After two months with little green men in Hawaii, his Corps became their Corps. But a few of us really know what happened in sunny Hawaii. RBI was one not to let academics worry him. After being unsat at every 10 wks it would be "Oh #$%&, Herb, when are you going to write my computer program?" He came, He slept, He left.

JAMES W. HERBIG

Herbs showed up in crab town well prepared for plebe year with a sailor bag full of burnt brownies. Keeping a low profile at first Army soon brought out his elephant charge call and credited him with trunking the only whoop hat. Youngster cruise sent him on a quick trip up and down the East coast with OB, from which he returned a full pledged "DALEMAN". Racked during youngster year under the cover of his EE book he awoke second class year feeling the pains of "MACRO RHINO" it is caused by nightmares of a near ax board and a young lovely bearing gifts. Stowing away on the first boat out first class summer he found himself knocking ice off his macro on his way to see the Queen. After spending a few months pay in Bermuda he decided to requisition something for himself – to do some pre-Pensacola flying on four wheels.

GLEN IVES

Glen Ives was reared chugging Colorado Koolaide. Glen's claim to fame besides being the run and gun man in 10th companys run-gun offense, is the fact that Glen has had, without a doubt, the longest hair of any midshipman for four years. Glen has many nicknames, among the most appropriate are "Baby Face Ives" and "Pretty Boy Ives". You see, Glen has shaved his peach fuzz, without lather mind you, maybe twice in the last 4 years. If missing, Glenny can always be found combing his jet black hair in front of a mirror. Oh it doesn't have to be just his mirror, it can belong to anyone. On many occasions he practices making cool faces, or laughing faces, and then picks out the ones he likes best. This is a side of Glen few people see. The real Glen is a humorous, easy going guy that will do anything for anybody. We all know Glen will do well in aviation, flying both his F-14 and his 280-Z.



GERARD LOUIS KATILIUS

Kat came to us from Pittsburgh where he first got the inkling to be a Navy Seal. Four years at USNA hasn't cured him of insanity. Although he maintained the reputation of being a quiet low-key guy, those of us who knew him weren't fooled by his "Mr. Innocent" facade. A member in good standing of the elite Black "N" club, Kat added two cherished black stars his first class year but was lucky enough to receive a Presidential Pardon just in time to see his "Honey" for Turkey Day. Ever a great Navy Football fan he led the Brigade in spirit sometimes in black leotards, sometimes in WUB"A", but always in a semi-comatose state from Friday night. Double E finally got to him and caused him to make an unsuccessful jump off the Rt. 50 bridge one afternoon. To Kat we can only wish good luck, a handful of good D.M. records and a legal bottle of beer.

Joe came to USNA unaware of the fate that was about to strike him. After a plebe summer during which he lived in constant fear, Joe rounded into the ways of the Academy. In his first semester, Joe became a member of the Buzzy's Brigade as well as visiting the Ac. Board. After this stellar academic performance Joe was quickly placed in the Aerospace major. Not being stupid, Joe moved on to bigger and better things as a Management major. Joe met his future bride on a blind date during his plebe June week. After a dull youngster year, second class year brought braces and Ralph. Throughout second class year and part of first class year Joe spent his time brushing his teeth and not going to EI. (Much to Ralph's dismay.) Being an avid sports fan, Joe loves to watch and play all sports. His love for the Braves, Vols and Dores is only exceeded by his love for free time. Good Luck to Joe and Sue in their life in the Aviation community. (Even if it is for only 5 years)

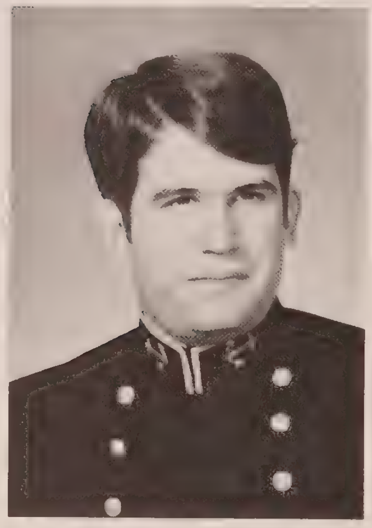
JOSEPH R. MARTIN

Braving the traffic, the Jimmy Legs, and the jitters, Larry McCracken stomped into the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology and pulled up in the middle of Good Time Ten. Surrounded by his vast collection of Reader's Digest, the Brain Trust, and Proceedings, he thrashed his way through classes, all the while setting and accomplishing his goals of uh . . . hmmm . . . reading three condenced books in one night or forcing himself not to call the wife. Turning to other activities, Larroo played on the World Champion Collegiate Intramural Softball Team after leaving an indelible mark on the varsity sailing squadron. Never one to let things go to his head, Larry also graced the light weight touch football team with his presence. Soon to graduate, Larry (who will definitely be a Lifer) will rise from Company Sub-Commander and enter the Fleet followed by a new wife and fair winds. We'll be meeting in Pensacola where the good times will roll on . . . and on . . . and on . . .

LARRY McCRACKEN

ALFRED STEVEN NUGENT, III

Uncle Al is a true son of the Garden state as anyone who has ever driven with him will readily conclude. When he's not out driving his "Suicide Celica" his favorite pastimes are sleeping and reading. In fact he managed to completely reverse his biological cycle so that he could sleep all day, through a variety of classes, and stay up all night to read or, when pressed, study. Al was never one to let his ME major interfere with his hobbies. The "Kiddies Pal" as he was called wasn't one to neglect his classmates. Al would occasionally join them in a quick beer or three regardless of whether or not he rated it. An unrecognized member of the Buzzies Brigade, Uncle Al relied on his superior intelligence and Irish good luck to enjoy a variety of pleasures at the academy including the occasional girlfriend. Although he has had some serious girls, he intends to get married "some time after I'm dead." Nuggs wants to go surface line so he can have a quiet place to sleep and read with him at all times.



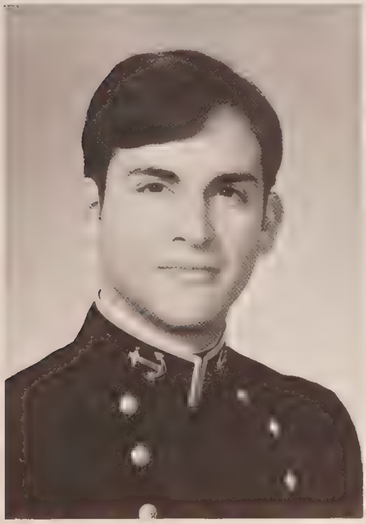
EUGENE T. OBRIEN

Terry, better known as O.B., hails from beautiful downtown Spring Hill, Florida. He arrived at Navy with hopes of excelling in athletics, playing lacrosse until he and the coaches found out his true abilities. Terry then became the best arm-chair quarterback in the company. Being a charter member of the Buzzy's Brigade motivated Terry to stay out of trouble for the following three years. O.B. slaved at academics throughout his stay at USNA, studying at least ten hours a week, sometimes! Most of Terry's time was spent working on that boiler of his. His favorite sayings were "If the minimum weren't good enough", and "You don't throw with your stomach." The future holds a June Week wedding in store for Terry. Best of luck to Terry and Wendy in the Naval Aviation community.

STEVEN W. PETRI

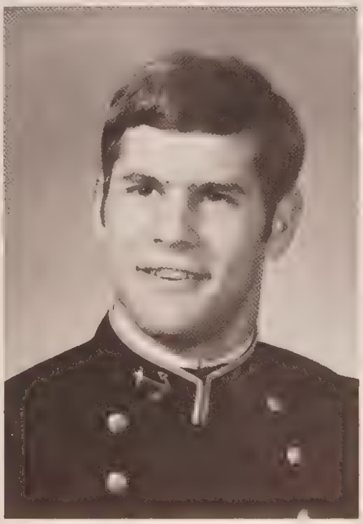
Steve came to Annapolis from Mt. Laurel, New Jersey, a great state. Ask Nugie, he'll tell ya! Plebe Summer wasn't too hard on Peach. His big problem was getting his clothes back from Norris at the start of each day. ("Excuse me. Is this mine?") Plebe year wasn't too hard on him, either. But then again, neither was 3/c year, 2/c year . . . ! At least it didn't seem too hard since Steve will graduate as a double-major — Trident Scholar. Even the duties as a striper didn't slow him down. But what Peach will be remembered most for is his ability to inhale food (No one will ever forget the "slurp" of his soup or the "crunch-crunch" of his apples) and his sincere willingness to help others with their schoolwork. He always had the time. Service Selection will find Steve skating still — Engineering Duty. The Men of Ten wish him the best of luck but we know if he does there what he did here, it'll be NO SWEAT!!

Ray came to the Academy from Corpus Christi and quickly established himself as the company's number one Cowboy fan and expert. Choosing to major in Naval Architecture, Ray developed the ability to sleep during every free period and from after evening meal until midnight and then get up to study until quarters. His greatest achievement while at the Academy was going from a 0.84 to a 2.00 first semester second class year. As a consistent player on the company fastpitch team he is best known for saying "What the hey?!" The yellow duck in the wardroom will be gone next year as will Ray, but he will remain in the thoughts of the members of Good Times Ten for a long time.



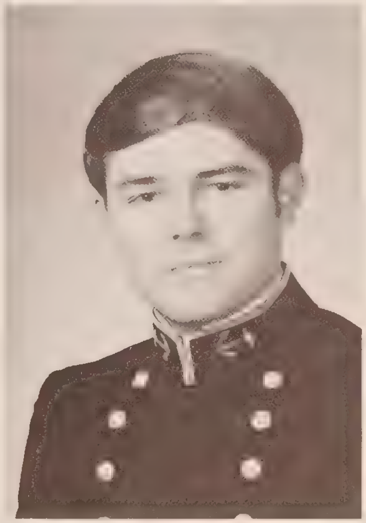
RAMON R. SAENZ

Well, it has been a dull four years at USNA, but Steve was used to it, he is from DULuth. From the beginning Steve had his own style. We knew we were in trouble when he brought Teddy along. Yes, it was a tradition with Steve. He boxed four years but never won. He was company commander first set and he was the first to wreck his car. Don't get the wrong impression, Steve was good at a lot of things, getting into debt, youngster cruizzze, and grades. Second class year he finally learned to party and that fixed his grades. This really rounded Steve out. Speaking of ROUNDING out have you seen Steve lately? Steve will be sailing under the ocean blue. Let's just hope he has learned how not to run into mountains and things. Let us all remember he came a nerd and graduated a Selnerd!



STEVE SELLNER

Simpy is from Albu-turkey, NM. He is a friendly, easy-going guy who is not afraid to help anyone and put his tail on the line if he has to. Once a Mechanical Engineer, Garry is now an expert in the field of Physical Sciences. Just ask him about Killer Whales and last minute term papers. Garry is a very industrious person, crowned as "Wardroom King," and spending many long hours listening to Jerry Jeff. He splits his free time between the rack, TV, bars and entertaining the friendly Naval Academy Police Force. Also known as "Mr. Appearance," Garry has been setting an unusual example for all cool dudes to follow. He has always enjoyed the pleasures of wearing white works to classes, and growing a good turf of hair. He plans on Pensacola after graduation and a future as a fighter pilot.

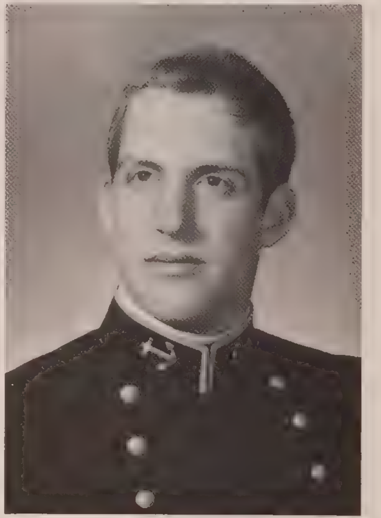


GARRY SIMPSON

ROBERT SAM SOWELL

Robert Sam (Steve) Sowell came to USNA from Savannah, Ga., with several goals in mind: 1) get a 'Vette, 2) be the best swimmer to come out of Navy, 3) keep things hot on the homefront, 4) lose his drawl, 5) graduate, and 6) be a jet jock. He might make one out of six. That's been Sam's general methodology – set enough goals so that he can accomplish at least one: "I think I'll try to be an ocean engineer; if that doesn't work, I can always be a physical scientist." Sam has tried to maintain a low profile while here at Camp Annapolis, but he doesn't like to be told how to do things: "Don't tell me how to cut hair. I've been cutting hair for three years . . . oops, good evening, sir!" Sam will be sailing the ocean blue after graduation and still wondering why he was chosen as Marine Corps rep!

One of the most easy-going guys in the company, Ronnie is what they mean when they say "Good time 10." Out of Erie, Pa. with Ernie Strohs, Ugs adjusted well to life at Boat School. Go easy during the week and go blind on the weekends. After only a few parties Ron earned the name "Chug"low and he's lived up to it rather well. A tough competitor, Ronnie makes everything look easy, even marching. On the court he played so hard they gave him a new name, "the Axe." Graduation and 6 months of TAD will take Chugs to Nuclear Power School. "But first I want a chance to grow my hair out" he says. We know Ronnie.



RONALD J. UGLOW

Kenny Waldie came out of the "burgh," Pa. with the attitude of "lets put out for the Big Blue!" Those of us who have come to know him, understand exactly what he means. The Waldo was notorious plebe year for always helping out his friends; from whispering the entire football team (name, position and numbers!) to the guy sitting next him at the table, to always coming up with the most elusive gouge, Kenny was always there. It didn't take too long for the goys to find out about him. They elected him class president 3 years running. Whether it was in the ring, on the court, or on the dance floor, with "happy feet," "old Ben" was unbeatable. If his knees hold out, it looks like surface line as near to Pittsburgh as he can get and maybe later on, president of U.S. Steel. Hey Kenny! Why can't you wait until tomorrow?

KENNETH E. WALDIE

After saying goodbye to San Diego and taking a year's vacation at NAPS Chip decided to drop in on the Academy. Surviving Plebe summer with a Texan and Navigator (heaven forbid) he came out of his shell and many closets, showers, and laundry carts to develop the Walston image. From Capt. Feldman, brother Marty,and the munchkins, WUBA & killer bees to taking out his roomy's girlfriend, Chip never ceased to amaze his friends. During the four years Chip's love of tennis and studying wore heavily on his brow. On Cruise he fascinated us by proving that he could indeed grow hair . . . on his lip. Nice stash, Chip. Furthermore, Chip was never one to pass up a party where he could display his athletic prowess at lifting 12 ox. curls. Chip was a celebrity here at USNA in that he used his Amundson talents to carry off Nerolich Maloche on the Dating Game. As a future Naval Aviator Chip's favorite Naval saying is "I'm a sicky!"

THOMAS L. WALSTON

Tom, tenth company's very own P-King, came out of the backwoods of West Virginia to corrupt the minds of all those of us unaware of his special talents. In his never ending search for professional excellence he personally supervised the showing of mandatory pro-flicks (they sure weren't amateurs) for the firsties on duty or restriction. For four years Tom managed to actually do well academically while most of us barely got by. USNA was too easy for him so instead of waiting until graduation to go to PG school (Patrol Gunboat school?) he started working on his Masters during 1/c year. How Tom managed to room with that sicky he roomed with I'll never know. Obviously he'll have a new one upon leaving Boat School, but its not known whether he will become number 5 or wind up with that Porshe he has been driving for two years. Either way, he's got the tools (whips, leather, etc.) to succeed in his every pursuit.

THOMAS W. WHITEHOUSE

Only two words are necessary to describe Bill, CRAZINESS and COPS. No matter where he's at the other two are sure to follow. Yeags came to USNA from a small town in Ohio, Cincinnati. Being a bagger at heart, he took the "T-table option" as a plebe with the Navy wrestlers. As fate would have it, Bill saw the light youngster year and gave up on the mats for the KEGS and KEGS of NAVY RUBGY. Being a character, as he was, he fit right in with the rest of the club and as a firstie he headed that elite organization as their – PRESIDENT? Always playing with watery knees and a heart bigger than his mouth, Yeags was best known for his great(?), uh partying. One big thing has been omitted. Youngster year Yeags met a hot little WAREAGLE and the only thing we can be sure of is that Yeags wants P'cola so he can be close to her until they get married. Yes, I guess three words could sum it up, CRAZINESS, KAREN, and a lot of SUCCESS. That's Bill . . . I'll have the hambooorgairs . . . Yes, but can you do it on one foot . . . Oh the shark bites – with his . . .

BILL YEAGER

11th Company

VINCENT MICHAEL BALDERRAMA

Vince arrived at USNA on a plane from Costa Mesa, California, and plans to leave on one – MARINE AIR. By the end of Plebe Summer he had acquired three hats: Company Cdr., Co. Rep., and Class President. Plebe year academics came as a shock to Vince, a change from fun in the sun, but he stuck it out and scarfed up on an early cruise. Returning to Bancroft, Vince took up residence in the sandblower room. Despite some animosities and academics (again), the year passed quickly. Those who thought only God could perform miracles were proved wrong as Vince changed from rock to fish. Second Class year the academic drag was too great and the Areo major transitioned to Phi Si. That spring Vince found his place in Navy athletics earning an N in Crew. The final year was characterized by too much work, too little sleep, and too big phone bills. Vince will be remembered by all of his classmates as he becomes the best of the few good men. Fitting Expression = THAT'S CONFIDENCE

GEORGE HAMILTON BILLY, IV

George, hailing from Kirkwood, Missouri has proven to be a little short on physical stature, but not much else. Plebe year proved to be a real challenge coming out with a 3.8. Being a Marine Engineer "The Kid" was found necking it on the weekends until that silver Z came along. An avid sportsman, George could be found taking off to the mountains for the weekend for some camping and fishing. The little gnarl was known for his arm wrestling prowess, setting up a date for his classmate, and checking out the O Club on a Friday night, Plebe year?!. Even with his beltbuckle view of the world, George has decided that being a bubblehead wouldn't be that bad and will undoubtedly prove to be an outstanding Naval Officer.

STEVEN BRASHEAR

Steve, known by some of his classmates as Geeto, came to the Academy as an Air Force junior with hopes to follow in his father's footsteps. After four semesters of academics he found his selected major a little out of his field, and decided to become an always-studying General Engineer. Steve excelled in such sports as company soccer and battalion handball. He considers his contributions during his second class year to the Company Brigade Champion Soccer Team as the highlite of his athletic career. As Steve leaves the Academy with hopes to fly in the wild blue yonder, he is sad in some respects and happy in others, but no longer sorry that he came.

WALTER W. BROWN, III

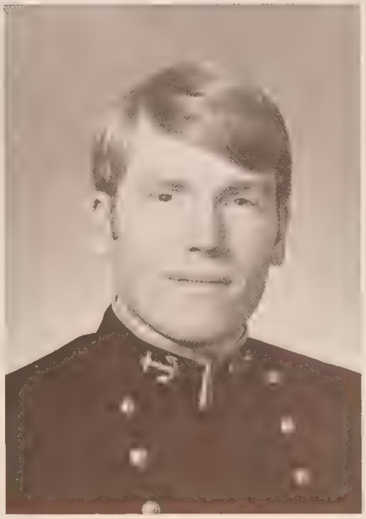
Walt came to the Academy from Phoenix, Arizona. His true home is Indiana where he went after Youngster cruise to woo his OAO. Youngster year he buckled down to become an Ocean Engineer. Second class summer he had his first command as leader of the Olympic platoon which earned him the name Avery Brundidge. Walt's claim to sports fame came Second class year as a member of the Brigade champion battalion squash team. Walt was the conservative among us. His time was spent striving for academic excellence and looking forward to legal married life. Walt leaves the Academy anticipating a career in the Supply Corps and there is no doubt he will be a success at whatever he undertakes.

BARTON B. BUECHNER

It is "Black Bart" of whom I speak,
Some folks like to call him "Beek"
A salty character from Fort Wayne
Who came out east to win his fame.
With 'possum smile and poison pen
Became an English Major, then
Wrote for "The Log," and raised some Cain.
Music, too, provides him pride
And better yet a place to hide.

It's hard to imitate his style.
And even now he's on the run
But he'll say, "it's just for fun!"
This is one guy you just can't rile.

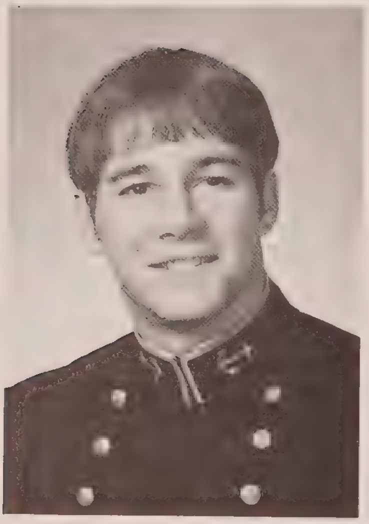
Rusty, known by many as the flamboyant redhead on the courts, or for his quick wit in class, or easy style in the game of life. Rusty is unique. He must be since he hails from the "BORO" where legends are made. While at these hallowed grounds he shared his talents with Navy Basketball, Company Light Weights, fellow "Double Major" personnel, and the women. You can count on Rusty for friendship, gouge, a good laugh and leadership. The man is a straight talker when it is time to stand up and be recognized. With Rusty in the corner how can you lose, he radiates confidence, you will not be confused. Big Red will be a tremendous asset to the surface community.



CHARLES N. CONE

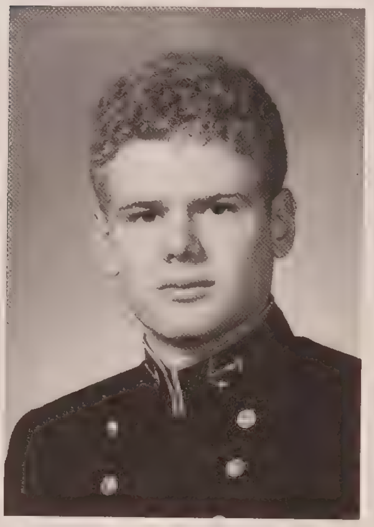
Tom came to Severn Tech from Marion Mass.; choosing USNA over MIT. MIT's loss proved to be Navy's gain as Tom quickly applied himself; putting his shoulder to the wheel and nose to the grindstone. Even in such an awkward position he survived Plebe year and beaded a 3.0+QPR. Youngster year "Crow" teamed up with a pair of socially deviated sandblowers to form the dreaded Rat Patrol and survived the "War." Even as head conductor of the E.I. Express Tom managed to shut down the gouge station long enough to get his own work done; getting an N in sailing too. 2/c year found Tom also involved in "fieldknarl", suffering a minimum of broken bones. He finally got his 4.0 as a Systems Major. Tom's 1/c Nuc sub cruise made service selection a "little" easier — Nuc surface or conventional. Tom? We're still waiting for the coin toss to decide. MIT's still looking for a good "Fellow." Perhaps P.G. school? Whatever, if THEY don't like they can ESAD! Still, Tom will always be 4.0 in OUR books; remembered as our tutor, confidant, and good friend.

THOMAS D. CROWLEY



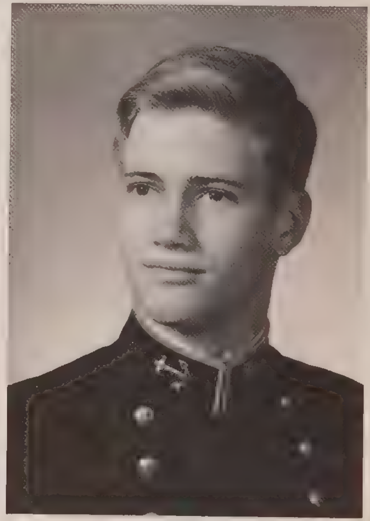
BARTH DOROSHUK

Bart, known as Doro, a Citadel man, prepared to take on the Nav. USNA had a different plan, pressuring this Californian with The Bear and 150 demerits; but The Doro lived on. He began his tradition of being a ladies' man, somehow dragging over 90% of the weekends. Undaunted, he outperformed himself 3/c year not only as the inside ladies' man but as the counterpart with Jack Shaughnessy in the famous dynamic duo. Such exploits of the playboy included a twin lady kidnap to Doobie's house. As Jack rolled out, Bart elevated his military sights. While studying many hours for Marine Engineering he still found time to buy an expensive Firebird, pump weights, and entertain many ladies. Bart was now on his way, expanding his horizons in every direction. By 1/c year Bart was awarded 2 stripes for Platoon Leader, traded his Firebird for a classy Jensen, achieved an Atlas physique, and broke 3 engagements. Bart, unattached but not untouched, was ready to become a successful submariner, capable of any task. GOOD LUCK DRM



MARTIN A. DRAKE

Mad Dog Drake drifted north from Alabama one day and got sucked into the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology for four years. With his Southern ways and friendly personality, he easily made many friends. Second class year, Mad Dog became well acquainted with the Chief and the Coach and through various exploits helped make the power of the back shaft well known. After many nights in Dahlgren, he finally found a winner from Maryland and those who frequent U.S. 50 are bound to see his Rally Sport Camaro leaving on Friday and returning at 1825 on Sunday. It looks like Mad Dog will become a Mild Dog after graduation. Marty's decision to be a blackshoe is the best thing that's happened to Surface Line in many years. He's one of a few I would want to serve with anywhere at anytime. Thanks for all the good times Mad Dog — it's been great! "May the force always be with you!" Roll Tide!



JOHN DAVID DWYER

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow man sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.
— Henry Van Dyke

Matthew came to Annapolis from the country they call a state in New England insisting that quality was important, not quantity. We questioned that until Newport of Protramid and we found out for ourselves how good that little state was. After an uneventful first year of just soccer and books, the GEE was quickly indoctrinated to marching to the sun's early rays, getting away with the max, and general good times with the click. As youngster year ended and so did the Navy for many of Matthew's friends, Matthew was pretty sure he'd stick it out and has never regretted that decision. Matthew was very pleased to find his brother Gee back and together they enjoyed the last two years of nights of backgammon and English muffins and weekends with the finer things in life in DC and College Park. Inseparable while here, the GEE brothers continue to be as they head to Pepsi-Cola together in search of those

Bob spent his four year spell at USNA trying (though not always succeeding) to "go placidly among the noise and haste." Learning to love and loving to learn succinctly describes his life as a midshipman. The former task was easy after he found two proper objects of his love — Christ and Kathie. The latter task, though little aided by the EE department, also came naturally to him. For three years, he had everybody (including himself) fooled into thinking he would go nuclear subs. However, he saw the light when it came time for service selection and chose surface line.

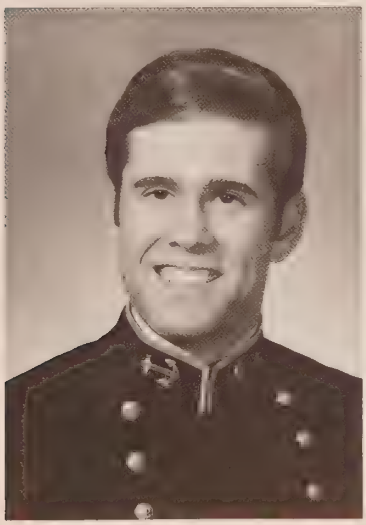
He will be like a tree firmly planted by streams of water.

Which yields its fruit in its season,

Its leaf does not wither: And in whatever he does, he prospers

MATTHEW PAUL ELIAS

ROBERT W. GILLETT

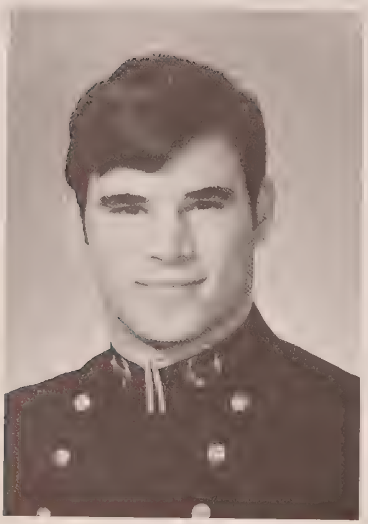


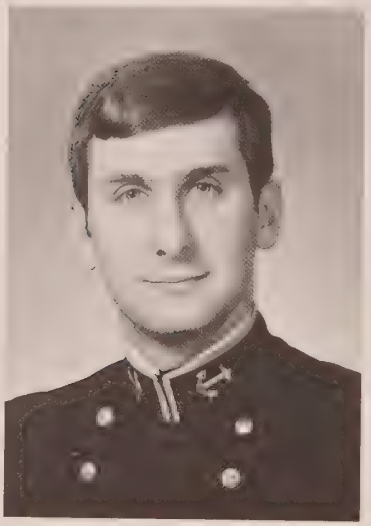
PRENTISS JAY HALL

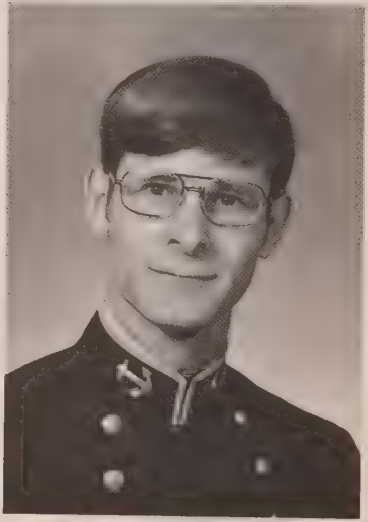
The Chief decended upon the Academy in a fray of spears and arrows — most of them not too straight-laced and few returning to give him the shaft. Contrary to popular belief, The Chief is a real Indian, especially when he got something out of it: like minority recruiting, his picture in the paper, etc. When he came to the U.S. of Seas, he used his smooth southern style, his wide grin, and his Texas drawl to win him many friends; both male and female. Youngster year saw this fine brave spending much of his wampum on one special squaw. It seems the wigwam will have a new chief after graduation but then again there's still hope for him. Service Selection will be tough for The Chief. At first he wanted to play Cowboys and Indians with the Marines. He gave that up when he couldn't take his hair dryer out on bivouac. The next choice was Air, but his hair spray wasn't rated for jet blasts. It looks as if the Boat Drivers win be default and they'll be glad to get this warrior. Heck, even I'd like to serve duty with him . . . GIG 'EM!

"Beamer" came to us from Reading Pa, via Wyoming Seminary, on his way to acquiring wings of gold and finding a home in the community of Naval Aviation. Not being one to waste time, Scott directed the majority of his efforts toward academic excellence by spending his weekends at his own personal desk in the library. When he wasn't studying he might have been found splashing his way toward a Batt Waterpolo victory or playing for the company soccer team. There was also some time well spent planning ski trips, flying his airplane, or working on some of the few remaining reparable parts on "Le Car". Though Scott was a great advocater of peace and quiet, he never seemed to be absent when things started getting rowdy or when good times were to be had. "Beamer" was definitely one of the boys, liked by all, and a welcome guy to have around anytime.

"Lew" doesn't really have a home. He's lived in lots of places. Hawaii sounds good so that's where I'll say he's from. Coming to the Academy he had to trade his long hair, surfboard, Charger, and later his girl for a Bobcat, motorcycle, and a wider variety of female companionship. You had to be careful around Lew 'cause it would be impolite to call his present girl by last weeks model's name (I still don't see how he does it – it must be the motorcycle.) Besides girls Lew had other interests. He was active in all kinds of USNA ECA's and he was a talented musician (maybe it was the guitar, hummmm). Grades came easy to this marvel of a man. Hew was always in bed by 2400 (that's Navy for 12 pm) and rarely used the weekends for academic endeavor. Actually I'm jealous. Me with my 1.6 and him with his 3.6; but then again we all graduate – eventually. Planning to fly come service selection night, we wish him clear skies and a good wingman.

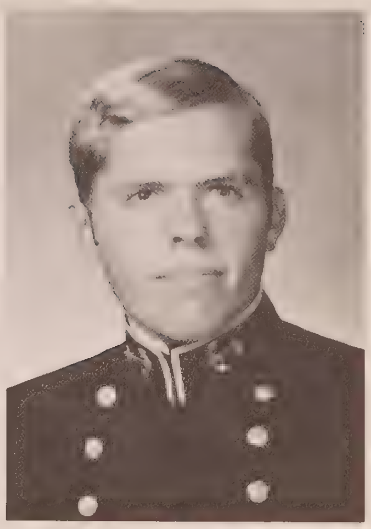

JOHN M. KUROWSKI


SCOTT LEE LASER


MICHAEL C. LEWIS

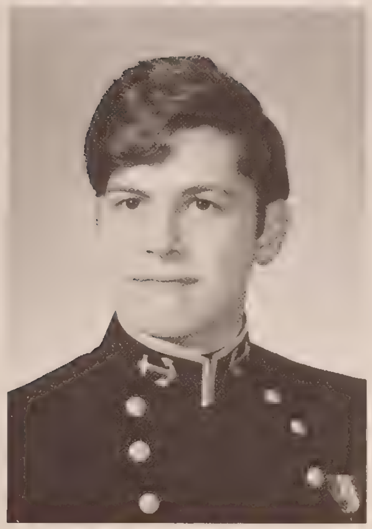
Long live Poland, Even though John was born in Michigan, he is a native Floridian. Sports are the major part of his life. He was a 3 year letterman for Navy football and started wherever George wanted him to. He is quiet, reserved, modest, proud, confident, stubborn, quick tempered, cheerful, old fashioned, shy, superstitious, cool, funloving, well mannered, composed, but most of all John is unique. Anyone who knows him respects him. He earned stars a few times but wouldn't wear them. Losing and mistakes are words missing from his vocabulary. His uniqueness includes the worst jokes immaginable and musical tastes from Fleetwood Mac to Boots Randolf. He knows what he wants. Second set company commander is a small token for all he has done for us. No matter what he does, he'll start in Florida and he won't give up. Number 11 won't soon be forgotten.

Datsun
280Z



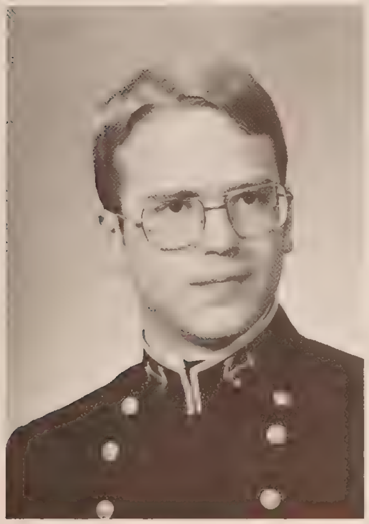
GARY W. LOVGREN

If there's snow on the ground, you can be sure that this blond haired, blue eyed California boy will 'head for the hills," ie: the ski slopes. Always one to make the best of any situation, if the weather's warmer, he'll be up in the mountains anyway, backpacking, with his wineskin firmly tucked into his jacket. A Political Science major with a tendency towards law school, Gary plans to try out P-3's for a while first. A conscientious worker, he manages to keep his grades up despite rooming with the Troll, a notorious distruptive force. Easy going and friendly, with a "Continental" manner and quite good taste, Gary will undoubtedly be an officer of the type that restores your faith in human beings.



DEAN MARZETTA

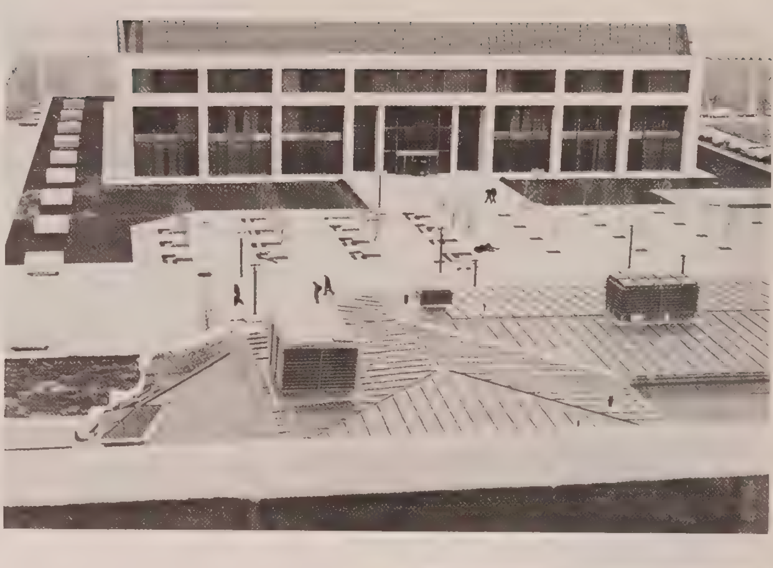
After one year at NAPS Deano reported in motivated and prepared, only to be met by a guy named Whitmer who told him that he was to be weeded out within 2 weeks. 120 demerits and 7 inches of hair later the quiet plebe known to his classmates as Marz exploded into Disco YowWow, conquering the DC establishment, the Plum. That not being enough he became one of the top ten Hustlers in the country. Starting in his 2/c year to accumulate what was to be part of his prize possession, Disco bought a stereo with so many noise limiters all you heard were perfectly stabliized electrons passing through the transistors. But Deano was not through acquiring the correct ingredients to become a star. 1/c year brought 2 stripes and finally the Coup de Grasse, a 1978 Corvette. Deano will always be remembered for his laugh, his hair, and his worldly style. Flight school and a flying career wait for the Marz after graduation. Well respected by all, Deano will undoubtedly succeed. BWD



THEODORE PLAUTZ

Ted came to this Chesapeake institute from the mile high city of that mountainous state of Colorado. Known as Kwai Chang because of his rather different major of Chinese, he also became known for many other things while here, though academic excellence was not one of them. His love of TV and his hours logged with it, made him undisputed Wardroom Czar his final year at the uncollege. His love of reading and his tremendous personal library also were well known to the company. He was never known to turn down a beer, and was drinking buddy with anyone. Now he has chosen the Marine Corps as his new home, where he shall put all his future efforts, as he joins the ranks of those few good men.

H. SCOTT RODGERS

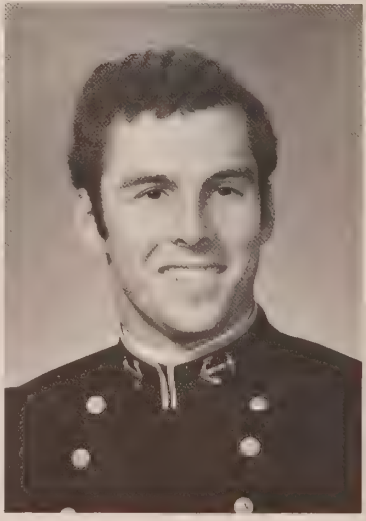


Scott, or better known by his friends as "H", came to the Academy from Sunnyvale, California via a year of prep school with the aspiration of becoming a pilot. Plebe year proved to be rough academically, and it took three years, a change of major, and some concern over his eyesight before "H" was able to reach his goal. A real woman-killer, he adroitly maneuvered first class year to avoid getting "tied-down." An avid sportsman and an experienced glider pilot, "H" was found to be leaving the Academy on the weekends to explore the flora and the fauna, or more likely wine, women, and song. A willing confidant, Scott's door was always open, causing him to become involved in a number of intrigues. But most of all, Scott will be remembered by his classmates and his friends as a serious young man, with a likeable smile and a sense of humor; and he will prove to be an outstanding naval officer and an asset to naval aviation.

Aero Major for the Nav, Glee clubber, singer of songs,
Player with women, and occasional soccer balls,
Cursing, Laughing, "Subtle",
Painter of the Green Indians.
They tell me you are clever and I believe them,
For I have seen you talk your way out of more demerits
Than even the President could pardon.
They say you are foul and I answer "No . . . (kidding)"
For I have seen you drink mass quantities of beer
And return and strive to "pass gas"
And having answered so, I turn to those who sneer and say to them:
Show me another Mid who never lets you down,
Who isn't afraid to argue for what he believes in,
No matter what the odds.
Independent, Stubborn, Skeptical, but; his own man.

JAMES E. VANDERKAMP JR.

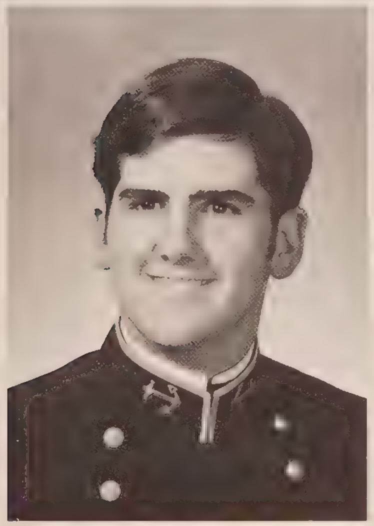
Articulate, well mannered, and intelligent describe Rodger. A good athlete, Company Commander, and continental lover also describe him. Always borrowing your things, always on 3 striper libs, and always losing in wrestling give a good look at him. A man of considerable talents, Rodger arrived at USNA from California and immediately began development as a leader and as a scholar after being a 3/C year EE major. He helped get USNA Volleyball started and was captain 1/C and 2/C year. No task being too big, he could be counted on to get the job done and also have time for liberty. He could also be counted as being a true friend and those who knew him are better for it. His father graduated from USNA in 1951 and 27 years later, Rodger has followed his footsteps into Navy Air. The Navy is lucky to obtain another officer of such high caliber.



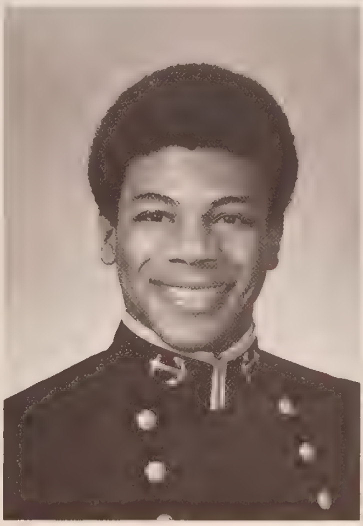
RODGER WELCH

Casual Phil didn't come far to get to Boat School but at times he wished he hadn't even come that distance. Phil enjoyed an eventful first two years of card games at the big green tables, mornings watching the sun rise, and many super times with the "good guy" click. But at the end of two, the click dissipated and almost took Phil with it, but he returned to keep his brother Gee company and enjoy the final years of flog, M&M's, O.J., muffins, and gammon. Even graduation won't separate the Gee Brothers as both plan to transfer their act to Pepsi-cola.

Having spent 4 long years at USNA, here is one man who is definitely ready to move on. Daryl, during the course of his stay managed to leave a long-lasting impression on many people. Being quite an invididual, he obtained the title of "THE NON-CONFORMIST." It never mattered the subject or situation, he just had to be different. However, his being differnt never affected his ability to have good times with his vast number of friends. From all of US here's the BEST OF LUCK to you – SERIOUSLY!!!



PHILIP A. WINTERS



DARYL L. WOOD

TERRAY E. WOOD

No one has had a better time cruising through four years of Academy life than Terray. Taking life as casually as possible, Navy changed him very little. If everyone enjoyed life as much as the Troll, the attrition rate would drop to zero. We should all learn something from Terray: Lay back, take things a little easier, everything will work out in the end.

COREY BICKMORE

12th Company

Corey emerged at USNA as an instant standout with his tall stature and equally tall tales. A very unique individual, Bic could always be relied on for an interpretation of anything from the latest issue of "The Mighty Hulk" to the origin of the Egyptian pyramids. Corey found validation of swimming routine due to his background as a Junior Olympian swimmer. "Slick" had three goals in life — to own a fast car, fill it with fast women, and be a spy. 33% isn't too bad! Corey's Formula 400 could down more fluid in a minute than he could all night and it could hold it better too. Bic, the music lover that he is, decided to form a warmup group with Elton at the Fleetwood Mac concert and they were so good the Academy had them performing daily outside Main (O). But whether studying for his ISA major or studying the TV Guide, Corey is a hard worker and a good friend. Surface Line is getting a big addition to their numbers and we wish him the best in life and at fulfilling the remaining 67% of his goals.

Lake Worth Florida is the home of the infamous James P. Clager, entrepeneur and heavy date. Jim, referred to as "JP" by his intimate friends at Deke's Deli, spent more time sampling the finer points of Dahlgren Hall than with his major, Aerospace Engineering. Jim has selected Naval Aviation which will bring him closer to home and his favorite hot spot, Disney World. There at the Magic Kingdom Jim "draws up" on a little R and R — Rest and Regression (to about age 12). Jim is an individual of many talents and has become involved in many of his own ECA'S. The foremost being a member, of good standing, in an extremely prestigious organization. The men of 12th, and the women of the local Annapolis area, wish Jim a long and successful career as a Naval Aviator.

JAMES P. CLAGER

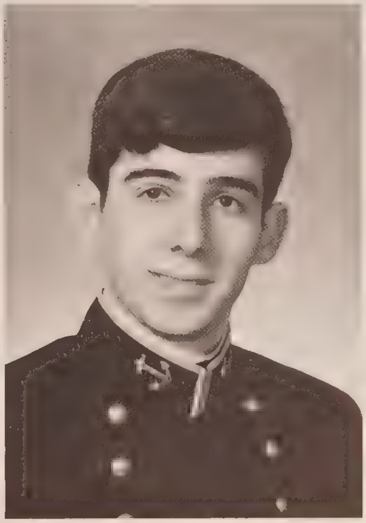
After spending a year in preparation for USNA at the Marine Military Academy Scott came to Annapolis with high hopes of making it through plebe year. He made it through plebe year without a cry or a wimper with the aid of countless letters from his one and only. Scott has accomplished two very outstanding goals while attending the boat school; first he finished all his studies in a minimal amount of time and second he accumulated more liberty hours than any other midshipman at USNA. While picking up the nickname of "grandma" from his drill field leadership, Scott maintained a grade point average in the top 5% of his class. However, he still found plenty of time to help others and have a good time. Going into nuclear power, or should it be, he was nuked and will be marrying his fiancee, Judy, upon graduation.

SCOTT S. DARLING

Bill Davis is a bona fide cowboy who hails from Houston, Texas. After graduating from high school in 1971 (at 25 Bill is the old man of the company), and before coming to U.S.N.A., he spent two years in the Marine Corps. He seems to spend most of his time here sleeping or watching T.V. but still manages to get decent grades. It's not because he studies on the weekends either (his initials aren't W.E. for nothing). He spends his weekends with his (although he doesn't know it yet) wife-to-be. Upon graduating from U.S.N.A., Bill is returning to the Marine Corps as an infantry officer. At present he intends to leave the service after his five-year commitment and go into politics. He hopes, eventually, to go all the way to the top (maybe even higher[?]). I think I'll buy some land in Canada: just in case he makes it.

WILLIAM E. DAVIS

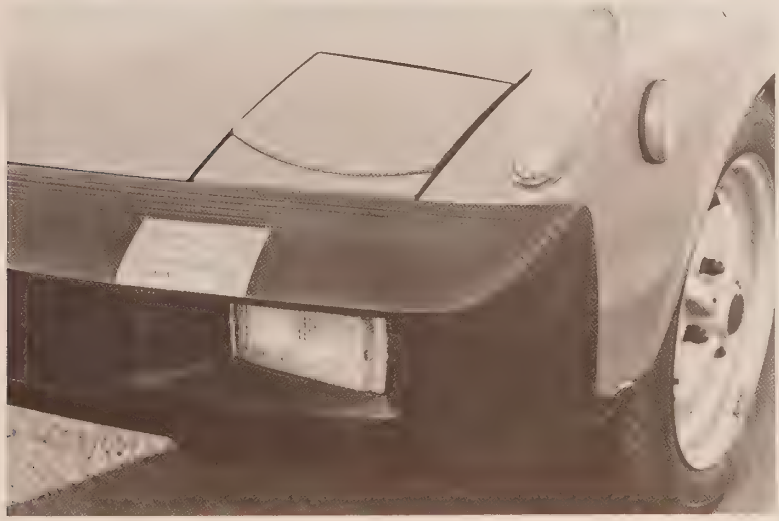
Tom began at USNA on the run and never stopped running, or should I say running around all four years. one and only time I ran with Tom I soon discovered why he was Delaware's best. I still can't understand how Tom could get up so early to run around the Yard. His favorite?, "Coach Al", must have taught the C.C. Team how to sleep while they ran. Go Get 'em Cleveland Browns! Tom will also never be forgotten for the goodies sent to him from home. His family will never know his roommates gained more weight from all the cakes and cookies than Tom did. And speaking of goodies, who could forget the goodies J.B. found in Tom's top locker in a Plebe summer formal room inspection. In public Tom was never known to say much, but a few people knew that behind closed doors he was really out-spoken, his late night noises could arouse anyone. The surface warfare community is truly getting a sharp and well-disciplined individual with Tom. When asked to perform he'll always be there to win the big race.



THOMAS J. DUDLEY

RUDOLPH N. ESCHER

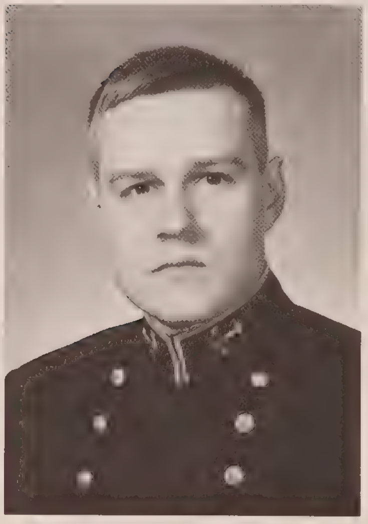
There were few nights in the 12th Company Clubhouse when Rudy wasn't leading the pack. An experienced player from Trenton, N.J., he managed to run the only real Pub in the Ghetto with late night cards. Freshman year found Rudy on the YP's where his main interests were weekend trips and escape work. With a mind for wires he jumped into EE sophomore year and blew a few too many fuses, only to join the ranks of do or die QPR high. Rudy managed to sit fat for most of Junior year until his true initiation into the club. After that eventful weekend he decided to wait until October First Class year to show Annapolis his new car. He never lost sight of that submarine and necked it just enough to keep everybody happy. Though he chose to leave the sunshine behind. with Rudy in the lead there will always be enough imagination to fill any book of dreams.



JEFFREY L. FOWLER

From the frozen Tundra of the North to the mighty banks of the Chesapeake: starry, starry night; Simle, Mr. Lund, and Geography; Roma Lingua scholars; 18-mile frozen treks; no one understands; red carpet treatments and vodka sours — The Twins; Bismarck Municipal Airport — hellos & goodbyes; N.D. chicks and paranoid personalities; a fishing vessel on Crooked Lake Aug. 25 '75; rum cokes and "The 26 or Bust Club"; OpsInfo — fish dinners; 2/c New Year's Eve (-27F outside, 78+F inside); Ocean City — Labor Day '77 — a frisbee game; Mechanical Engineering and a 3.8+; Jeff can truly say: Veni, Vidi, Vici.

Walt came to the Naval Academy from the foothills of North Carolina where short hair, moonpies, and Dr. Pepper are king. After suffering through a year of wild parties and fast women in college, he decided to take a rest. Shortly thereafter, he appeared on the doorsteps of "Old Mother B". Walt's high grades and administrative ability made him a shoe-in for CAO first class year. Not only does he love to fly airplanes; he loves to jump out of them, too. One could always count on Walt to greet him with a warm smile and a healthy "ARRUGAHH!" Upon graduation he will give up his dress blues in exchange for a set of greens, and hopes to return to the Tarheel State to turn old and "GRAY" among the hills.



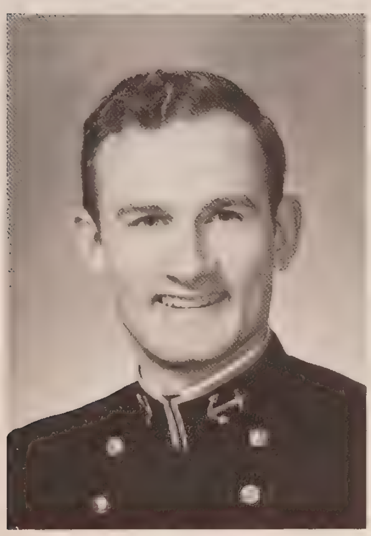
WALTER GRAY

Linthicum Maryland's loss has been the gain of Buck City, the Clampet's and occasionally Navy's. If Mike would go home now and then, he'd be in less trouble with his Mother than he is in at school. When additional priviledges were given each year, Mike would take the proverbial "mile"; he took the additional demerits, too. Since plebe year, Mike has had many good times with the Varsity Lacrosse Team; especially with Bergs, Slaz, and doing its admin work. Senior year came and brought many week-night extras. The more notorious of these are: class "A" haircuts, clubhouse parties and, of course, midnight cards. There was one driving force that helped Mike through his visit at Navy: His never ending pursuit of life, liberty and a buzz. It's casual Gurns.

MICHAEL J. GURNY

TIMOTHY CARL HANIFEN

When Tim came to USNA from nearby Towson Md., he gained immediate recognition within the company in many ways. With his towering stature and white head, he was a sure target for the 1/c. Tim almost took the Academy too seriously – who else would stop for a Jimmyleg during a recon raid? We'll never forget his unique voice and 'attempts' at calling cadence Plebe Year. As time progressed, Tim became "professionally" oriented; especially concerning his beloved Corps (remember the boots?). As an upperclassman, he was a Plebe's nightmare. Tim's devotion to the Academy and company made his a ready source of spirit. Although not much of a singer, he was stellar on the B-ball court. Tim was a hard worker in many company activities and always did his share of the work. Four years of Blue and Gold may have mellowed him into Navy Air but wherever he ends up, he'll be an officer and gentleman.



NEIL F. KENNEDY

Neil came to the Naval Academy from the quaint New England town of Exeter N.H., after spending one year at NAPS. When academics came, Neil chose history as a major, but still had to learn that an HP-21 was not a new kind of jet fuel. Youngster year was a breath of fresh air after putting up with Ski plebe year. But Neil still worked hard, for he could always be seen heading for Rickover on Friday nights, books in one hand, TV guide in the other. It was second class year when Neil invented the noble character "Abdul the Sheik" on halloween night. But whether it be Abdul or John Kennedy, Neil is quite the comic his showmanship reveals. He's always good for a quick one-liner at the right moment. Neil's first class cruise finally convinced him that aviation was the only way to go. With that goal in mind and a fine sense of personal pride and professionalism, I expect Neil to be one of the best Naval officers the Service has seen in years.

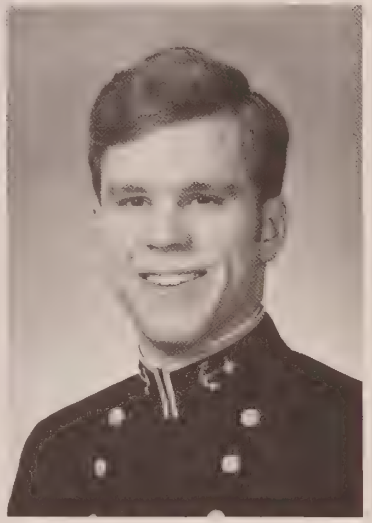
DENNIS LEE KOEHL

Dennis blessed our stay at Navy "from the word GO." He must have floated here from Pennsauken, N.H., on a river of sweat. Dennis quickly took charge of any situation, going on the theory that the loudest voice is right, especially in the room. He embellished "Yoos Guys" with his unique vocabulary. During Youngster year he acquired the nickname "Deke", which we'll remember him by forever. Dennis' drive, desire, and self-discipline earned him a starting spot on the 150's Team all four years, and got him through a Mechanical Engineering Major. Being a seeker of the gouge, Deke could be found on any night by following the sweat beads down the hall. Deke was owner of the incomparable "Deke's Deli" and member of other presitgious organizations. The Nukes will have all they can handle when they get Deke, but then, Jackie will be there to tame him. There is no doubt that with his abilities, Dennis will be a success in whatever he does.

Heralding from Royal Oak, Michigan, Bob, or Capt Mac as he is called by his many friends, said no to the beloved arms of University of Michigan and turned his unfailing dedication to the Naval Academy. Excelling in academics, Bob spent most of his free time at Nimitz Library trying to keep his classwork at least two weeks ahead or writing bizarre computer programs for a most impressive list of applications. Bob was often the butt of his classmates' jokes, but he took it all in stride and continued to patiently give "extra instruction" to those many struggling people who found refuge in his unfailing academic prowess. Having found a career area that will challenge his many and varied talents, Bob offers the nuclear navy a most valuable asset. Having already witnessed his clocklike consistency and his extreme dedication to succeeding, Bob's future life and career as a naval officer is limited only by his imagination.

ROBERT L. McMASTERS

Greg came to the Naval Academy from a fine family in Minoa, New York. He will long be remembered for his famous "Bubba statements" but also for the outstanding gentleman that he is. Being very businesslike, Greg did not go for the social life around the Naval Academy, but it would be difficult to tell his sweet fiancee Barb the same, when he is in New York. Always a hard worker, Bubba put in long hours in his French major and his grades reflected the effort. He also became fondly known as a squirrel because he would organize things, then shuffle them around and reorganize them until everything was as neat and orderly as he desired. Although he liked to complain alot, Greg enjoyed and "got his money's worth" out of the Naval Academy. Greg had a sense of humor that would laways keep us laughing and this made life a little easier and friendlier in Bancroft Hall. Though his stay may be brief, he will be a genuine asset to the Navy. We wish Greg and Barb great success and smooth sailing at all times.



GREGORY W. PEET

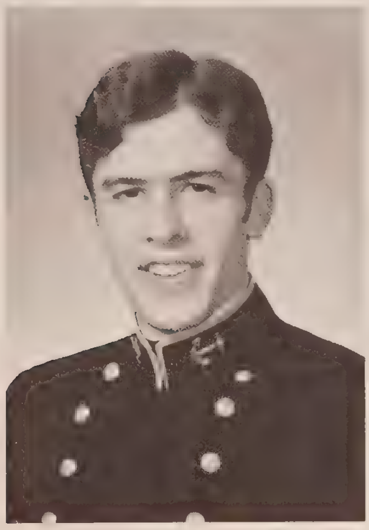
ROGER BROOKE TA
CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITE

The Blue Hen state never had a finer and more genuine representative than Jim. His back woods ways established him as one of the most high flying, outspoken and hard working individuals in the Twelfth Company. Shooting his way to stardom Jim became captain of the rifle team while winning the hearts of many young girls. His success had a paralyzing effect but soon after he was up and shooting again. Senior year was Jim's most exciting when he became a regular partying member of the Clubhouse and cards team. As a result he almost earned five N's. Jim will always be remembered by his uncanny back home ability to identify a hog.

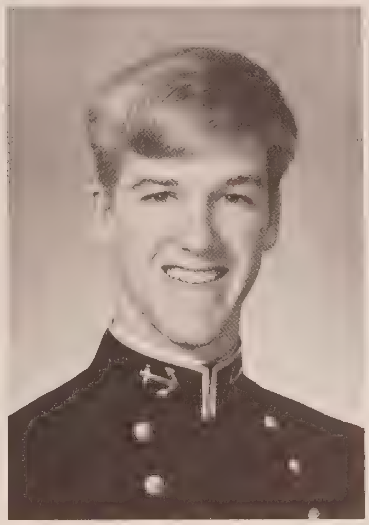
JAMES M. RENNIE

From Castro Valley California, TNR came to be a member of J.B.'s squad for the summer of '74. It should not be forgotten that he was the first of the skin-head reconers. His purchase of his Datsun 280-Z during his youngster year gave him hours of pleasure on weekends. Of course, a few hours of fun on an occasional weekday night were also in order. As an upper classman, his diet mainly consisted of Doctor Pepper and "borrowed" cookies from freshman chow packages. Although he screamed a lot at pledges, most of it was all in fun. The two main questions to be asked at a Tim Rose come-around were #1: "Read anything about the Raiders this weekend?" and #2: "What are you smiling at?" Tim is to be admired for his outstanding running ability and hard work on the track and cross-country teams. As much as he loved his rack, he still managed to get up for those 6AM workouts. Tim can be nothing but successful in the future. He can always get the gouge, and he knows what to do with it.

Hailing from the thriving metropolis of Winthorop, Maine, John came to Navy to be one of America's finest. Quickly adjusting to military life, JR soon won the respect and admiration of everyone, including a few officers. A true competitor, John proved to be a great asset to Twelfth Company sports. John's smile, genuine personality, and willingness to lend a hand made him a friend to all. Classmates frequently counted on JR to have the homework problems done in Mechanical Engineering courses. Being a true believer of a good time, JR could drink with the best of them. JR discovered the true meaning of Nuke Power first class summer, spending 75 days underwater. First class year found John putting Second Battalion back into shape. Not the least of his many achievements was putting up with Bubba for three years. The Navy and Nuclear Power community will gain a hard working and dedicated officer in June. It goes without saying that everyone wishes John the best of everything in the future.



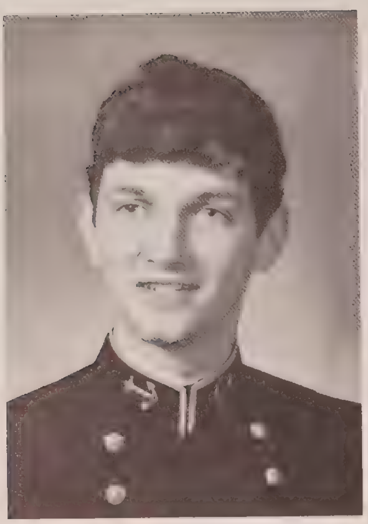
TIMOTHY N. ROSE



JOHN C. RUDDER

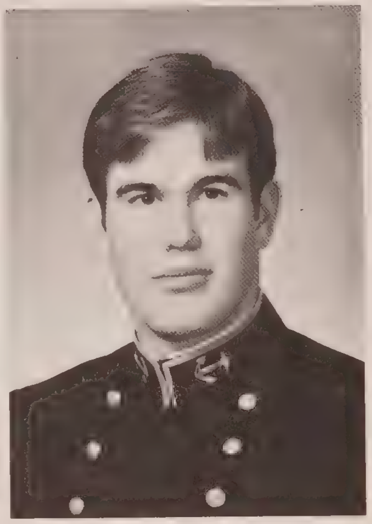
The fair northeastern winds blew Chris to the Annapolis Country Club from South Meriden, Conn. He did not realize what was ahead of him – at first he was just going to commute. However, Chris quickly impressed everyone by becoming a leader in his own passive manner. As a Mechanical Engineer, academics became an important part of his third class year. Second class year his true self shined through. He became more interested in sailing and enjoying life. The year reached its climax following the Ring Dance. Chris was a four time letter winner – 3 for sailing and 1 for partying (the last made more bearable by Presidential Amnesty). We know Chris will do well whether delivering mail or manuevering his ship on the high seas.

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN SATTLER



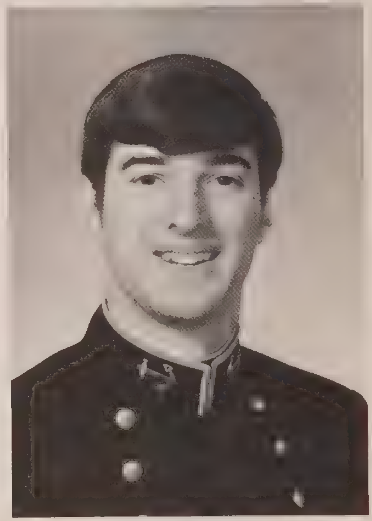
FREDERICK JOSEPH SHEEHAN

Fred comes to us from the town of Weymouth, Massachusetts. While a plebe he kept quite a low profile. On different occasions upper class from Twelfth Company asked him which company he was in. As a youngster and second class Fred opened up a little more and people were better able to appreciate his friendliness and great sense of humor. Always one of the most popular people in the company, his Elton Fred concerts would draw a larger and wilder crowd than the Capital Center. Unlike most midshipmen, Elton was not technically oriented but greatly enjoyed his history major. Although a lover of music and his rack, Fred is hard working and conscientious individual. Elton enjoys skiing and basketball; being a natural athelete he does well at anything he attempts. If he can avoid his worst enemies, applied strength and Fleetwood Mac concerts, then Elton will be a success. We all bid him a hearty farewell and best wishes on the high seas.



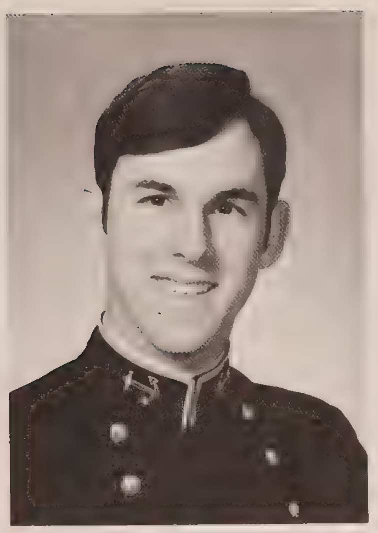
FLOYD STEED

Floyd comes to USNA with a background that is bountiful in achievements and his time here has been no less successful. With a sound Management education, Horsey was able to "extend" its applications to the interpretation of the reg's, proving to all that he could make anything work for him. A course in Accounting made Pink good with figures; in particular, that which belongs to his sponsors daughter, now fiancee, Dee Dee. Floyd had a glowing personality and a silver smile that could brighten up even the darkest room. Mr. Steed, the head of a Utah corporation, has been a "clearly outstanding Midshipman" and, what better choice was there to put in charge of the company in our 1/C year? We wish Floyd and Dee Dee the best life has to offer and are confident that he will be able to "exercise control" over whatever the Aviation community has to offer.



LARRY EUGENE WHITMEYER

Lorenzo came to the placid shores of Annapolis from the sunny metropolis of Bucyrus, Ohio. Constantly in good humor (except after his mid-semester exam chair-slamming exploits) he thrilled us all by such endeavors as throwing his roommate's mattress out the window at 3 A.M. Lorenzo was particularly known for his aversion to the barbershop, until he finally decided to conform 2/C year. From this point on Larry showed what a true professional he was; rising to the powerful position of company conduct officer. There is no question that Lorenzo will be most successful in the future, whether in the Navy or whatever field he chooses, especially after having the patience to room with Deke all four years.



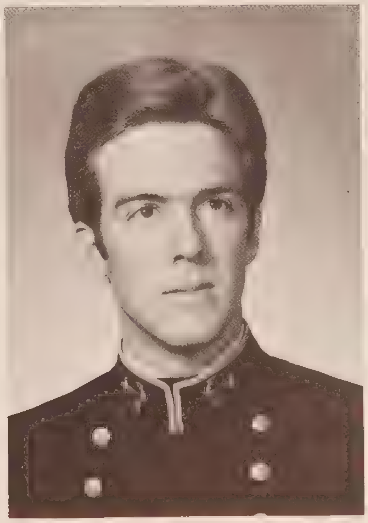
DAVID WILLIAMS

David Arthur Williams, known to 12th Company as Willy, came to us from Livonia, Michigan. Plebe year, Dave changed roommates more often than he changed his underwear (they kept punching out on him). Dave had plenty of experience in the military before coming to USNA as a Company Commander in NJROTC. It was there that he met his wife to be and "began building". Dave undertook Mechanical Engineering at the Academy in an attempt to join our nations silent service and please Adm. Rickover. As far as sports go, his company soccer career was cut short due to an unfortunate blow to the knee; however, it didn't seem to deter him from giving the refs a piece of his mind. We wish Dave and Karen all the best in the future as they ride off into the sunset in their brown Camaro LT. LONG LIVE THE IRISH!

ROBERT H. WITHERS

Bob comes to us from Louisville, Kentucky, and rather appropriately has earned the nickname COLONEL, "over million fried". Outwardly Bob gives the appearance of being an easy going man of God. Little does anyone know that he is transformed into a ferocious lion on the playing fields, earning still another nickname, Colonel Crunch. In contrast to his roommates Bob has been known to keep late hours to study, which someday is sure to pay off. He has also been set on going Corp ever since his first recon haircut of Plebe summer, and soon will have his chance to fly for the finest. Above all Bob can be remembered as being eager to help us all whenever problems arose. The Colonel will always be one of Twelfth Recon's best.

Hailing from Texas, where he enjoyed the beach and the women, Rick came to school to devote his time to becoming a professional officer. He spent his first year developing his fatherly image, and excelling on the lightweight crew team. In his next year he quit crew to de escape work. He continued to row crew for the second Batt crew team leading them to three straight championships. Rick's major was EOE but he found that it interfeared with his escape work so he changed majors. He then joined the club, a non profit organization devoted to making life realistic. Rick provided the club with a book of numbers that was very helpful in satisfying the clubs goals. He also provided the entertainment in the Ghetto including cards, music, and tricks. Rich had the highest number of escapes in the club. Rick's ability to escape from the enemy accompanied with his flying experiences, provided by the club, will make the best NFO in the Navy.

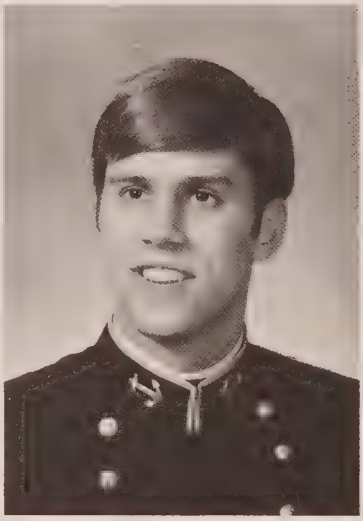


RICHARD B. WREN

KEITH L. BENNETT

Keith blew into Navy on a twister from Oklahoma City. No one ever quite understood why such an avid Sooner fan would desert the Univ. of Okla., but Annapolis was much the better for his decision to come here. Keith majored in studying, in fact there should be a table in Mitscher dedicated to him. His formal major was Mech. Eng. where he came to learn to depend upon his little electronic box. Keith was Honor Rep. for 3 yrs. along with his membership in OCF and ASME. Keith has always been the kind of person that you could go to with your hopes and despairs. The quality of friendship that Keith has to offer is a rare commodity in todays world and it will carry him far in the Surface Line.

13th Company



TIMOTHY PATRICK BENSON

Tim is one of the few guys in the world who is handsome, intelligent, well-liked, easy going and nevertheless decided to join the men in green. It wasn't entirely his fault though; late in his second year the doctors discovered that he was allergic to anything that was animal, mineral, or vegetable. Thus Tim couldn't fulfill his lifelong dream of flying, but he bravely decided to stick around and give Uncle Sam his money's worth. Although he was never one for going out and hoisting a few beers with boys, Tim's weekends were far from dull and were never wasted in the hall. If he wasn't out smashing in RBI's for Joe Duff, he was down at Longwood College going to bat for his only true love, Cathy. As for the future, it looks like it should be a happy ending for Tim, Cath, and the Corps. It may take him a while to get used to being a marine (C-rations can't match the taste of a Thomas'), but he'll pull through and come out shining as always.

FREDERICK BRINK

In Massachusetts there lived a shepard of old
Who was gracious and kind and called Fred.
Now young Fred was no nerd, and soon heard the good word,
"To NAVY I'll go", is what he said.
When Fred entered he wanted no more just to sit
So he sailed and he sweat and worked out quite a bit.
Reaching up toward the Stars (Trek & Wars), he even wore 2 gold bars.
Yes, he strived to get all he could out of it.
He loved camping and hiking and Plebes which to flog
And was soon to claim title of "Company Watchdog".
He was Company Rep for the Corps; he did quite fine.
And God bless you now Fred as you go Surface Line.
Take care Fred; and may love, joy, and peace be yours always.

Joe spent one year at Arizon Western College after graduating from Kofa High School in 1973. He then heard the call of a distant drum drawing him away from Yuma and his beloved Bassett Hounds to that far away fantasyland known as Annapolis. During his plebe and youngster years he participated in the battalion and brigade boxing programs. Because of these sports, he earned the nickname "Smokin' Joe", which stuck throughout his four years at the Academy. Joe was active in the Chemistry and Karate Clubs, and also attended the Officer's Christian Fellowship. His billets as a firstclass included being the Co. Conduct Officer and Wardroom President. He likened his job as Conduct Officer to that of being the "Grim Reaper" with a Form #2. For his youngster cruise Joe sailed aboard the U.S.S. Chicago. During first class cruise aboard the U.S.S. Shark Joe qualified as Junior Officer of the Deck. Sailing the seas will be quite different from the cactus filled desert of his home, but the Navy will gain a fine officer with Joe on board.

JOSEPH C. BRITAIN

This here is David W. Bruce, alias "Barooch". He is a success story. As a plebe he joined the Sherwood Forest Seven "sun worshipers" club. As a youngster he became the God of Gouge, even Ralph Scherini graduated. As a second class he was "the Bald Eagle" and was racing Mike Saddler to baldness – he won. As a first class he retired to hang his shingle as Battalion Operations Officer and thus became the "Burger Meister" (the runner of burger runs). As for ECA's (Externally Created Afflictions) Dave played his bugle for 4 years in the Drum and Bugle Corp (the Blowers and Beaters) and was the Head Cheese or Fearless Leader of the Pep Band. Now, however, Dave is in RME phase three – the real thing! – an Ensign in the Navy on board a Spruance Class destroyer out of Norfolk, Virginia.

DAVID W. BRUCE

Don is just one more all-around great guy that other people wish they were more like. Although his love for the Naval Academy remained a well kept secret throughout his four years here, he nevertheless managed to be the happiest guy in the company by playing his stereo loud enough to be heard at the sailing center and laughing a lot. Ha ha. He never really excelled at anything, but his highly developed flair for the obvious kept him out of trouble. His continually serious demeanor made him respected as the man least likely to become a marine and most likely to become a canadian. Don will go far, probably too far, but even so I'm glad to be him. See you in heaven.

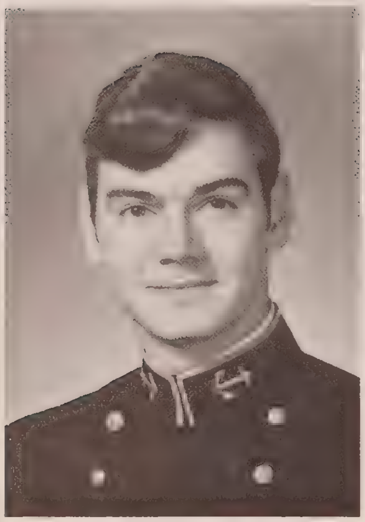
DONALD PAUL BRUTZMAN

MARK LEON CLELAND

Mark graduated from El Captain High School in Lakeside in 1974. Although Maryland weather ran a poor second to sunny southern Cal he did find a pretty Maryland girl to share his career with him. Though he was taught to be a mechanic and love cars by his father it became obvious that for him numbers just did not add up and he graduated as a History major. In the summer of Cle's second class year Kate became another welcome barrier to high academic distion. Luckily he was born to be a MARINE and plans to join the air community. Cle risked his life as wingback for Third Batt football and was the leading pass receiver during his three year career. Mark was also the leading hitman for the winless team handball squad. His roommates fared poorly and by graduation Cle had lost four to the civilian world and saw one turned back. The MARINES will have gained a fine officer when Mark and Kate take up residence in Quantico after graduation. "It's been one heck of a time! See ya guys."

Gary, or as he is more familiarly called, "Bingo" came to the Academy from the coal mining hills of Pennsylvania. In his four years at the Academy, his talents have been exploited by both the 150 lb. football team and the "nearly championship" 13th Co. basketball team. Gary's prowess on the gridiron earned him his familiar name and he helped the team win an E.C.A.C. championship his senior year. Professionally, Gary had a brief tour with the men in green when he took the first class Marine option cruise, but the summer following graduation will find him in Pensacola, not Quanitco. To his classmates Gary will be remembered for his quick smile, easy disposition, and ability to get the gouge. There is no need to wish Gary fair winds and following seas because we all know he will take them with him wherever he goes.

Kevin is one of those rare people who are able to do everything well. A worker at heart, he went that most dreaded of routes – Mechanical Engineering. If he'd had his way the Academy would be short on M.E. profs or the tire industry would be booming. Kev, who managed to sleep through more classes, argue with more profs and protest the most always managed to pull through like a Rhodes Scholar. (I'll never tell why you never got your shorts blown away!) He is one of the few humans alive who has never known worry. When hell freezes over, somebody wake up Kev and let him know, OK? After a short Lax career, he turned to 150 pound football, but was so adept at flying through windows that he decided to forsake that career as well. Among his favorite things in the world are good cars, good music, good food, good beer, and most of all, GOOD TIMES. Kev will always be remembered for his ability to win ANY argument, extraordinary tastes, three-word combinations, interest free loans and especially for his "coolness".



JOHN PATRICK COFFEY

GARY JOHN EVANS

KEVIN MARTIN HANNAN

This handsome Long Islander has a a proud naval heritage. He is eternally proud of the fact that his family tree traces back to the same town in Ireland as the ancestors of Bill the Goat. A talented guitar player, he was our only source of music for the first six months of plebe year. Three years later he sold his 12 stringed love to pay off a master charge bill. The most loyal New Yorker in the brigade, he single handedly cheered the Yankees to the 1977 world championship. As color company subcdr he competently handled such tasks as organizing the company trip to the Duke game and picking up the co cdr's sweatgear before quarters. Sean could always be found trying to convince anyone nice enough to listen that ocean engineers have it tougher. The usual response was, "Poag Mahoan" to the brotherhood of ocean engineers. Witty, creative, intelligent, and nostalgic, he has been a loyal friend to many. Caradil, may God keep you always in the palm of his hand.

JOHN R. HAWK III

The "Navy Way" is not so difficult to comprehend once you recall the most important law of nature –

YOU CANNOT ARGUE WITH A SICK MIND!

ALEXANDER B. HNARAKIS

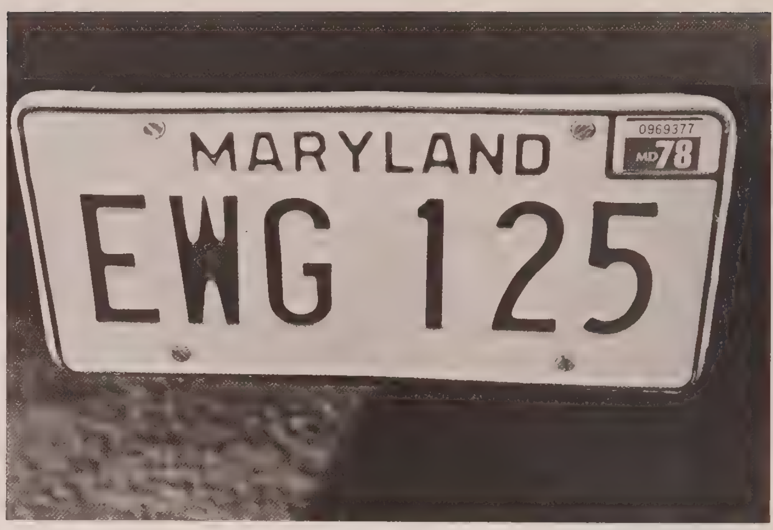
Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird ! It's a plane! No it's just Alex doing what he loves best, sky diving. Before his addiction to this aerial insanity, Alex was a mild-mannered schoolboy from Alexandria, Va. who came to Navy with high aspirations and a desire to row crew. Plebe year saw Alex transition from short range crew shells to long range offshore sailboats with Navy sailing. It also saw his first fateful step into the void "from a perfectly good airplane". From youngster year on, as sailing races and freefalls got longer, Alex's grades fought a losing battle for attention. By first class year, jumping was the uncontested favorite and USNA's senior Sky God could be found on any weekend at the drop zone or the loft. Alex intends to continue to answer the "Sky's Call" in Navy Air. If he proves as proficient flying with a plane as without, no doubt we'll all hear of him again.

RICHARD ANTHONY HOLZKNECHT

When Rich arrived "down South", he found they ran things differently than they did back home on Long Island. Still, he was too easygoing to let that bother him and Rich soon had the place figured out. Setting records for most roommates lost, most boards karated in half, and most fish caught by an oceanographer (which is alotta fish), Rich was quickly recognized as a man with unique talents. "Neck" credited his success to his mother's endless supply of vitamins. Always eager to entertain members of the fairer sex, Rich had no trouble keeping his weekends booked solid. Well, almost solid. Rich got along swell with people, but he always was partial to toadfish (ask him). He ended up as plebe detail company commander and he was so good at terrorizing the fourth class he was allowed to keep his three stripes for the fall set. As the Class of '78 leaves the Severn, Rich looks to earn a seat in a Navy jet. Watch for Rich to excell in all he does in his own personable style. Keep smilin', Rich.

CHRISTOPHER H. JENSEN

Twas years ago when a lad named Chris
Left his Naperville land and life of bliss
To launch out on his own for adventure at sea
But somehow poor young Chris ended up at NAVY.
Tis a sad tale but true, but this boy did not cry (much)
He just lifted his head and yelled up to the sky.
He said "Lord, You must guide me and show me the way",
And with that he was off and a makin' the hay.
He went flying and skiing and meeting new babes,
Was the Prez of the Glee Club, even worked for his grades (a little).
And he dreamed of the day when with joy he'd make Ensign,
So his parents could say, "That's our boy, Ensign Jensen!"
God bless you, Chris, in running the race that the Lord has set before you. Hebrews 12:1



Ray graduated from Gateway High School in Monroeville, Pa. in 1974. A month later he found himself as a plebe at NAVY. An aversion for numbers and an addiction to Monday night football kept Ray's grades from drawing undue attention. Kempo was a 3rd battalion football star at fullback and Team handball's high scorer. Though his father is a research chemist and his school is oriented towards engineering, Ray chose English as his major and managed to make the National English Honor Society. Ray served for two years as Midshipman Coordinator of the Lay Eucharistic Minister program, spent some time with the Catholic Choir, and taught a year of CCD. He spent his youngster cruise on the beach at Waikiki and qualified as Diving Officer of the Watch while on board the USS Flying Fish as a first class. The fleet will gain a fine officer when Ray takes his 65 Impala on that last long weekend in June, 1978.

RAYMOND PAUL KEMPISTY

Frank Klepacki came to USNA from Queens via the City College of New York and NAPS (where he met a girl named Rhoda). He won a black "N" youngster year in a fashion that could be included in Ripley's belive it or not" – he failed to obey an order from a civilian Prof. "This made him an official member of the room 7018 sun worshipers club. Since then, except for the heinous crime of gum chewing, he has been a good Mid. A real water rat, a "KIL-PACK-RAT" to be exact, he is the top scorer of the BATT water polo team. He also excels at getting banged up on the O-course. A typical case of the O-course running over the Mid. When he isn't studying, he can be found with Rhoda (or washing his car). Service selection will find him joining the ranks of the air dales – his choice is the F-18. Frank and Rhoda have a bright outlook – what with the sun off the polished Cougar through the diamond and into the eyeball. He and Rhoda have a bright future, indeed.

FRANK A. KLEPACKI, JR.

Leo Klikier came to Canue U. from Vacaville California. An Air Force brat, Leo was a legend Plebe Summer for his "look sir no chin" brace ups. The man of a thousand nicknames Leo went mostly under titles fondly bestowed by his classmates of KLEO, KLICK, and KILLER. Freed of the restrictions of plebe year Leo won renown for his table manners and the unique things he could do with food (anything for a laugh, eh KLICK?). In latter years Leo became the Mr. Sound of 13. This was due in part to his stereo system and his automotive stereo installing service that did such a booming business 2/c year. Leo is flipping a coin on Service Selection Night but whichever he'll make a remembered addition to any wardroom.

LEO LAWRENCE KLIKIER

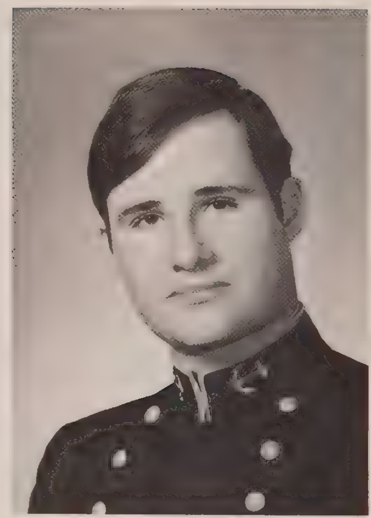
Mike "drifted" into USNA from Huntington, L.I. Though an "Islander" from brith, he was basically a landlubber and it was not till the end of Plebe year that he heard the "call of the running tide". Swept off his feet and out of a fairly successful year on the track team, he was washed out to sea with Navy sailing. Finding his true love in fair winds and wet clothes, Mike spent most of his free time during the next three years around the sailing program. He crewed on yawls and with the Coast Guard on EAGLE in OpSail '76. First class cruise found him on the schooner MISTRAL bound for England and back. First class year he skippered INSURGENTE. A bull major at heart, he went Engineering for reasons he's probably still wondering about. Mike intends to continue to follow the Syren's call by shipping out with Nuke power.

MICHAEL P. LEARY

TODD LESH

Toddski came to the boat school from the sunny climes of North Canton, Ohio. Through his deep commitment to Jesus Christ, he has been a ray of sunshine in 13th company ever since. When he says hello, he doesn't just smile, he bubbles! In between his Oceanography fishing trips, he has spent some time in OCF, Scuba Club, Parachute Club, Flying Club, and the Glee Club. This man knows a good deal when he sees one! If he doesn't kill himself in the 50 mile run, and if his little Vega holds out, he will soon be found putting this same love and enthusiasm into becoming a great Naval Aviator. But whatever he does, it's for sure that God and the boys in 13 will be with him.

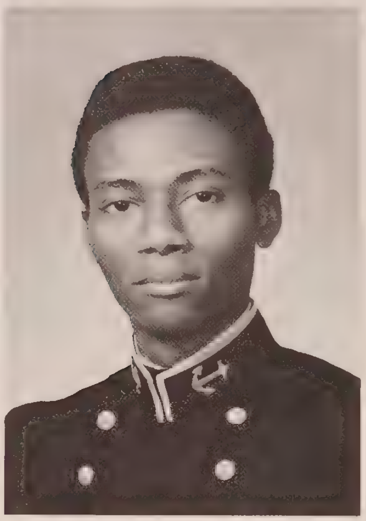
Mark Dana (Mad Dog) Mooney is a member of a vanishing species at USNA — NAPSTERS in the Class of 1978. "Home is where your seabag is," saith CDR Kinney, and Mad Dog's seabag rests in California. A ship driver at heart, he hopes to get a frigate out of San Diego. He won a Black N Plebe Year ("I didn't know we couldn't make sub runs to Timmy's on Sundays"), but has since been a better man (or at least more careful). Among his passions are girls, working on his TR-6, Rugby, driving his TR-6, wargaming, recon raids, and reading sci-fi and professional books. Academics? Well . . . you can't do everything you like, and study, too!



MARK DANA MOONEY

CLARENCE E. MOORE JR.

Clarence, alias "Clyde", hails from Detroit, Michigan. Coming to USNA he embarked on a promising career on the basketball team, but the academics soon took their toll and he was forced to settle for intramurals. Leading the Third Battallion Basketball Team to the Brigade Championship, he soon became known throughout the Brigade as "The Mad Dunking Machine." "Clyde" majored in Physical Science, not by choice, but with his grades who can be particular? Even with the academic difficulties, "Clyde" still hung in there, with the help of a fine young lady in Washington, D.C., who kept his head together. Upon graduation, which in "Clyde's" case will be in January 1979, the Marine Corps. will have an officer who they can depend on to see things through, no matter how tough the going gets. Take good care of him, Gabrielle.



HERMAN REDDICK

Herman came to the Academy from Lanhan, MD. He attended DuVal High for two yrs. and went to college for one yr. before joining the Navy and going to NAPS. Afterwards he came to the Academy for higher learning. Most of his time was spent studying, but on weekends he was nowhere to be found. His home was only a stones throw away for relaxation. A member of the Juice Gang his plebe year, he decided that wires was not stimulating enough for him. So, he became a member of the B-Ball team. His career was furthered as he went to the varsity on a managerial position. His free time was spent resting his eyelids or at the fieldhouse. Service selection was never in doubt. The only thing in doubt was the type ship. So, now Herman enters the fleet with his vette for more adventures. Good luck!

MICHAEL RAY SADDLER

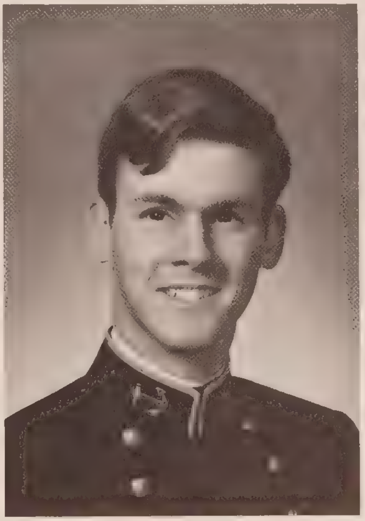
Mike came to USNA from Memphis, Tennessee following his 73 graduation from Carver High School, and a year of enlisted life in the USN. His most extolled virtue is his ever-present ability to laugh while facing even the most hopeless situations. The one feat that Sadds will always be remembered for is having lint on his face while being inspected by a Marine Major. Despite being called Sadds, Mike was probably one of 78's happiest. Although he will readily admit that Dave Bruce won the losing-my-hair race, it should be noted that the margin of victory wasn't very great. In his roommate, Herman, Sadds can boast of rooming with one of the quitest Mids ever, this was probably just the way Sadds planned it since it allowed him more chances to exercise his own strong and much-used vocal cords. His favorite dates are 23 Oct 76 and 7 Jun 78. Mike's service selection is Surface and for at least the next five years his favorite song will be "Float On."

Ernie sailed into Navy by way of a city rich in nautical history Santa Fe, New Mex. He arrived after an impressive NJROTC career and it was clear from the start that the Navy & Ernie were made for each other. There isn't a Mid who saw Ernie dance who didn't envy the way he was able to sweep some unsuspecting sweet lovely off of her feet with his fine dancing ability. One of the few Mids to stay in the Catholic Choir for a full 4 years, Ernie exhibited an energetic effort in all that he did. Ernie was a member of the Newman Club, OCF, French Club, and taught CCD. Whereas other Mids were asked if they shined their shoes, Ernie was asked, "did you shine your halo today." He always displayed a cheerful smile and if anyone needed encouragement Ernie was the man to see. Ernie's everlasting nice-guy image makes him a good candidate for taking out a mid's sister as well as a life long friend. Ernie is on his way to clean up the Navy's Surface community. He will succeed.

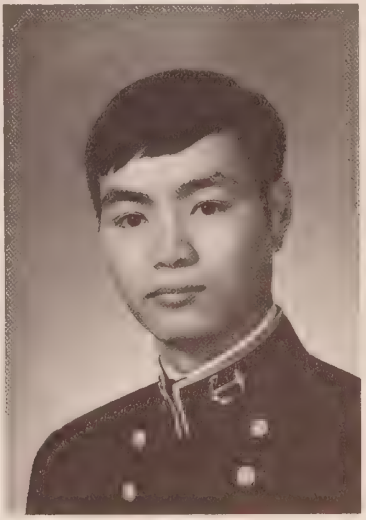
After graduating from Baltimore's prestigious Poly, Chris decided to drive down to Annapolis and join the crusade against World Communism. In the next four years, he double majored in Glee Club and Chapel Choir and minored in Math. The most important event in his life at Navy occurred Plebe Year when he dedicated himself totally to Christ. As a Second Class, he joined an elite band of devoted enforcers of the regs, who took as their theme song Presley's "Help Me I'm Flammin'." The hurried life simply wasn't for him, whether it be in returning Sunday at 1829 or setting alltime records for most time spent consuming a meal. His interests were exotic: cheeses, classical music, live or in stereo, and mailorder civilian clothes that never quite had that tailored look. The addition of Chris to the ranks of Surface Line will surely improve its reputation.

Hailing from Phoenix, Arizona, Chet is an avid Arizona fan and he makes it known at critical times. In the sports category, Chet lettered three years in squash, of which the last two he was number one on the team. The biggest event in his squash career was the winning of the squash Barb Trophy, and the possible ranking as an All-American his first class year. Squash, however, was not the extent of his athletic abilities, he is also an excellent basketball, tennis, and racquetball player. In describing Chet, one generally comes to a stone wall. He was generous as well as kind and helpful, but he also gave you a kick in the rear if you needed it. Chet will have a great future in Navy air.

PHILIP ERNIE SANCHEZ



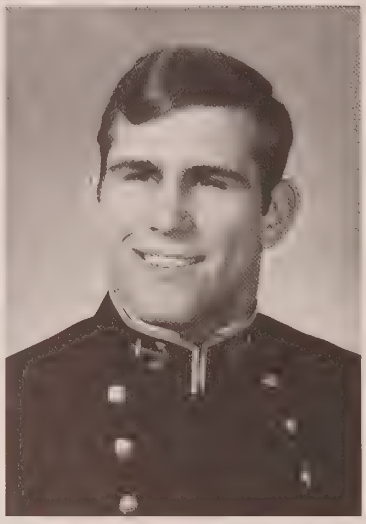
CHRISTOPHER A. SERIO



CHESTER J. SETO

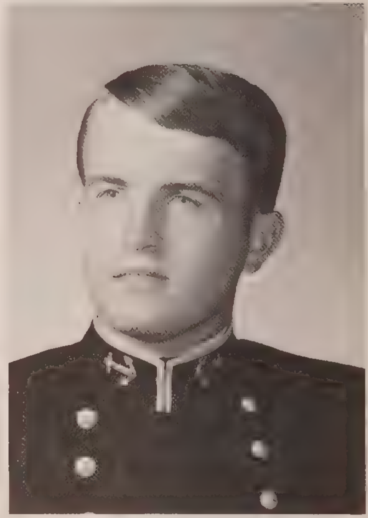
MICHAEL R. SHUMAKER

In San Jose they sing, "Do you know the way to USNA?" Well, Mike knew the way not only to it, but also through it. His "way" included: a genuine love for MIDNREGS and a genuine hatred of all who violated them ("Shums" always kept a pad of Forms 2 close at hand); a strong devotion to the Pope; a political arch-conservatism (his fantasy: to be a stand-in for James J. Kilpatrick); an appreciation for Classical Music (the only kind there is); and an addiction to hard work. If these endearing qualities ever failed to win friends, there was always Mrs. Shumaker's delicious cookies! Early on, it was discovered that Mike was both statuesque of pose and swift of tongue, so they set him to work winning trophies for the Debate Team (love those sports exemptions)! Although always a spurner of the "technocrats." Mike made use of his many talents in the field of OA; he did quite well. Mike will no doubt be wearing his Wilkinson sword proudly when he takes command of his first Nuclear Cruiser (it shouldn't take too long)!



LEE E. SUTHERLAND

Lee Sutherland greeted his death as he had greeted his birth, innocently and hopefully. After wrestling his way into the Naval Academy he discovered a new life through submitting himself to our Lord Jesus Christ: and Lee blossomed toward Christian maturity from that moment forth. He opened himself wide to the world and to those around him. For Lee there was time for everything: time to read the Scriptures; time to assist other midshipmen in their studies; time to talk; time to pray; time to write; time to be tactful; time to play; time to challenge errors; time to correct wrongs; and always there was time to witness for our Risen Lord. Lee Sutherland, respected by the whole communion of saints in heaven and on earth, fully shares another new life with Christ in His victory over death. So let our sorrow turn to joy as we proclaim and celebrate the sure and certain hope of resurrection to which Lee and all of us hold fast.

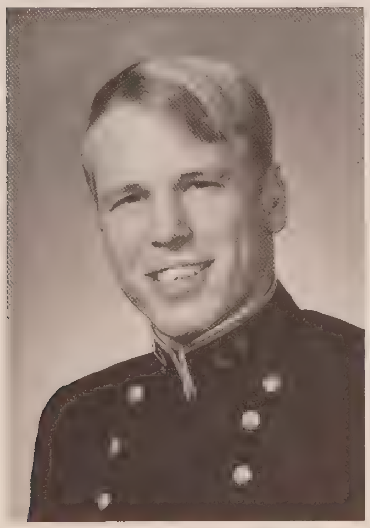


GEORGE DRASE TYREE

George Drase Tyree came to USNA from the thriving metropolis of Brilliant, Alabama. After finally adjusting to the fact that the rest of the world doesn't speak with a Southern accent, George settled comfortably into Academy life. George spent a short stint playing with the 150 lb. football team, but found that he was spending more time on crutches than the playing field and switched to less strenuous pursuits. One of his favorites was singing second tenor in the Antiphonal choir. Academics often presented a challenge, but where there is a will the "gouge" can be found! With that in mind he spent the weekends pursuing more important things (like a certain "sweet thing" in Linthicum). George plans on a career in the air, but whether its Marine green or Navy blue for him, it's certain only the sky is the limit! When George and Lynn finally settle in Pensacola, the air community will welcome a fine new addition to its ranks.

FRED VON AHN

Fred was the playboy and the typical ladies man of the company. He always had a girl under each arm and another in reserve, just for those special occasions. When he had a few minutes to relax from his strenuous weekend activities, Fred became the stud of the fencing loft. His familiar saying before a test was, "I don't know anything." In class, Fred would finish the test in ten minutes and then go back to his seat and put reinforcements in his looseleaf book. After June week, Fred will take his act to sun and fun Florida.



CHARLES M. WHITE

Mike, whom many of his friends call Whitey, is a second generation Navy man. He and his younger brother came from Guam to start a career in the Navy for themselves. Whitey's athletic ability helped him to earn three letters on the 150 lb football team. As the starting linebacker his first class year, he helped the team to defeat Army for the first time in eight years and go undefeated for the season. Many of the underclass consider him as the "Godfather" of the 13th company. If any of them were having trouble with an upperclass, he would make that upperclass "an offer he could not refuse." Mike's hobbies include being head cheerleader at the home ice hockey games, being the best customer at the Drydock, and spending his weekends with his best friend's sister. Mike has an excellent future ahead of him in Navy air.

A rebel from the heart of the heart of Dixie. Glen has convinced us all that we should be forever grateful that Texas annexed the Union. If Glen has his way, "the South's gonna do it again." Always honest, direct, to the point, and above all, decisive, I was beginning to think his service selection would depend on whether the date for choosing was on an odd or an even day. I'm sure Glen has had many dream-filled nights at Navy, holding Patti, his far away "Texas rose," by the hand and his Systems Engineering professors by the throat. He intends to play it cool and not get married right after graduation. He's going to wait ten days. Then it's off to P-cola. Good luck to you too, ace!

GLEN O. WOODS

RAMON A. BALTERA

Ray, Mole, Bolero, Munchkin – Ray has been called them all. Ray started off his Academy career ingloriously as he had poison ivy all over his legs and arms after climbing a tree during the Plebe Summer picnic. Early in October of that same year he received his first class A – as a member of the Buzzy's inquisition. He did however, perform superbly for Navy's swim team his plebe year as he was the #1 butterflyer and a varsity letter winner. After another fine year of swimming his youngster year, he decided to leave the pool for bigger and better things. Perhaps that is why all the girls call him the Italian Stallion. Ray is famous for his Bolero study method, PIB, and being a member of the Annapolis 6. Always the life and pulse of any gathering, Ray will definitely be missed when '78 parts ways. The aviation community is acquiring an excellent man in Ray – he has an extremely bright future because of his keen mind and even sharper wit. We're all going to miss the Mole.

14th Company

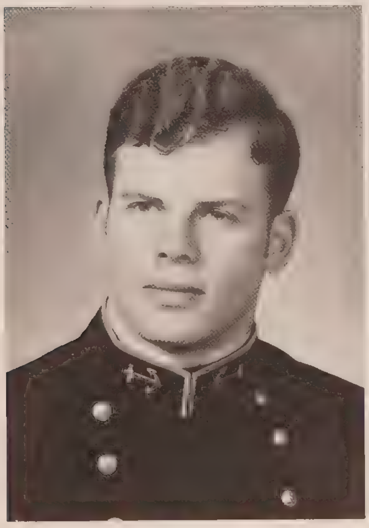
CHARLES W. BELL, JR.

I came. I was. I left. These six words are Charlie Bell's epitaph on four years at a unique "uncollege." The NJROTC graduate came well prepared with two boxes of sci fi thrillers and the last ten issues of Playboy. With the arrival of four week grades the sci fi had to become secondary, but it wasn't until a form-2 for "nude pictures under blotter" found its way to CB that the mags followed. Sportswise CB played everything; from rugby and squash to varsity pistol to ace moundsman on the softball team. As the years passed, CB learned to plan his time more wisely between his women, his car, his books, and his wargames. The PCR was in there somewhere, and classes got a minute or two as well. CB plans a career in the Corps upon graduation; not the Marine green, however, but Supply Corps, where seeing red and green as the same color doesn't matter.

VANCE DAVID BERRY, JR.

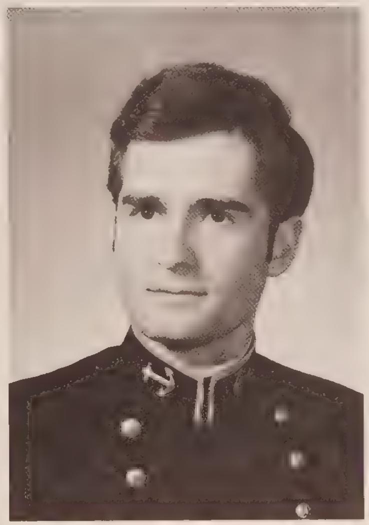
Even though Van hated it, he was affectionately called Augie – which evolved into OWGIE (HGI OWGIE?) Van, the big rawboned kid from the farm came to USNA to play football. He started JV during plebe year but decided to become an "E-J" when he opted to skip summer camp his youngster year. After never getting seriously hurt all those years in football, he goes and tears up his knee – worthy of an operation – in of all things – company soccer. Van had a hard time deciding on a major – he tried Oceanography, Systems and finally decided on Physical Science his 2nd class year. Van, seems to have found himself, as his grades are super, and he has decided to go Surface Line. He also tried unsuccessfully to talk his roommates out of Marines. Van will certainly be a more than welcome addition to the Surface community. He has the ability to uplift those around him because of his easy going friendliness, humor and respected opinions. OWGEE!! If Van has a single fault – it is that he is a loyal Redskin fan.

Determination. If one word can be used to define Don’s predominant trait, this is appropriate. Those who have grown with “Wuba” these four years have seen this trait in every endeavor he undertakes. We first saw his determination in the way he approached plebe summer . . . and then manifested in his aggressiveness while playing three years of varsity football . . . and in the way he fought off emotional despair after two serious knee operations, which prevented him from playing ball his final year. Although Don managed to stay completely out of trouble his first three years, he met up with five villians one night during June Week 77, and earned a Class “A”, and a membership in the “Annapolis Six.” Don will carry his fire with him, and it will make him stand out as a fine leader, strong husband, and loving Christian in his future.



DONALD C. BEVERLIN

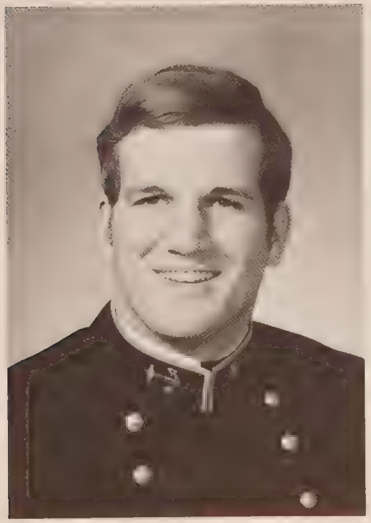
Tom gave up an Air Force scholarship to New Mexico to come to USNA and he has been pondering that decision ever since. With a major in partying and a minor in Management and Tech, Tom considered himself a philosopher, amazing us with such truisms as, “Grades are inversely proportional to study time.” He left a definite impression on those profs lucky enough to get him. In 54-alphas, he was referred to as a jokester and buffoon by one and a comedian by another. Youngster year, he did little to get on his company officer’s good side by driving past him in downtown Annapolis. That brought 75 demos and an agonizing 2 months devoid of parties. Tom discovered the source of his troubles when he found out he had been deep selected to receive Navy “good deals.” Always one to look on the bright side of things, Tom has continued to breeze through and has set his sights on Navy Air where, hopefully, he will take better care of his plane than he did his car.



JAMES THOMAS BLY

Mark hasn’t had a first name since he came to Navy. It’s always “hey Bolin, let’s go.” Many thought that Mark would have left the Academy after plebe summer, at the end of plebe year, and all during his second year. It’s not that Mark didn’t like the Academy, he just hates the East Coast. He always said that the Navy would never change him, and that’s still true today. He is still the free spirit today enjoying life and people as much as he can, as he was the first day (Why are you laughing Bolin? I’m in the Navy now, . . . sir!). Mark will be a success in whatever he does, because of his immense affability, good humour, and most of all, his loving and generous heart.

MARK BOLIN



ROBERT WADE DESTAFNEY

The man is definitely unique. “Bubba the D” came to Navy in his brother Jim’s footsteps, and has left tracks in which many would like to follow. Insisting that he wasn’t here to be trained, Bob’s love for his individuality kept him from becoming Joe Mid. Bubba could play some mean football too, and was one of the most consistent performers for the old Navy for 3 years. He especially came up with those big plays in the ’75 & ’76 Army games. Bobby has a tender, loving heart beneath that massive hulk, and the unity and togetherness he and his “bros”’ on the team shared was something many envied, admired and wanted to be a part of. Bobby was a big part of Navy’s Fellowship of Christian Athletes, and his strong Christian influence was felt by coaches, athletes, and 14th Company. It is amazing how Bobby ever was able to practice, because he was never in bed before 2 AM. Bobby is really going to miss the old Nayvee, but he leaves some fond memories and some well-worn white works.

What can you say about a guy whose nose touches his chin? Actually, Chris will never be forgotten because of his good natured personality. Doc, as he is better known, is a man of many talents, ranging from singing to sticking a 20 foot jumper. Doc's varsity basketball career can be likened to a horse race, as he lost by a "nose" to "Willie Shoemaker" down the final stretch his senior year. Whenever Chris was around, people would end up smiling because of his endless supply of jokes. Although he would seldom pass up a beer, Doc still emphatically claims that he was forced into becoming a member of the "Annapolis Six", which earned him his second black "N". Chris will be missed and never forgotten in the hearts of those who knew him.

CHRISTOPHER E. DOUGHERTY

Dewey came to USNA after one year at RPI in NROTC. Hailing from Champlain, N.Y., he brought with him a rambling gait, a keen sense of sarcasm, and an intense desire for professional knowledge. Dewey adapted reasonably well to the academics, but found the "Realistic Military Environment" a continual source of irritation, especially marching. First class year held many joys; among them, Happy Hour at the O-Club, driving his Celica, and qualifying in SCUBA. His squad leader's billet brought added amusement at the expense of the Plebes. Dewey's First Class cruise to the Queen's Silver Jubilee on an attack submarine was the fulfillment of a great desire to go overseas, but it also disimbued him of his long-held desire to go into nuclear power. Dewey is quite proud of being an alumni, but characterized the actual experience as "four years of purgatory followed by redemption on 7 June 1978."

LEE J. DUCHARME

Known to one and all as Bad Guy, Bob came to Annapolis from one of those states in the Mid West with a good football team. Bad Guy first became known to most of his classmates by giving a campaign speech for Class Secretary that was more stirring than Patton's address to his men. Honor is more than just a word to Bob. Personal integrity is high on his priority list. He ran virtually unopposed for the job of Company Honor Rep. This success was culminated in his three stripe, burger-run position of Brigade Honor Secretary as a firstie. Bad Guy was always interested in engineering subjects. He did a little practical experimentation with the force equations using his MGB as the study object. With his degree in Marine Engineering, Bob should have little trouble joining Adm. Rickover and the bubble heads. He will wear his gold dolphins with pride and a sense of personal honor that is matched by few.

Marshall arrived here at Canoe U. with just one thing in mind, to wear a green uniform when he graduated. He came from the "City of Brotherly Love" by way of NAPS. There he learned to do amazing things with a rifle. Marshall can do more rifle tricks than a magician. Marshall really liked it here at USNA. In fact, he used to spend most of his weekends and even his summer vacations here. At the end of almost every semester, he would go before people in high places and tell them how much he loved it here. Fortunately, they always believed him. Marshall had many nicknames: Moroco, Swamp, WUBA. No one ever said nasty things to Marsh though. Besides being easy to get along with, he became an expert in karate, and heads break easier than boards do. Marshall is a man of great faith in God, his country, and in the brothers with whom he serves both. The Marines have been looking for a few good men for 200 years. In Marshall, they have finally found one!

MARSHALL H. FIELDS, JR.

ROBERT H. GUY, JR.

CARLTON BRADFORD JAMES

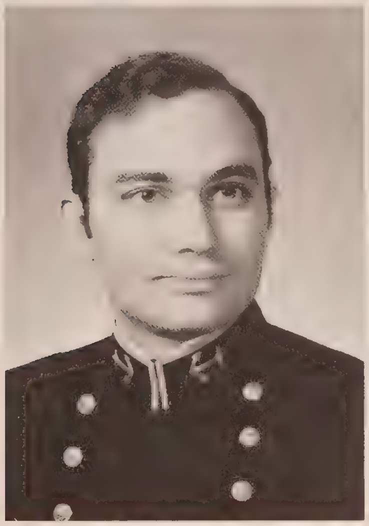
If it weren't for my maternal grandmother, Lena Bradford, I would have left in '74. If it weren't for my former roomate and classmate, Sonny, I might never have made it through the first two years. Finally, I'm proud to have served with those of my classmates in the 14th Company, without whose constant reminding, I might have forgotten how ignorant and ugly I really am. Here I list them all, in alphabetical order, as I will undoubtably and for quite some time remember them: Bolero, Tinker Bell, Augie, Wuba, J.T., Bo, Bubba, Doc, Dewey, Swamp, Bad Guy, Troll, Cheese, Broadway Joe, Whale, Rizuli, Hun, Mac, Ghee, Dougie Mar, J.B., Rooster, Chopper, Elf, R.S. Smith, Ziggy, Webs, Chief . . .

Quantico, this is Dumb Grunt, radio check, over.

Dumb Grunt, this is Quantico, roger over.

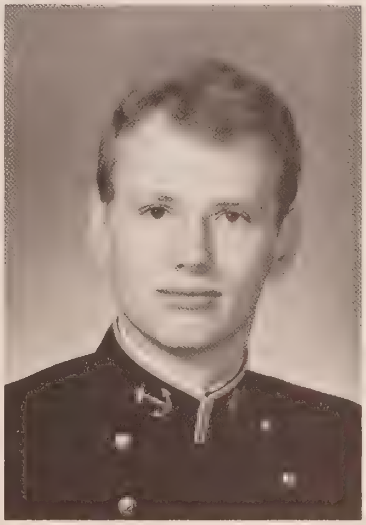
Quantico, this Dumb Grunt, roger, out.

D.G.



EDWARD F. KAMRADT

Ned was never considered an ordinary mid. While everyone else was out playing intramurals, he managed to get a sports exemption and spend afternoons painting. Ned fit into just about any group; anyone that wore an Austrailian Bushman hat and drove a Mercedes had to. He came from such a different mold that no one knew whether he was a midshipman or if he really was a troll. Never the less, with hobbies like fly tying, scuba diving, slot car racing and hat collecting, he still managed to edit this book and major in pre-nuke power. Perhaps his greatest claim to fame was his phone. He was the only guy in the brigade who never had stripes and still had a phone in his room as a youngster. With submarines as a service selection, he won't do much fishing or wear many hats, but he might turn into a pretty good artist; God knows he'll have the time down there. At any rate, he has left his mark on the Academy, and the administration will be trying to clean it up for years to come.

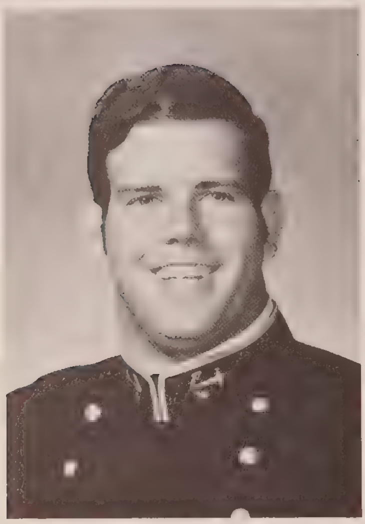


MICHAEL JOSEPH KOZLAREK

Mike could never be accused of putting too much effort into studying. Never one to strain himself by breaking the books Mike's favorite hobby was the rack. As a matter of fact, despite a 4.0 youngster year it was usually surprising not to find him catching a few Z's. That is unless he was out trying to catch a few girls. Mike could never settle on one girl and so June week of Second Class year he juggled several girls around the different events. His greatest problem was calculating how to pick up one girl while he was bringing home another. Mike managed a youngster year car without getting caught, despite having it parked in the yard for several days at a time. This was probably due to his effervescent personality and ever-present smile. The cry of "Koz!" could often be heard as fellow classmates came in search of the gouge that Mike was always willing to give, and accept.

CHARLES J. LEIDIG, JR.

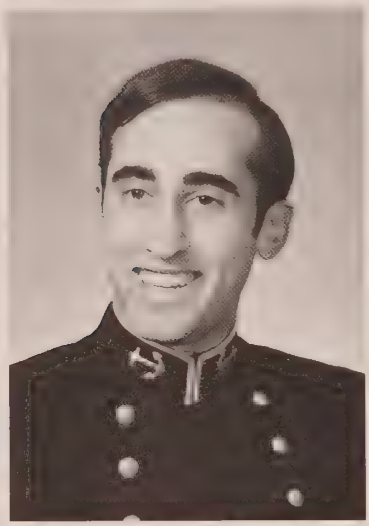
Joe Leidig decided to drop in at USNA one July morning in '74 to check on a free "appointment" he received in the mail. It talked about a summer program at the Naval Academy, and all Joe knew was that it was connected to the Navy somehow. Next thing he realized all he was doing was "sign here please". Well before he knew it plebe year was upon him but living only ten miles away helped lessen the hardship, especially on those weekends when Bob and Dr. visited. But that summer as fate would have it, destiny, in the fine shape of a blonde, forever stole Joe from his rowdier days. Well, he made it through 3rd class year, despite the loss of Murph and Hubbs. With the coming of first class year, the light was finally appearing at the end of the tunnel. Despite what most say about Joe it isn't true. He did his share of the load putting most of the geniuses to shame, but on the other hand could down his Bud, and shake up a party. But going Nuc, Joe just proves nobody's perfect.



JAMES F. LIPPARD

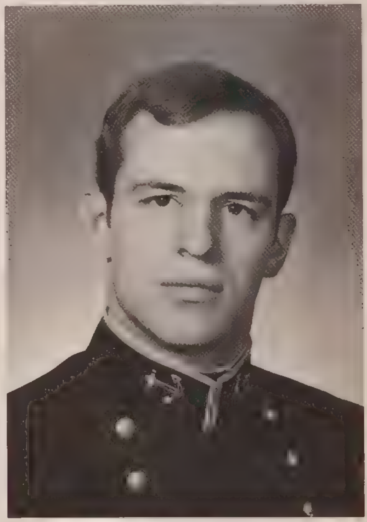
Unlike a newspaper account, which said Jimmy was called "Whale" with respect, insiders know that he sleeps and snores like a beached whale. Jimmy has come a long way in many regards – he has shed several pounds since "I" day and has lost a bit of his Miss. accent in order to communicate. Playing football, he has developed into a solid, consistent offensive tackle, thanks to a great bunch of bros. on and off the team. Jimmy never studied a lot, but his grades fooled his roommates and he somehow fooled his teachers too . . . or bowled them over with his southern friendliness and gentility. Whether it be on a ski slope the football field, relaxing with a beer, or throwing a beer bottle (obviously one of the Annapolis six!) – Whale is fun to watch and fun to be with. With his quick mind and adaptability to take advantage of opportunities, Jimmy will be a super Navy pilot, and anyone close to Jimmy will feel a loss to see him leave.

Hailing from Mt. View, California, "Tan" found the weather of the East Coast a little hard to take, just as he did good 'ol USNA. It took Greg only three semesters to realize that weekends had a higher priority than academics and that Phy Sci was his only out. In much the same spirit his varsity letter in Fencing evaded him year after year until as a firstie he became captain of the foil team. Greg, typically, spent his days in the rack, study hour strumming his guitar, and his weekends at Hood. Yet, there were times when he did other things he enjoyed, like complaining about the Academy or trying to scheme up a plan to get out of the mile run. Nevertheless, whatever he put his mind to, he was never to be outdone. With this fine record and four years of "wrist curls and getting in shape" it's obvious that Greg will be a welcome addition to Navy Air.



GREGORY J. MARTIN

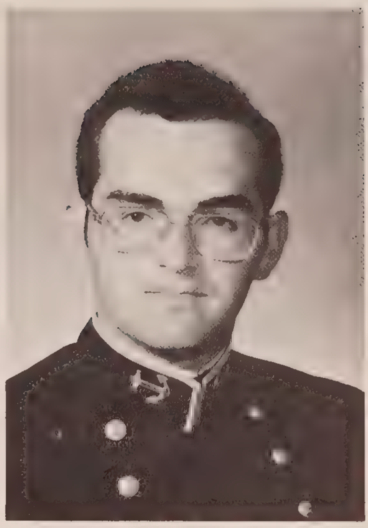
Amazin Raisin or the Hun as known by his friends came to us from the Fatherland via Balto Md. Curt was obscure during his first 2 years at Navy, always reaching new heights in Acadamia. All of this was quick to change when the Annapolis 5 took Curt under their wing and invited him to partake in a Beer merryment. Always quick to react, Curt joined these merrymen only to end up paying the piper 100 and 2. Having always been a kind and considerate person, Curt has been a good friend to those who know him and will be missed by his friends. The Hun has chosen to fly the friendly skies of the not so friendly Marine green, but they need good men and are getting one in Curt. Good luck Curt. Lookout P-cola here comes the German.



CURTIS FRANC MASZUN

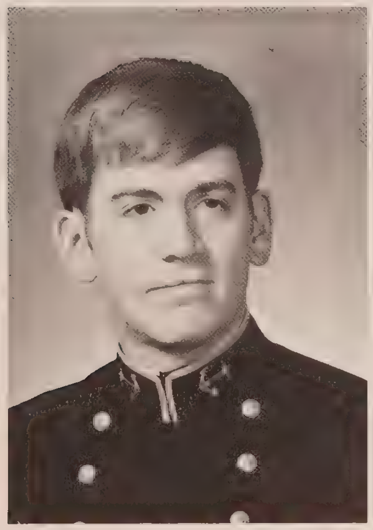
MARYLAND
DZS 250

D V
DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS



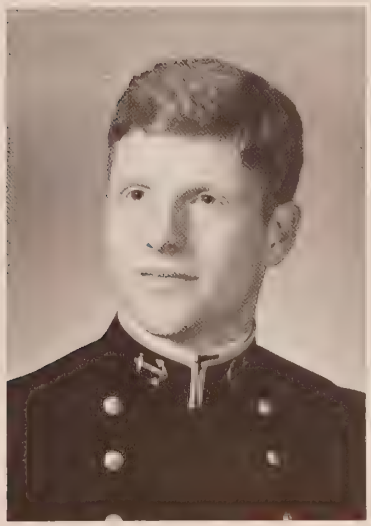
ROBERT LAWRENCE McCABE, JR

Larry came to the Boat school from the softball fields of sunny Florida. He's never been sure exactly why. Since he was here though, he seemed to try to make the best of it. Early in our careers we often heard the strains of his incomparable baritone ringing through the Hall. Better than Dino himself, Mac's theme was "Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime" . . . only Larry seemed to love somebody all the time. Through the years the increasing liberty always seemed to go to good use. Always a classicist at the art of bull, he soon abandoned the world of numbers for the more interesting avenues of Political Science. More importantly, he anchored the company softball team each year. Larry goes well prepared to the fleet, for a year with his First Class car should make him one of the top shipdrivers of the surface Navy.



KEVIN McGHEE

Kevin carried a dual major and finished with a 4.0 – in fencing and scuba diving. The only problem was that they made him take classes as well. Being from Johnstown, Pa., he has always been interested in deep water and majored in Oceanography. . Somehow he found time to also be one of Navy's top epee fencers and to sell used cars on the side. Service selection was a problem. He spent enough time on our Army project to make excellent wages as a plumber. He was so impressed by the surface Navy on his 1/c cruise that he will get his "Wings of Gold" in about 18 months. Kevin will be most remembered for being helpful; by the friends he taught to scuba dive, by all the plebes with English papers he corrected and many others. He's been a terrific friend and Christian and will make an outstanding officer and pilot.



DOUGLAS ROBERT MEYER

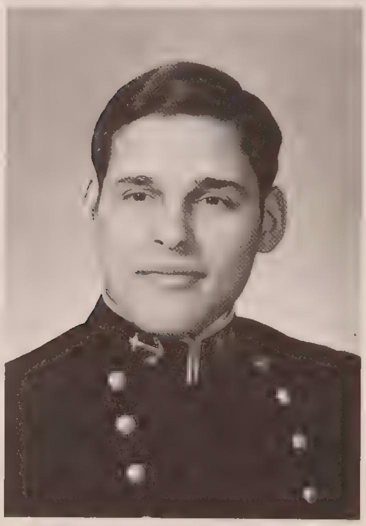
Little Dougy Meyer, or just plain "Mar", as he is affectionately known by his compatriots, came in search of the Great Naval Air. He soon found out that he had mass quantities of this substance betwixt his ears after first semester grades were in Plebe Year. Undaunted by this, Mar saw the light and cast off studies for sports in the wardroom and bars on the bay. Little Dougy, with an uncanny gift of pursuasiveness has been able to lead others on this path of rightiousness too! Always willing to give his opinion, but more important a helping hand, Doug has been a true friend to all who have known him. He will miss the friends he has made in these four years of insanity, but he does plan on staying in touch with all of them. Good Luck Mar, Good-bye Crabtown, and lookout P-Cola for the 7th member of the ANNAPOLIS SIX.

In our four years at the Naval Academy J.B. has the distinction of being the only '78 grad to tangle with the Bay Bridge and walk away. Although his MGB was a total loss, he quickly replaced it with a new TR7. A three time Varsity Pistol letterman, Brad proved to be an all around avid sportsman, equally at home hunting and fishing in the mountains or playing golf and tennis at the country club. And as with most of us, J.B. had his share of setbacks, but seldom, if ever did he loose his abrasive stubborness and opinionated mouthiness. His many and varied ideas on life, love, and the Academy will surely echo throughout Bancroft Hall long after J.B. has gone and will most certainly follow him into the Marine Corps (God help them!).

JACK BRADLEY RICHARDSON

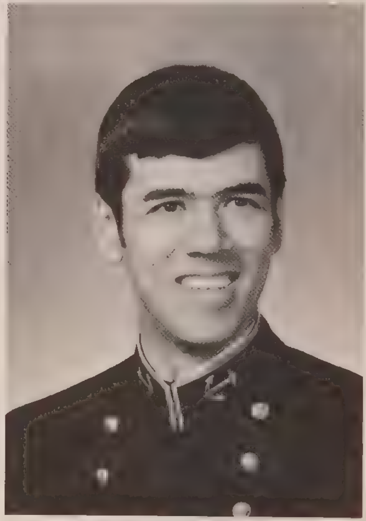
BENJAMIN ELLIOT RICHTER

Well, Ben, you made it. The Rooster came to us from New York City and instantly caught "Moore" grief than his "Griese" could take. Ben "crowed" his way through Plebe year despite the struggle with Bancroft. But Youngster year brought new opportunities to search the Yard, and Ben soon chanced upon such hideouts as the back of Nimitz and the 3rd deck of Ward Hall. From the start, Rooster amazed us with his academic prowess, his only rival being the computer, which he soon mastered as well. Ben spent much time in Nimitz working on wires or searching for gouge. After his four point papers were gunned down by Capt. Tragedy, Ben tried again to beat the system and got the seven mile limit reduced to a two mile walk. Christmas always brought out his respected side. Will Dangerfield ever forgive him? It is rumored that Rooster's toughest task was his finally successful effort to pull Bubba through wires. Yes, the King of the Nukes is getting a good man. We know Ben will do well in his naval career, be it for five years or twenty. But after all, who's counting?



ENRIQUE A. RODRIGUEZ

Who's that man behind those Foster Grants? Louie or Chopper? Being a natural manager in his dual major, it didn't take Henry long to delegate his studies to his roommate in order to concentrate on passing swimming and his next weekend. As a three year vet of 150's and summer school he quit his love (150's that is) so he could avoid another summer at Mother "B" and so navy could end its losing streak to army. It's too bad about the "N" star though. Now finally having to leave the local college with his notorious swimming ability, I'm sure "aquarock" will find a secure and welcome refuge in the air community. Thanks son dw.



EARNEST L. SHELDON JR.

HOMETOWN:	Tokyo, Japan
DISLIKES:	Studying, watch, long airline flights, bills, spelling.
LIKES:	A special Italian lady friend, snow, toymaking, family, Christmas, Army projects, Hallmark Contemporary Cards, Rack, museums, model builing, yearbook layouts(?).
GOALS:	Navy Air or A Crafty Toymaker
ONELINERS:	Only he who attempts the ridiculous can achieve the impossible. My, my, my . . . What are we going to do with you? There isn't much thrill in success unless one has first been close to failure. Oh well, I'll do it anyway. If at first you do succeed, try hard to hide your astonishment. DO the right thing because it's the right thing to do.

Scott has his roots in North Carolina and his money in a 65 Vette, his only steady sweeheart for the time being, even though he has tried to rectify the problem. After I-Day, Scott settled into a low profile and found his calling in the Physical Science major. Consistency then became his hallmark: Scott could always be found relaxing or sleeping, only occasionally breaking the routine to crack the books. Although he had his doubts about service selection, it took first class cruise to convince him to go Marine Air. We all had our doubts about Scott when we would amble into his dark hovel to find him pouring over a gun magazine like it was the Holy Grail but undoubtedly the Marines will have a place for him. Scott earned his letter with rifle team, an inconspicuous little group having the dubious honor of being one of the few teams to hold practice under T-court, but he was heart-broken when rifle failed to replace football as Navy's number one spectator sport. Scott leaves USNA with few regrets and even less money.

RONALD S. SMITH

In our time at the Naval Academy, Ed has probably undergone the most substantial changes of any man I have known. From backyard to broadway, Ed went from Joe Mid to UnMid and from the Naval Academy to the University of Navy, at Annapolis. When not crying "wolf" about his academics or booking it until 3 AM, Ed could usually be found writing a letter or in his "office" talking to his favorite townie. Being a true connoisseur of weekends, he never wasted a minute in departing from good ole USNA to become a true Annapolitan. Despite all Ed's other interests, his most cherised possession was his lovely lady, Jean. She took him and opened his eyes to see life and how happy it could be. For in her, he found life, hope, and love . . . As Ed leaves the Academy for service in the Navy via those chapel steps, I wish him and his wife all the good fortune in the world. Smooth sailing, Good Buddy.

EDWARD P. SZELIGOWSKI, JR.

Fred could never have been labeled a conspicuous person, except that he was taller than the rest of the crowd and if he didn't have webbed feet, he sure swam like he did. He did manage to keep the same girlfriend for four years but that only meant he spent all his weekends at her house and was seen less and less here. Fred had to get in on a waiver for age, he was the only forty year old ever to graduate. Maybe he looked so old because he spent most of his time underground, that is in the basement of Rickover Hall, alongside the tow tank. At any rate, Francis Marion Webster III sounds more like a ship than a mid but he really was here for four years, he just played through incognito.

FRANCIS MARION WEBSTER, III

CHARLES G. WENDT

Early in '78's plebe summer, Chuck's squad leader ordered his squad to execute him as a 'spy'. We all wished then that our M-1's were loaded. But after 4 years with Chuck, we are all glad that it was a gag. His record here at the Academy has been consistently impressive, especially in the classroom. Always willing to extend a helping hand, or answer to his inferior peers, Chuck has always seemed to have luck on his side. This was especially true the day he kicked everybody's tail in at the golf course and upon arrival at the Academy, the mate tells him he had just won the car in the Navy Relief Fund drawing. Chuck's quick mind, sharp sense of humor and organization makes him standout as one to approach in a time of need. His continual striving for untarnished excellence has paid off for Chuck here, and Adm. Rickover will be extremely pleased with this super addition to his silent service.

MIGUEL IVAN BECERRIL

15th Company

4 years ago the second landing of the Mothership occured at this wonderful institution of ridiculousness and out stepped Disco Beso. Thinking he had arrived at the University of Good Times, his first question was "where is the par-tee." He soon found out that PEP was no party, but being the self sufficient man he is he quickly developed the art of "getting over." The "shin-splint Kid" had struck! Beso kept a low profile that first year, but I remember very well his emergence the next year as Disco Beso. While his classmates were busy practicing for future green alerts, Beso was doing his utmost to bring this tradition-filled institution into the 20th century. For two years Beso labored in Disco Dahlgren trying to provide entertainment so desperately needed. Beso was and still is a connoisseur of wine, women and song. He was your untypical Mid. Three years ago to even mention the Marines in his presence was enough to provoke his unslashed wrath. Now he is soon to be a member of the "Mean Green," Semper Fly . . .

Rico gave up a lucrative career as a Trac II commercial to come to the Naval Academy. Though Rico claims to be from Belmont, Mass., archeological tests indicate that he may be the Cuban link to our past. Rico, thinking that a Rhodes Scholarship meant working for the Highway Dept., decided that Anchor Man would be a better goal. A devout Christian, Rico has helped many to define their religious beliefs after accepting Christ plebe year. His faith in God helped him over the rough spots of the Academy life including the elopement of his long time girlfriend with a thirty-one year old mechanic. Rico hopes to make up his mind for service selection sometime and would like to be having a Margarita at the house when this is all over.

RICARDO BLANCO

KC's NYC background stood him in good stead when he arrived at the Boat School. He soon learned to avoid labor in any of its most subtle forms. A regular "raincoat libber" plebe year, KC has an exemplary conduct record. During his stay at Navy, KC's charm and good looks afforded him the pleasure of many a lady's attention albeit the DAR. KC's amorous tendencies were slightly dampered by a hernia operation 1/C year that forced him to cut his moon dancing career short for a while. Throughout his time at Navy KC's quick wit and sense of humor has preceeded him and as a result he is often found pacing the hallways alone. His biggest thrill each year is eating lunch on St. Patrick's Day. Among Carm's achievements, one of the foremost is his driving prowess. He is a creative driver who is not restrained by mere traffic regulations or obstructions. Kevin has opted to be a rotor head with the Marines. He will no doubt distinguish himself in a Grandpa Pettibone article. GO IRISH.

KEVIN CARMODY

RANDALL DUNCAN

Randy as he is affectionately known by his plebes, has in the words of a classmate, a ready insult for anyone who cares to listen. Dunc gave up a political career as mayor of Sink Creek to come to Navy. All twenty-four residents turned out to see him off. With two years of college under his belt Randy stunned the academic world by validating forty some odd credits during plebe year. Since then his collection of unopened books has multiplied. Randy, the pride of the EE department, traditionally spots his profs the first fourteen weeks of each semester with mixed success. When not studying or shining three inch shells, Pumpkin often holds meaningful discussions with his fourth class, who will miss his warm personality when he "four wheels" it to Quantico where he hopes to cash his plebe year checks. GOOD LUCK DUNC.

RICHARD JOSEPH FINDLAY

Dick, affectionately known as Finner to his parole board has been serving time at Navy since his conviction — for his unusual street cleaning methods. Fins looks forward to his new home in the Corps. His high levels of perfection has been a source of awe to us all over the years. Because for Dick — cleanliness is next to godliness.

RAYMOND JOSEPH FRITSCH

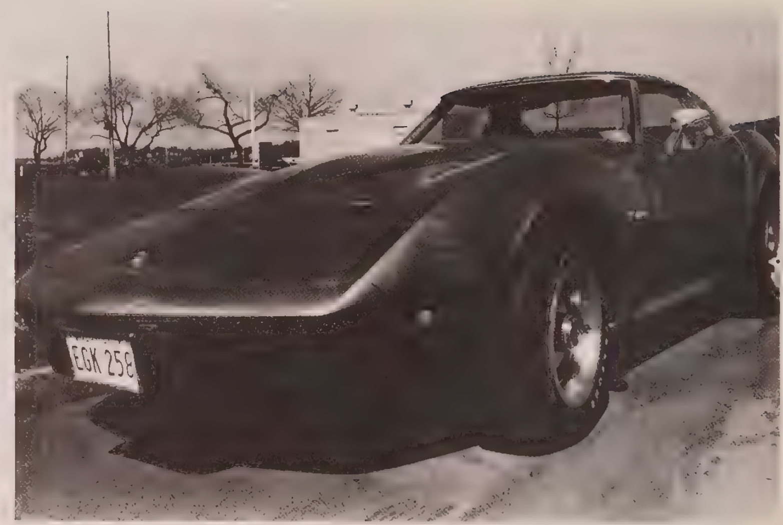
Cleanliness is next to Godliness
Ray Came, Saw, and Ate

LAWRENCE FRANCIS GALVIN

The midwestern community of Belleville, Illinois is home for Larry. He came to USNA after spending a year at DePaul University in Chicago. Not particularly known for studying day and night, Larry did manage to keep up a 3.6+ grade average. Enthusiastic in sports, he was more gifted in games such as Ping-Pong, Pool, Chess, Cards, and most of all Foosball. Larry displayed his true ambitions as a Wardroom middleweight and a rack heavyweight. "Doctor Destructo," as Larry came to be known, also kept busy with occasional Magic shows. The "Doctor" will always be remembered for his clean covers and shiny new car(s) Larry hopes his Math major will perpare him well for his future in the Nuclear Power Program and the "Silent Service."

WILLIAM H. HANNA

When Bill first arrived at Navy we all thought he was a foreign national, but it soon became apparent that it was just a "SLIGHT" Boston accent. Bill soon became known for his bursts of unintelligable Bostonian Garble and "unique" laugh. Not one to be outdone on the sport fields Bill moved from company fieldball goalie to Navy hockey's #1 net minder. Many a Saturday night we spent pounding the glass, and the brews, cheering Bill on to victory — well most of the time! Always a hit with the women (HA! HA!), Bill became especially famous for his nickname of "SNUGGLE-PUCK" given to him by a certain "young" lady. A staunch surface line man from the beginning, Bill is sure to become a fine officer and maybe even great if his men can find a good interpreter. We all wish Bill good luck in his career, which is sure to be an excellent one.



Ben came to the Academy with a bang, hailing from Rahway, N.J. The New Jersey Kid flowed through his first few years at Annapolis with a low pro. The kid's famous hangout his first year was the Field House, where he could be found practicing the long jump. Eventually, the kid branched out to company basketball and battalion football and there he had fun destroying opponents. After sorting through a few preliminary distractions the kid finally settled on a beautiful New Jersey flower. This flower named Risa became Ben's final athletic event. Every weekend one could find the kid high jumping over the wall and out of the Academy to see that special New Jersey flower. With a Marine Corp twinkle in his eye and a June Week wedding around the corner, I have but one thing to say for one such as he, "RIGHT ON FOR THE BLOOD."

BENJAMIN HARRIS

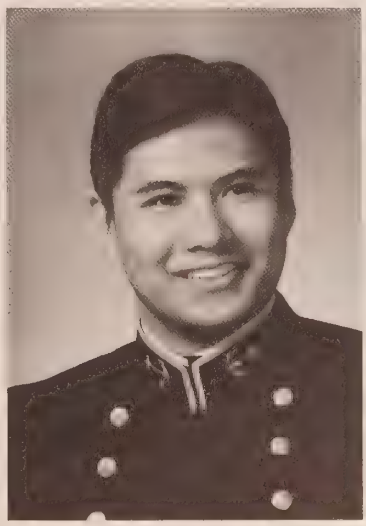
At the academy, "The Binks" became quite a sportsman — playing ping-pong with his majors selection for over three years, and then decided to play blind man's bluff with his grades for a couple of semesters. But because of his natural "pencil-neck" attitude, and hard headed perserverance, Harry consistently overcame any difficult situation. Besides entering the academy as his high school's valedictorian, "The Binks" was a fine athelete in track events, but sensing that his blood is the same as that of the noble Dartanian, Harry picked up a sabre, adopted the phrase "on guard" and became a leading swordsman of the varsity fencing team. After meeting his dream come true, Harry became the leading citizen in the "haven't seen him all weekend" gang. Because of his helpful and kind expressions, Harry has won many friends, and though he is pushing to become a Naval Flight Officer, he will be well accepted into any branch of service.

HARRY HARRIS

Charlie arrived at Navy running, and hasn't stopped since. We're still not sure what he's running from, but it must have something to do with all those girls mistaking him for Richie Cunningham. Hailing from that "Mecca of Civilized Man", Branchville, N.J. Chuck became reknown for being both FLEET-OF-FEET and TIGHT-OF-FIST!! To put it bluntly Chuck was just plain CHEAP! As the story goes it was Charlie's distant ancestor Ebenezer Hautau Scrooge who started the family tradition of economy, so naturally Chuck became known as "EB" by his classmates. Despite or in spite of, this Charlie was one of the most respected members of the class. His tremendous dedication and outstanding ability in sports and academics were but a few of the areas in which Chuck excelled. Always a fine leader, Chuck is sure to be a great officer and super pilot!!!

The "Flyin Hawaiian" gave up the easy life of wine, women, waves, and Waikiki to excel for Navy. A fine high school athlete, the "Big "E, after a short (very short) stint with Brigade Boxing, became a stalwart on company football, fieldball, and soccer teams. During his four years here, Elt attempted to prove his pet theory that grades are inversely proportional to study time while directly proportional to cooking time. Always one in search of couth and culture, Elton could always be seen with such classics of literature as "Gor", "The Wierd of Whitewolf", and "The Destroyer", while reading such diverse magazines as "Soldier of Fortune", "Thor", and "Club". Weekends saw Elton at Rudi's, The Wooden Nickel, or in D.C. Always remembered for the "Miller Bug episode", Elton made many friends with his quick wit, diverse vocabulary, and amiable personality. Whatever his Service Selection will be, Elton is sure to find the way easy.

CHARLES A. HAUTAU



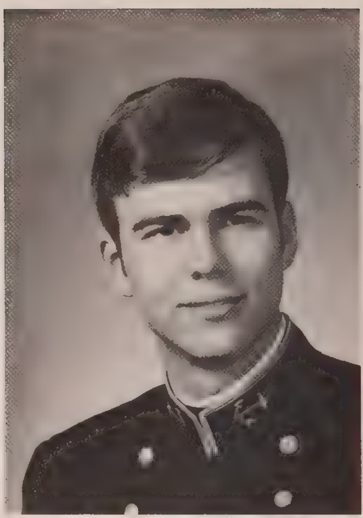
ELTON M. KELLEY

JOHN KOLJESKY

BANCROFT HALL
VISITORS ENTRANCE
THIS WAY OUT
78

Indeed there is one and only one "KOJAK" (and he's not the one on TV). Who else but Kojak could down half a case of STROH'S and five Big Macs and STILL complain that he's hungry . . . and who else could wreck his brand new slick TRANS AM by running into a metal post and collect 180 demos ALL IN THE SAME NIGHT (but who's countin' right Kojak??) . . . and who else would go out and buy a CB and a Fuzzbuster after getting a $162 speeding ticket . . . and who else could get ripped off by two Atlanta "sweethearts" by paying $82 for just TWO bottles of champagne . . . and who else would tell his Company Officer (Capt. HO-HO, USMC) that he would not go Marines because he thought that all Marine Corps Officers were a bunch of conceited morons . . . and finally, who else but Kojak would give in to a bleeding heart, life or death request to borrow "the car across the river" for the weekend when he was the only youngster in the company brave enough to have a car within the 7 . . . yes, USNA, there is only ONE Kojak!!

Leif came to the Boat School from Mobile, Alabama with a brief stopover at NAPS. For three years he directed his efforts at finding loopholes in the regs, sailing ocean racing yachts, and looking for ways to escape watch and duty. He developed a nose for gouge, which helped out because of an "AC" Board attack and ever increasing battles with the pad monster. First Class year he decided he would try to graduate, and proceeded in that direction, still an M.E. major. His other interests included flying and scuba diving. One of the last to succumb to the car urge, Leif now has his sights set on wings of gold.



LEIF H. KONRAD, III

DUANE MICHAEL LAFONT

Hailing from "the swamps" of Houma, Louisiana, Duane came straight to the Academy from a highly successful high school career. His smooth Southern style and easy manner quickly earned him the nickname "Riverboat Louie." Duane's academic record was also notable and his diligence during study hours verged on the fanatical. During one four-hour session, Duane was observed to sit in on two separate card games and to read three "trash" novels. He explained his lack of studying with the fact that he was saving his eyes for flight school. His plan worked, for upon graduation Duane will pursue a career with his head in the clouds as a Navy pilot. After a five-year courtship, Duane will be taking a new bride with him to Pensacola, his high school sweetheart, Missy. Duane couldn't be luckier and neither can the Navy as they are getting an outstanding officer in this Cajun from the bayous.

MICHAEL LAX

It is said that life here at USNA tends to corrupt a man's morals and Mickey is a prime example. Coming to USNA from a small backwoods town in Virginia, Mickey was transformed from a studious, conscientious, boring young man into a drunken, womanizing, typical mid during his early years of incarceration at Canoe U. Mickey's academic energies have been devoted to the search for the elusive 3.0. Although he has yet to attain this he has managed to maintain a high level of mediocracy. Along with his academic strivings, Mickey has become a top notch intramural jock. Between bouncing off handball court walls and being the blocking dummy for company light weight football he has participated in such mid favorites as zebra wrestling and the very popular wreck your car. Rounding out Mickey's stay at old Crabtown he was company commander during Plebe Summer. Mickey has chosen to become a target for the surface fleet and go Navy Air.

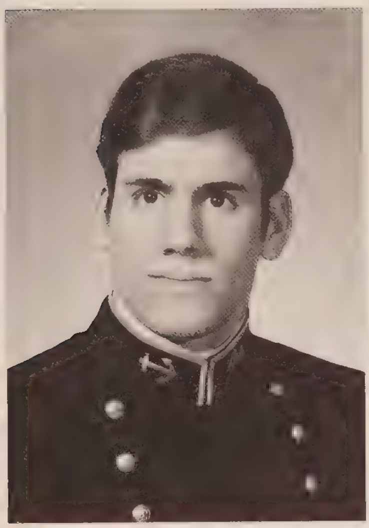
MICHAEL JOHN MAKOWICZ

Mac, affectionately known to his mother as son, travelled from the conservative colony of Connecticut to join the nation's elite on 8 July 1974. From that quiet, dedicated plebe Mike honed his qualities to become the boistrous, beer-drinking firstie that he is today. Originally dedicated to the Mean Green, Mike is now going Nuc Power. Though normally a guy who keeps to himself, Mike always managed to find many long lost buddies just before a steam or wires test, though some people did mistake him for some mid named Gouge. Always willing to help others as well as improve himself Mac could often be seen pumping iron in the Field House with Ginzo. A liberal guy Mike always was glad to witness the many changes at the Academy, especially the induction of women, though he did think that women should have their own academy, somewhere in Afghanistan. Though seeing the world through a periscope, Mac should enjoy nuking and puking.

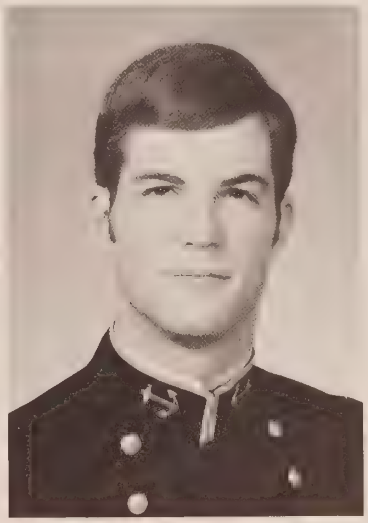
Guido Andrea Manzo, or Guinzo as we affectionately call him, has accomplished many goals since coming to USNA. He was first in the company after "freshman" year and accomplished his biggest feat senior year, a four striper billet. Speaking of feats, we used his shoes to float in from a YP that broke down youngster year. But how, was Guinzo able to accomplish these goals? His number one ranking was based on just how rank he smelt when he returned from working out in the afternoon. His roommates were the only ones in the brigade who volunteered for chow call to get out of the room. His four striper billet was brigade supply. Who could have been better than someone who eats as much as all of Italy. Guinzo was one of the few stripers who got his teeth into his job. Good luck Guinzo, to you and Lori I mean Lora . . . signed MOTHER

Chris sauntered into Canoe U. from upstate New York, where a lot of legends are born, and proceeded to become one himself. Although on Saturday nights it was hard to tell whether he was Rip Van Winkle or the Headless Horseman, "Blade" managed to buckle his swash with the best of 'em, surviving the deluges or droughts of girls and good times that normally haunt a mid. Following in the footsteps of those who went before us, Chris was often heard quoting brazenly, "Those chicks out in town don't know what they're missing." Never lacking in brainpower or organization, we had the gall to send him up to Woopville for a change in the weather during second class year, but he survived the Long Grey Line to return and lead us to a full semester of tailgaters and green alerts. Always the one to count on to get things done, Chris is certainly one to stand out either in Nuclear Power or Amalgamated Bottlecap.

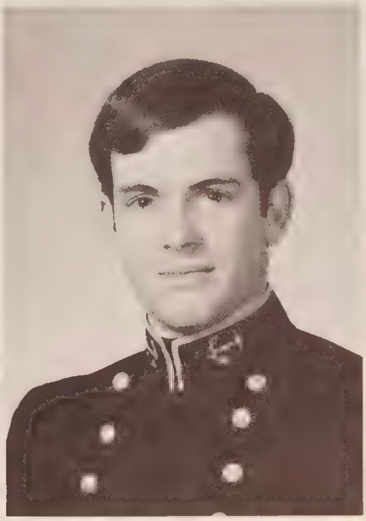
A virtual unknown in 15th Company, Tim has spent most of his time aiding the Naval Academy Dinghy Team attain their National Championship. A favorite of Capt. Hodary, Tim was determined to keep his civilian attitudes and hairline as a Midshipman. He was a 3.0 ocean major for openers, but it didn't take long for priorities to take over with Phy Sci, three day regattas, and a certain special girl taking up his time.



GUIDO A. MANZO



CHRISTOPHER W. MAY



TIM McGEE

JAMES TIMOTHY McINERNEY

James Timothy McInerney; Mac; or more affectionately, Mac the Smack (only in jest, by no means in reality), left the shores of famed Hampton, Va. to attend a spirited 4 years at USNA. The only Mid to be perpetually engaged to 11 different women during his career here, he continually endowed them all with wordly gifts. An avid fan of 7 & 7 and the brew (any brand!), he successfully managed to stop drinking at least 7 times (and that was only for first class year!) In fact, he spent more time out drinking plebe year than did most of the first class (oh, those long weekends!). No doubt a remarkable individual, he spent a minimum of 4 hours nightly glued to the tube, was in bed by 12, and he still managed to pass! Mac will be forever remembered for his expertise on the parade field, those lengthy bangs (never being an advocate of weekly haircuts), his ever present smile, vivacious spirit, and love for Navy Air. May the skies be forever blue and eternally safe for Jim and his F-18.

RAYMOND M. MISKOWSKI

Ray, known to both of his friends as Ray, came to the Academy from the quaint community of Severna Park, Maryland. From the outset "Misko's" quick wit and cultured sarcasm lost him the few friends he had. Deciding upon a non-accredited major, Ray found little trouble delving into the depths of oceanography. But Ray's prowess was not limited to academia. As a varsity pistol shooter Ray, later to be known as "Clutch", put on an unusual display of marksmanship in a tough loss to Army. After recovering from the wounds inflicted by some disappointed teammates, Ray could always be found helping out his classmates on the Applied Strength squad, though he himself didn't need the work. One of the best-minded and certainly one of the most personable members of the Brigade, this fly boy and his lovely fiancee Kimberly should have many a blissful time together. Hopefully, little Elmer will enjoy Pensacola as much as his Mom and Dad. Good Luck to all!

CHRISTOPHER T. NICHOLS

Dwarf, Dopey's lesser known twin, came to the Academy from Aiken, South Carolina. Nic was able to come to the Academy on a medical waivers after suffering from, what we referred to as, "Atrophic orchies." After consulting a specialist in Genoa, Nic became a new man and looked forward to a fruitful first class year! While not studying, the Dwarf could often be found mumbling weird Dylan songs or attempting to set land-speed records in his TR — "lemon" (the shape of things to come??) Nic became a very popular guy while serving as a squad leader on plebe detail. So popular in fact, his squad formulated a publication of sorts that Nic hopes to put to good use some day. Often found semi-comatose, the Dwarf has searched frantically for a "no" answer on the A-A questionaire. Finding none and spurned by the girl from Golf, Nic has decided to take to the sea on a surface ship. With his reserved manner and compulsive neatness, Nic will land the job of CAO!! GOOD LUCK!!

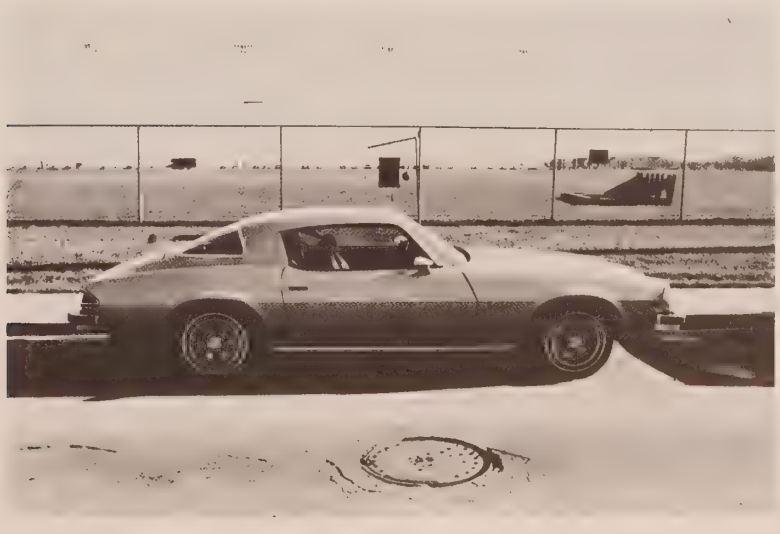
KEVIN OLSEN

Discovered trying to beach himself on the shores of Lake Mich., at Racine, Wis., Namu was rescued by Betty B. before Marine World reps could decide whether to display him or market his blubber. At any rate OBESE-WAN SO CHUBBY, the FATI KNIGHT, surfaced at Navy and immediately began to assimilate a healthy mass of "Professional" material which spawned such monumental endeavors as The First Uncensored Body — Shaving Advertisement and Plebe Detail Window Shopping. Ols was never one to let his studying interfere with the day to day shifting of his future marital status ("Well, if . . . ") nor his pursuit of a Harold Robbins novel. In short (like myself), Ols is a colorful person whose wit and personality have earned him many friends while at USNA, and at least one "friend to the end". Surface Line indeed looks mighty fine with the likes of Kevin. End The Story of O.

MORRISON W. RAY

Hailing from Haowell, Michigan, the melon capital of the world, Moe used his management major to buy a $4,500 car with 76,000 mi which was only 7 years old. Throughout his 4 year stay at U.S.N.A., Moe was the only one in 15th Company to have his own personal steward. Moe also holds another first by making a phone call while gargling on previously ingested alcohol. Confused by the Regs and a victim of circumstance, Moe earned his Black "N" as a Plebe while drinking in Washington on area liberty. Moe managed to survive his 4 year stay at the Boat School even though he was threatened with physical abuse after offending the honor of a certain Dean's daughter. It is a lucky thing for the surface navy that Moe is going air. being the intrepid sailor that he is, Moe survived several sea disasters and at the pinnacle of his career attempted to park his YP in the chartroom of another during UNREP.

From the sunny beaches of Southern California, Dave came to the confines of Canoe U. with a cold Coors in one hand and a girl in the other. As a manager jock he worked with the tennis and squash teams while constantly improving his own game (and managed to bag formations too). Never one to shun academics, "Hot Rod" gave it his all and came out on top in his struggles with the god of 2.0. He also knows how to have a good time and never failed to enjoy his weekends, even if sometimes he did find it rough going the next morning. Occasionally, he found it rough going before it was morning, like at that post UVA game party youngster year when he threw a chair and about threw a TV out of a window. Dave was always one with the ladies also, as he had met many and proposed to several in his career at Navy. Life is not dull for Dave and he is hoping to enjoy the south as an NFO.

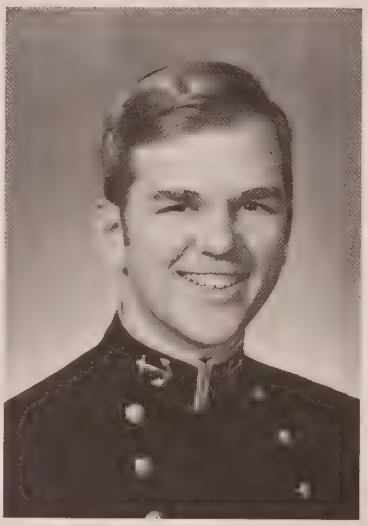


DAVID RODRIGUEZ

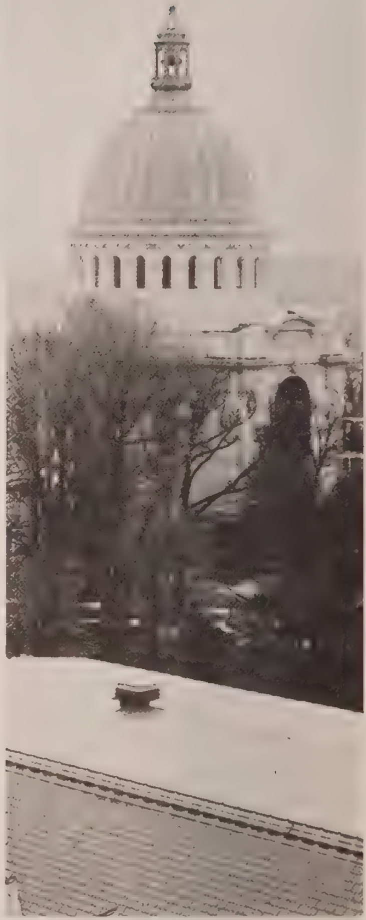
Floating in from Pensacola, Florida, Bob came to USNA with dreams of becoming an astronaut, and he is well on his way. He is majoring in Aerospace Engineering and has managed to maintain a high CQPR. He is also president of the USNA chapter of the AIAA. After graduation Bob is floating back home for aviation training. There he should be tops in survival training having managed to survive numerous attacks by irate roomies, participants in his "very blind" dating service, and debtors to his "loan sharking" operations. Bob's well known personality enabled him to keep a low profile within the company. His hobbies are photography and keeping up one of the finest collections of obscure recording artists within the Brigade. Other interests include a Jaguar, with a driver named Karen, and his own 280-Z, which has become another 18-25 age group statistic. If his experiences here at USNA are any indication of the future, Bob is sure to find the fleet a challenge.

ROBERT R. ROMAINE

On July 8, 1974 the world delivered to USNA a guy named Casey. He brought the sunshine and warmth of his home state, California, with him in his personality. Many have come to befriend the Spanish speaking Icelander (what a combination). No problem was too big for Case to handle with a smile, a shrug of the shoulders, and a refreshing "I'm flexible." Case has humbled many a handball opponent with his fierce desire to conquer the challenge of a good competitor. He likes to drive his Fiat X-19 – sometimes normally, but usually faster than a person with a sane mind. If you really want to get Case talking, ask him about The Fish and his best friend, 'Lucky'. In four years at USNA Case has grown in many ways and has accomplished much. On June 7, 1978 USNA gave back to the world a fine, stout young man – named R. Case Runolfson.



RALPH CASE RUNOLFSON

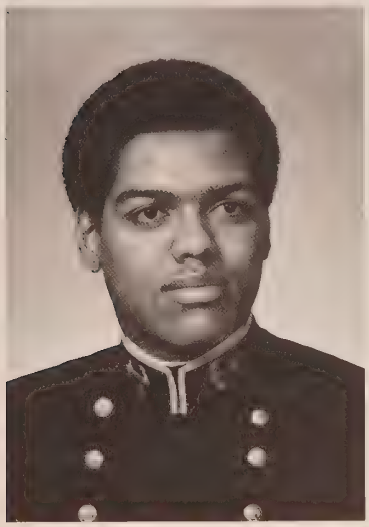


"Schmerm", a nickname given merely for convenience sake, came to us from Roselle Park, New Jersey, a snug bedroom community outside New York City. Unable to go cold turkey into Annapolis, Bob chose to squander away two semesters at Lafayette college living on a liquid diet of J.D. (Black). Coming to his senses Bob entered Navy intent on a career in subs. Almost immediately Bob's sharp wit placed him in the forefront as a natural leader. Bob's intramural skill was almost none, therefore it won't be mentioned. Academically, Schmerm easily mastered his literative (extremely easy) major, English. His most troublesome course was Chemistry, though he actually loved it more than any other. In time Bob knows he"ll lick Chemistry, fortunately a bevy of area beauties ranging from a Redskinette to a "Colorado" Kathy have helped ease his pains. Choosing Marine green may be a mistake for him, but who can say. Good Luck Butch, SEMPER FI!

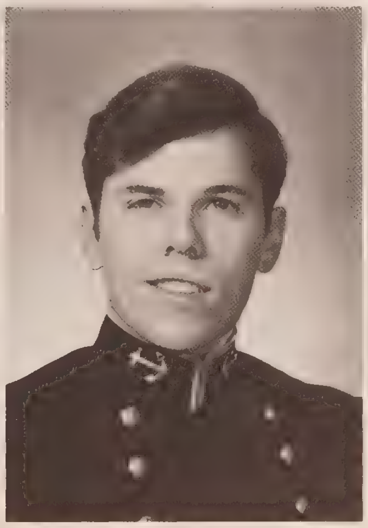
ROBERT SCHMERMUND

The legend of the Kid, along with his escapades are too!!!!! for print
But one thing he was was an eternal chow hound
Weeks may pass and no traces of the Kid could be found.
But let a chow package come in . . .
Bobby contributed greatly to the Navy hoops team.
B-ball and liberty were known to be his greatest pursuits.
Academics . . . ah, well, when he wasn't busy
Hearing first class year was a bag, he decided to join the system.
So he dropped his roomate . . . from the fourth deck no less.
And adopted the working uniform relaxation, whiteworks as we know it
The "mean green" was his choice, yes he's actually getting a haircut.
And I am looking forward to serving with the Kid a-Dy-no-mite!!!!

Lawrence S. Semanyk, known to many as YAK, came to USNA from Philadelphia with a fervent desire to excel. Not knowing what he should excel at, Larry bided his time until second class summer, when his exploits at Quantico quickly earned him deserving recognition. "E-tool", as he was later honored, was able to single-handedly stop the progression of an entire war game, while cleverly remaining undetected by the enemy and his own company. Being a stud soccer player, and almost as good looking as his roommate, Larry was never lacking a date on weekends . . . we know who made certain of that! Outgoing, good natured, and a good friend all describe Larry. With his sense of humor, and his way with words, Larry is sure to succeed in his every endeavor.



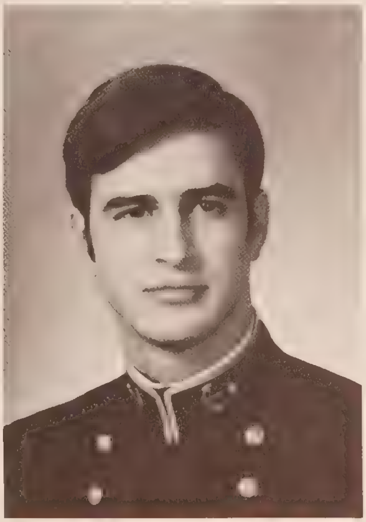
BOBBY SCOTT



LAWRENCE S. SEMANYK

Aaron D. Watts came to USNA from Manitowoc, Wisconsin, where he learned to drink scotch, play the accordian, and possibly even play the guitar, at good old Lincoln High. Aaron always was the lady's man, but he never seemed to hold on to the same girl for any extended period of time. His agressiveness scared them off many a time. It seemed Alice was always his dearest, in the days dedicated to plebes, while R.S. was definitely his nearest to the days of dear old dad. Yes A.D. is always a hard worker when it comes to studies and girls. Abdul is very honest and to the point. Honesty is his greatest attribute, along with dedication to his goals. He is a good natured person, and easy to get along with . . . remember the YAK soap operas! Aaron has a positive and confident attitude which will gear him toward a life of success where ever he goes.

MARYLAND
FAR 142

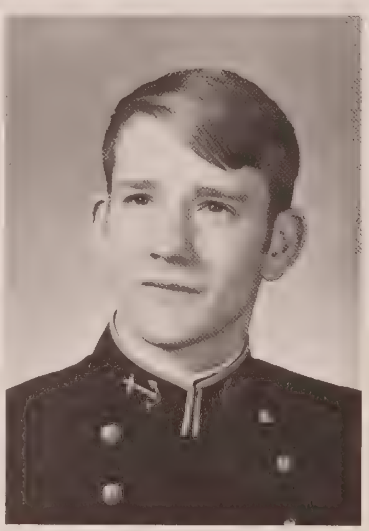


AARON D. WATTS

16th Company

FRANK BEHM

Hailing from the booming metropolis of Wilmington, Delaware; Frank would have rolled into Crabtown in his 'vette back in the summer of '74 had he owned it yet. Seeing that he didn't, he had to settle for his track spikes instead. While passing his four years just a shade short of being academically brilliant, Frank managed to find time to add class to the track team; even if Hank couldn't figure him out. Frank always wanted to attend a co-ed college, and when the boat school finally accomplished the feat of incorporating females into the system, no one contributed more to their morale than Frank; especially with the girl next door. Need more be said on that subject? Always one to enjoy a good "goof", Frank liked nothing better than amazing his favorite Lieutenant with his nonconforming ideas of what life at USNA should be like. After finding out that the Corps wouldn't let him keep his "locks", Frank set his sights on Navy Air.



GARY W. BOETTCHER

Claiming Florida as his state, Barney as his brother, and Candace as his wife, Betch takes fond memories of 16CO and his used car lot to a thing called GRADUATION. After four rigorous years of academic struggle, I mean endeavor, SOME physical strain, and total moral confusion, he plans on spending two lazy years in some of that good ol Florida sunshine near a Naval airport called Pepsicola??? Little does Betch know that six months of mosquitos, ticks, and Virginia mud, await him before he goes to that soda city in the sky!!! His highest aspiration is graduation, but only momentarily. Before one goal is set, he thinks of (stumbles upon) another, and recently he has been mumbling something about harrier or heloer. Oh well, it has something to do with the bird's activities. He wanted to mention two things for those who follow, but never told me what they were . . . though he did say they were always behind his roommate. Actually it was more like Good Luck and GOD Bless!!!!

DAMIAN J. BONVOULOIR

After spending a year at Rochester, the Whale gave up the college scene for a more liberal life on the Severn. Continually studying, he did manage to find time to get some fresh air. Being athletic, the Whalish One divided his time between BB, Raquetball, and Sailing. Whale was a member of the Wednesday-night regulars where he frequently dazzled the crowd with some amazing shots. Also, Damian was a wrestling mgr. for 3 years, but resigned due to the rigors of 1/c year. However, his favorite activity was lip-locking a beer at Weems Creek Tavern. With a yrs. experience in college, Damian was a strong influence in maintaining morale in Club 16. There is not enough room in this biography to tell all of Whale's escapes, but the fact that he was a penthouse member should adequately describe the actions he was capable of.

Loon left Colgate and Long Island with hopes of conquering Navy soccer and Mechanical Engineering. A knee injury put him on the "meat squad" second class year but the classroom has been friendly to him since his Plebe days. As a firstie and company commander of Club 16, Loon pursued his greatest loves with plenty of gusto — His Chevy van, tailgate parties and lots of icy, cold ones always received number 1 priority. After June, John will head for Nuke school at Orlando in hopes of doing it deeper. Watch out Rickover, you are getting a good one!

JOHN ELDER COHOON

Rudy took the delayed entrance option and spent a year at NAPS before making his way to Canoe U. "T" tables were great all of plebe year, but being on the NAVY track team was too much work for a four year plan. Cars, among other things, were a prime interest and this lead Rudy to becoming our company mechanic. He had a knack for fixing things, most notably the plastic chairs with which the good Lt. furnished his house. Decreasing the 7 mile car limit to 2 miles didn't effect Rudy much, since he had his own idea of what 2 miles was anyway. I'm sure thanks go out to the Mortons for that help and all their generousity — especially when considering a certain young lady in the general vicinity. His phone bill went down, but the number of trips down to the 7th wing phones increased. After many hours of serious consideration, Rudy will choose Navy Air on service selection night.

RALPH R. COSTANZO

Ken arrived from sunny California calculator in hand, ready for anything that Navy had to throw at him. Ken came to USNA in prime physical condition, boasting of swimming an 8 minute mile, prompted '75 to call him motorboat legs. From then on there was never any doubt as to his physical prowess. At the beginning of third class year, Ken really began to tackle the chores of being a math major. He opened his books and didn't surface until first class year, except for his afternoon missions with the YP squadron. First class year Ken really turned into a true steamer. He captured the brigade record for downing more orange crushes at a single green alert than anyone else. For service selection Ken is still not decided between Nuc Power or the Mortician Corps. To ensure covering all the bases Ken won the Adm. Rickover look alike contest and bought a hearse. All we can say is "Ken, make sure the hatches are closed when taking her down" Fair winds and following seas.

KENNETH J. ECKMAN

CABELL E. GREENWOOD

Cabell came to the Chesapeake from Chicago via Athens, Georgia. He spent his Plebe year visiting the AcBoard, and when Youngster year rolled around he realized that it wasn't the healthiest place to go so he directed his efforts towards getting on the right side of 2.0. Second Class year opened the doors to the wardroom, and he moved right in, emerging only in the spring when he became the proud owner of a "wedge," which spent more than a few Saturday nights parked in the yard. Cab suffered a temporary setback First Class year when he wedged his "wedge" in between a couple of guard rails, but he soon recovered. In between all of these activities he found time to excell at Batt Soccer and Hatchet Hockey, while also learning how to Scuba dive. Cab will be heading towards Pensacola and his wings after graduation. We wish him clear skies and no head winds.

A Southerner and a Carolinian at heart, it must have hurt Mac to come so far north to spend his precious collegiate years. He arrived with his suitcase full of grits and cornbread and visions of soccer stardom, engineering wizardry, and jet jocking. Now his seabag holds love letters from his multitudes, a few beer cans, and memories. Memories of how he fell for sailing and bagged it for four years. Memories of how he got sick as a deck ape on the Chesapeake and how he prayed to Poseidon as a skipper. Then the time when he found out that engineers only work for managers, and decided to become one of the elite. Mac took care of his eyes for four years and had air made only to be grounded with hay fever. But through it all, Mac grew and his nicknames let the world know, from Cornseed and Hick and Nipper to the glorious finale: "MIKE MID." Now Mac heads back to the sea for his water wings, but wait, he still hears jet engines only two years away.

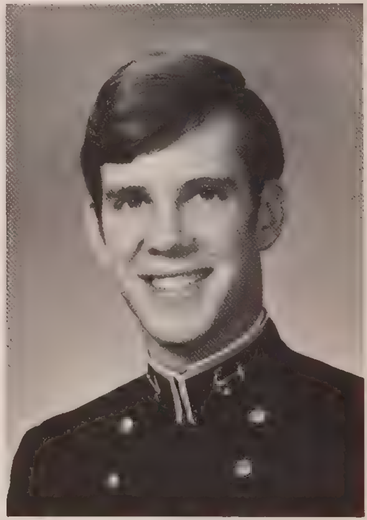
HUGH McLEOD HARDAWAY, JR.

CHARLES WILLIAM JONES

The Bear as he is known to most, sure spent a lot of his first class year in North Carolina, but with good reason. Still on occasion he has been known to grab a few gustos with the boys in 16. Bear will be known for his quick come backs and his speed on the lax field with 3-Batt lax, but mostly for the many journeys to his house in Charm City. Bear never had any trouble with his academics as a few of the well known Management majors can testify. A member of the original Penthouse gang, Bear moved out to be a paper pusher on Batt staff as adjutant. "Guides Post." Chip was always grinning and was quick to lend a hand whenever help was needed. He'll have no trouble at Pensacola becoming an NFO and will always do his bit for the morale of the people he works with.

JOHN P. KLOSE

HOMETOWN: Xenia, Ohio
PROFESSION: Systems Engineer
HOBBIES: Backgammon and Squash
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: The Collective Unconscious of Oddbodkins
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: President, Masqueraders
QUOTE: Being on the surface is the second best thing about submarines!
PROFILE: Hard-working, versatile, energetic. Consistently told bad jokes, and liked to "mole out." Intensely inspired for the rest of his career after his Youngster year Company Officer told him, "I don't care what they say about you, Mr. Kose, You're O.K."
HIS SCOTCH: Cutty Sark



JOHN KOVALCIK

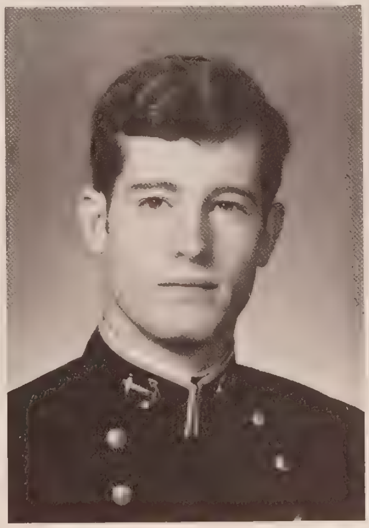
John has no regrets about his experiences at Navy. He became a card carrying member of the Buzzy's Brigade and he truly left his mark on Herndon. John saw quite a few sunrises but managed to make it through the remainder of Plebe year without any further incidents. His conduct record is sprinkled with numerous other "big scores," a trait common to all in Club 16. During his first (second?) class summer, he became a permanent fixture in Bancroft and was forced to follow the straight and narrow. First class year took away the thrill and action because almost everything was legal. John kept things tight by limiting his partying to weeknights, weekends were always taken up by sailing. His true love affair with sailing was always most important and will surely stay with him for years to come. A good salty Nor'Wester in any sailboat with a case of suds are all he needs to stay happy. He will be in Pensacola, flying jets, sailing Hobies and engaging in the finer points of tropical Bermuda loving. Take care John, and keep it light.

HOMETOWN: Bergenfield, New Jersey
PROFESSION: Electrical Engineer
HOBBIES: Photography, Theater, and Explosives
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: The Existential Pleasures of Engineering
QUOTE: Science is to Nature as Art is to Man, an expression of the deepest thoughts of God and Man. To know one is to understand the other.
PROFILE: A little drifty, quiet, good-natured and eccentric at times. A hallmark of the Catholic Choir, liked German Opera, worked hard. Best known for the unlimited gouge he possessed.
HIS DRINK: Vodka Tonic

From the streets of Philadelphia and the halls of Montezuma, Jock came to the Academy ready to convert everyone to the green. However, Plebe summer soon changed his mind. Always one with a quick wit and a wise word, Steve made many friends in his four years here. He'd give you the shirt off his back but it would probably end up being yours. Being the athletic type, Jock spent many an hour running the perimeter and smelling gloves at MacDonough fancying himself as Rocky Jr. He also was part of the Wed. night Multi Purpose gang where he never missed a chance to dazzle the crowd with his Philly street moves. Weekends you could usually find "Jacques" up at Hood looking for female companionship – usually ending up in heartbreak or trouble. Not known for practicality, Jock proved himself by buying a '38 roadster. On his more serious side Jock acted as Class Vice President. In the future, Jock plans to drive planes for the Mean Green.

John Mark Mathre came to us from Lompoc, California. Being somewhat of a fish, John validated each swimming class leaving the boring lessons to be attended by us rocks. He also missed many z-hours, because brother Jerry provided him with the perfect gift, "The History of Seapower". Lompoc grew lifeless so John headed north for more California Dreamin. Upon arrival after 2/c summer he dazzled the parents of Midshipmen from San Francisco Bay with his views on women coming to USNA. Never one to take academics lightly, and what Narc can afford to, John spent many hours a night preparing himself for Nuc Power and a shot at being a big striper. Perhaps such efforts were the reasons for a couple after 7 appearances at evening meal formation. His brilliant performance in academics and military aptitude lead to that job created for hard chargers, 1st Regimental Who? Come graduation John won't be going Greyhound, but NFO and will leave the driving to someone else.

THOMAS A. LAUZON

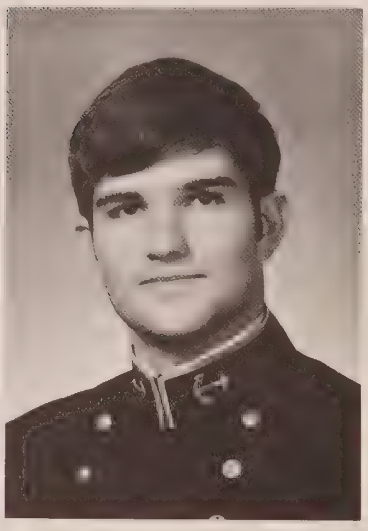

STEPHEN A. MALONEY

JOHN MATHRE

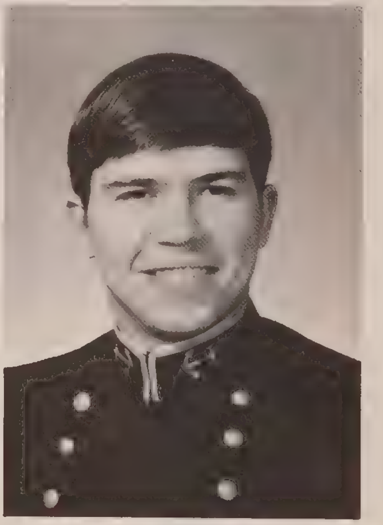
TRANS AM
MARYLAND
FKY 468

Glenn drifted in to 16th Company from the sunshine of Florida. Since then he has constantly amused his upperclass and classmates alike with his amazing grasp of the obvious. His escapades have left all in his wake staring at the ceiling for footprints, and his "screening" for his classmates plebe year has been a source of continuous amusement and pride; for Glenn truly "had a plebe year," and was even a member of the infamous "Buzzy's Brigade". McGarves' originally chose Engineering Physics for his major, but the enticements of plenty of sat grades and rack time weened Glenn into Phi Sci. As he never really came to Earth while at Navy, where else could Glenn go but Navy Air? We wish the best for him in the friendly blue skys!

Mark joined our merri band from New Hampshire, a product of Angie's kitchen. The hardest thing for Mark plebe year was living without beer and his stereo. To help keep his mind off of his woes he decided to play 150's. Since his skeletal structure alone weighs 149 lbs he had a tough time, but somehow he made it. Youngster year brought beer back into Mark's life and put an end to 150's forever. As the matter of fact third class year is when Mark really got his reputation as a partier. He became a charter member of the Donatteli's Barstool Fan Club. Second class year Mark began to extend his partying range, which of course included the annual New Year's Eve party. Mark was the life of the party telling war stories of his near fatal Quantico wound until he crashed on the couch. Towards the end of the year Mark bought his little white missile which Pontiac calls a Trans-Am. into which he promptly installed a loud stereo and made room for a cooler. Mark wants to go Nuc Power and his Phy Sci major has him prepped for it, after all Uranium is a rock.

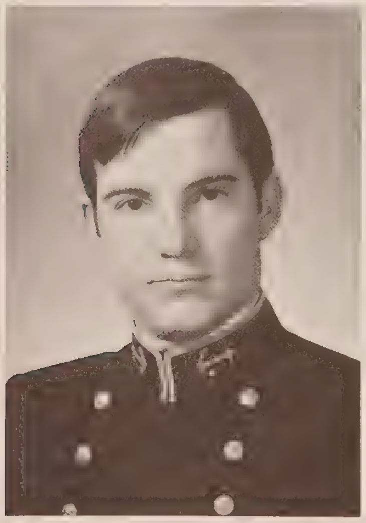


GLENN ALLEN McGARVEY



MARK S. NAULT

Paul came to us from the bustling metropolis of Goose Creek S.C. He immediately took it upon himself to instruct the northern boys in the illustrious art of tobacco chewing. Plebe year was no match for Paul. He became a full-fledged member of the Buzzy's Brigade. His quest for knowledge carried him through three semesters of Z-Power. Paul soon lost his southern accent. His love for blonde southern belles also dimmed as a bonnie Maryland Lass stepped into his life. Youngster Year, Paul enlightened us as the majestic sounds of Jimi Hendrix echoed day and night through the halls. Second class year brought the mighty blue-bird, hood scoops and all. It took Paul until First class year to discard his dreams of green and gouge. Finally Adm. Rickover and fate decided that Navy Air was his true calling. Have fun in P-cola, Paul, and keep the wings dry. TOO-DA-LOO.



PAUL M. PIETSCH

RICHARD T. SALVADORE

Rick came to the banks of the Severn from Westborough, Mass. Being from a Navy family he naturally took a liking to the sea and joined the sailing team for three years. Throwing pennies at Tecumseh never really helped Rick, so he switched to throwing money into his always immaculate 240-Z. Rick always brought with him a most professional attitude. If in doubt look at his PCR results. Not only was he one of the top few professionally, but he also was a leader in extra-curricular activities. Writing his own rulebook, Rick managed to find time for his three-striper, or rather, Linda-Libs. Prince Georges Street was frequented by Rick first class year, almost as much as Wires class. Rick will tie two kots in June. One to a certain Kabbit, the other to the winner of the coin toss on Service Selection Night.

LIONEL VAUGHN SANDERS

Native of Crystal River, Fl. LIONEL V. SANDERS, became a Track star, rack of all trades, and a wizard of Summer school, quite a magician he was. Even with a year head start on his classmates he still managed to accumulate fewer study hours than the rest of us. Bunky put to good use the theory of osmosis, where by knowledge is gained by sleeping on it. Though he generally was the quiet type Lionel really let a listening ear know when he had a good story to tell. An interesting one tells how receiving a loss in car priviledges led to Severna Park becoming the most likely place he could be found on the weekends. RIGHT PETE? May the world and Marine Corps brace themselves and be prepared for this active go-getter to turn them upside down. A man of Bunky's caliber and moral fiber certainly will go a long way and meet ever increasing goals.

CHARLES SOTOMAYOR

Soto has graced us for four years with the endearing social customs of his home town — The Bronx. Plebe year was a snap for Charlie, for he began to develop his consta-rack talent to the point where he now has the uncanny ability to sleep through firecrackers. Although, he has violated every reg a multitude of times, he never managed to get caught, mainly because his roomate always does. One of the few unfried members of the Buzzy's Brigade, Charlie started out early perfecting his techniques of enjoying college life as a day student. If Soto were to serve all the E.D. and restriction that he theoretically accumulated, he would have to re-up. It's amazing to see how many girls fall for Charlie. With Latin blood flowing through his veins, this New Yorrican has danced his way into more than just alot of girls hearts. Soto hopes to take his knowledge of Amtraks, Bancroft night escape procedures, Penthouse parties, and the social desires of ladies to the Nuc Community, where things will certainly perk up.

SHAWN R. TALLANT

Shawn, who through no fault of his own, is of the Irish descent, and claims he lives in Troy Michigan. Over the last four years Shawn has been involved in numerous and varied activities, taking him along the Baltimore-Boston Amtrak Run and to just about every watering hole along the way. Shawn is no Slouch. He's done it all in just about every possible way with about every possible person. After conducting the ground breaking of the seventh wing monument (private joke), he began a campaign to compile the world's largest active little black book, which is still in the making and by no means is it little. Not many girls, if any, will forget that twinkle in his eye or that all knowing smile. Fond memories of Russian flags, Rumania girls, Irish sing alongs, Polish brawls, Puerto Rican spaghetti, Bambi drive-ins, Metroliner ROMANCES (firsts or course), duel rears, and little girls from Pennsylvania, will accompany Shawn and his green matchbox to Pensacola after Graduation.

17th Company

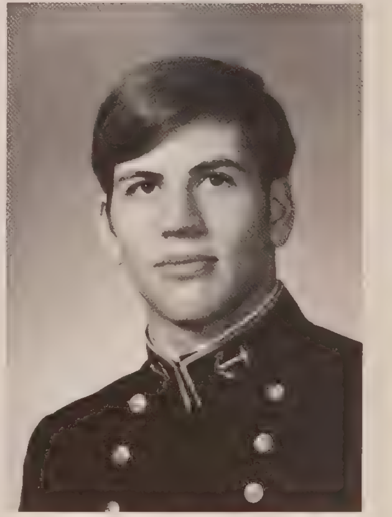
JOSEPH A. ALVITE

A dedicated hard-charger from Jacksonville, Florida, Joe, "Whippersnap", has always been one to know exactly what he wants and where he wants to go in life. Nevertheless, he's still had lots of suggestions from many of us about the latter. When he showed up Plebe Summer, he already had first class year planned – from driving a sporty new 'Vette to flaming-on as a striper. But he was really stumped when it came time to order the color of his car; wisely he "chose" bright red, which matches his high school colors and blends well with his neck. Joe charged into Aerospace Engineering with his typical vitality, success, and many sleepless nights, but was fortunately enlightened before it was too late that Nuke Power is the most profitable way to fly. (You can still hear him saying in his sleep, "Don't rule yourself out!"). But he will certainly need that extra dough if he intends to pay off his car, stereo, and camera outfit within the next decade. In a few years we'll have a beer and laugh at the hard and good times. We made it!!

John Anderson came to the Naval Academy with the ambition to "do it all." After a demanding year on the Plebe Crew team, be set his sights on the more worthwhile goals of rack and libs. Neanderson helped USNA through the cold winters by his own program of energy conservation. In return for this patriotic act he was selected for the Brigade Color Guard. John always ushered in the new week with his familiar cry of "Is it Friday yet?" Having five days to kill until the next weekend, John settled into his demanding routine of: rack-build model-rack-do puzzle rack-rack-weekend. In this way he perfected the "crisis management" study method. Too lazy to find a real job, John may find a long career in surface line.

JOHN P. ANDERSON

Traveling but a short distance from his home in Arnold, Darrell brought his own brand of Peyton Place to USNA. Bearing his battle scars proudly, he kept a galley of former greats on his desk blotter. Darrell studies aeroSPACE and really looked the part, wearing his Dilton Doylies, braces, headgear and headphones while abusing his SR50. Darrell never came out behind when it came to the wardroom. His $2.92 daily mess fee maybe covered part of a single meal. A Rickover recruit, he will be heading for good food and high pay in the submarine force. Darrell has had two true loves; his car and his dog. Recently and to the delight of all, he has settled down with one lass. Luckily, it did not take as long to choose her as it did to choose the color of his car. A man never to be tied down, he's taken the bait, hook, line, and sinker. Oh well, when your number's up, your number's up.



DARRELL COFSKY

BERNARD CRAMP

Barney Cramp came to Annapolis looking over his shoulder to a golden California sunset. But prior to any meterology courses, he learned about an enveloping gray cloud which darkens many a day at USNA. "Sarge" was always up for a challenge — whether it was the daily challenge of sleezing through a closing door or the biannual duel with academia. He soared in the "Blue Goose" and became an expert in the ins and outs of Mother B. All good things come to an end and Barney spent many chilly Saturday nights as the legend of "The Old Man and the Red Beach." The barefoot boy survived and turned toward 1/c year and proceeded to live with his characteristic gusto. Always ready to help, Barney provided many diversions from pinwheels to pineapples. Graduation will find him riding into the setting sun with Old Fooler by his side. The surface line will be gaining a good man.

ANDREW J. CUCA

After an introduction to the military at NAPS, Andy arrived with high hopes of playing Varsity Football at USNA. After a knee injury in Plebe Football, Andy found himself a starting job for the 150# team where he lettered 3 years. He also had high hopes of graduating with a degree in Mechanical Engineering. After a major injury to his QPR during 2/c year, Andy found himself a Physical Science Major. During 1/c year, Andy experienced a unique position acting as Co. Cdr. and Co-Capt. of the 150# Football Team during the fall set. Andy spent a great deal of time second semester in Bancroft Dental Department, much of it after working hours. His evening excursions to the dental department seemed to always coincide with the nights a certain female dental technician had the duty. With such personal dental care how could Andy go wrong? Andy plans to fly P-3'S because he likes the low number of steaming hours put in by a Naval Air Station.

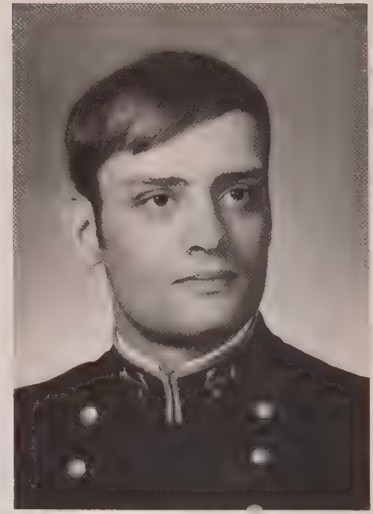
STEPHEN P. CURTIS

Hailing from Decatur, Ill., Pat started his naval career as a NAPSTER at Bainbridge, Md. He entered the Academy as a varsity wrestler and a plebe. The two didn't mix and unfortunately he was forced to spend most of his time as a plebe. Academics never came easy, but it just gave Pat a chance to show what hard work and determination can do. He did manage to get into the professional side of life here early and became an avid surface liner, which we are all sure will be another chance for him to show what hard work and determination can do. Never lacking for intimate company on the weekends, he managed to get tackled midway through the game by a certain Crabtown lovely. We predict the game will end in a June Week wedding with Pat the winner as usual.

KENNETH E. FLADAGER, II

Ken came to USNA from a Navy family in Alexandria, Va., later moving to Keflavick, Iceland. What a place for Christmas leave! Obei-Wan joined the rifle team plebe year, and earned his first N-Star in the victory over Army second class year. Third and second class years also saw him on yawls and class-A's with the sailing team. Being a diehard wargamer, Obei-Wan often departed the "Dragon's Den" on Friday and Saturday nights to wage bloody and sorcerous warfare against the minions of Evil. Always ready for a major or minor battle, Obei-Wan also waged war on land, sea, in air, and space. Come June Week, Ken plans to leave the Mad Marble Monastary for NFO training in Pensacola, and a special lady who entered his life before Plebe Summer. A long career in P-3's is in sight, and USNA's loss is their gain. Look out, subs, you're in trouble now!

Steve left Bama for Canoe U. with dreams of the Corps. Sanity reigned and he will now "Swing with the Wing." Affectionately called "the Slug" and "Pach," his 42-40-40 physique was impressive. Plebe year saw him sweat, literally and figuratively. Youngster year brought Hawaii, life with Big Bear, backshaft boogies and a standing rapport in Sick Bay. As a segundo, he was an exchange student to Hood College, where he is an honorary alumnus. 1/C year found the Pach 50 pounds lighter, with a big red Jag, a visit to the Conduct Officer and stock in C + P, Peerless, and Flowers by Lane. One of the buds, Steve was always ready to party. Athletically, his agility often confined him to crutches. His likes include long weekends, Club Rugby, Chivas, Jersey accents, and "blue-eyed blonds with racing stripes" (thanks Al). He dislikes Southern belles, celestial nav., marriage, and filter cigarettes. Graduation will find Steve at Pensacola NAS and "The Barrels." Fair skies to the NFO.



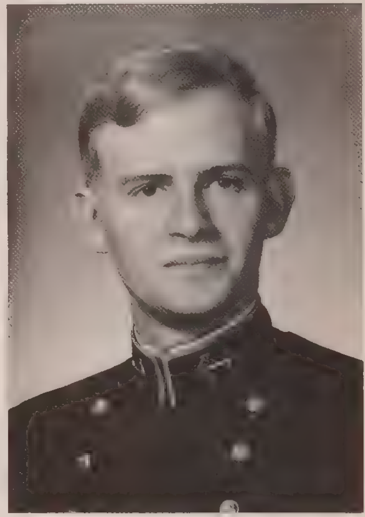
STEPHEN GAHAN

DON WILLIAM GOLD

After being penned up his entire life in Southern California, Don came to the Naval Academy hoping to see the world. For Don's first cruise he was assigned to the USS Chicago out of San Diego. For his second cruise he was assigned to the USS Kitty Hawk also out of San Diego. Don now asks, why does the world look so much like Southern California? For 2 years Don was in hot pursuit of the coveted position of Anchor Man. But then he decided that his class standing was more important than an extra 1000 dollars at graduation and so changed his major to Phy. Sci. "Big Time" as his classmates affectionately called him, left his mark on the area women until he was smitten in the heart by a certain legal secretary after the '76 Army game. Apparently this was the turning point in his Naval Academy career since his grades and disposition improved dramatically. Don plans a career in the Surface Navy.

THOMAS J. HARPER

Tom came to the Boat School from Calif. bringing with him the sophistication of San Francisco. His ability to be in the right spot at the right time enabled him to complete his 4-year stint with free-spirit and great memories. After his ten-day youngster cruise and 70 days of leave, Tom had set the precedent for his remaining 3 years. Wine, women and song were his priorities, as Tom was always seen with beautiful and talented women. The Supply Corps will benefit from his desire and motivation to conquer all adversities.



TIMOTHY C. HARDIN

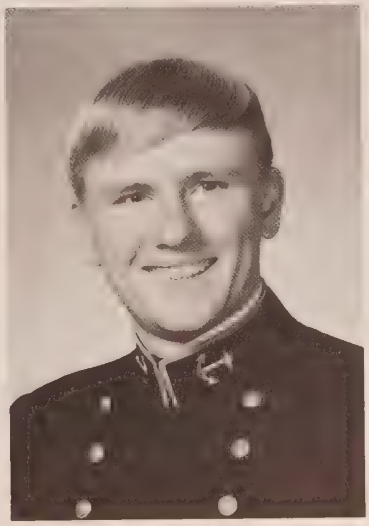
Tim, our boy from the bayou, came to Navy hooked on Beatlemania. He envisioned command of his own "yellow submarine" but instead found the big yellow banana. Tim quickly lent his dynamic personality to company affairs. As early as youngster year rumors were spread that Tim could speak. A budding socialite, Tim was even once seen talking to a young lady. "Sorry, Tim, no more seconds for midships." Academically burdened by his Marine Engineering major, Tim often complained about the poor lighting offered by the wardroom television. But it wasn't all work and no play. Our self-appointed Serpico, Tim went undercover. Inconspicuous in his 'fams, floral silk shirt, and NAVY jacket, our crabtown crusader brought RME to Annapolis and won himself the leading role in the smash hit movie, A FISTFUL OF DEUCES. An ardent professional, Tim returned from 1/c cruise sporting a new poopy suit and dolphin lingo, and hopes to fly Navy Subs after graduation if the Godfather at Naval Reactors lets him. Good luck, Tim!

Chris gave up the beautiful Colorado scenery, a beautiful blond, and a promising forestry major at CSU to attend Canoe U. He wasn't at the boat school more than a day before "grunt" came up with the nickname "Poobes." Most of Plebe year found him on the phone talking to his Colorado babe, or studying the laws of the Navy in the head in the wee hours of the morning. Youngster year Chris saw trouble with Nav and a beautiful stewardess. The gyro error was expected, but the divorce wasn't. But rather than throw in the towel, Chris became more determined to follow his grandfather's steps. Chris is assured a brilliant career if he is half as successful as Asbury. He'll be rememberd by his second class Plebes, by Lidd-moe's head, and Phillip Morris Tobacco. Graduation will find Chris driving the big rigs for big bucks . . . let's just hope he isn't a navigator.

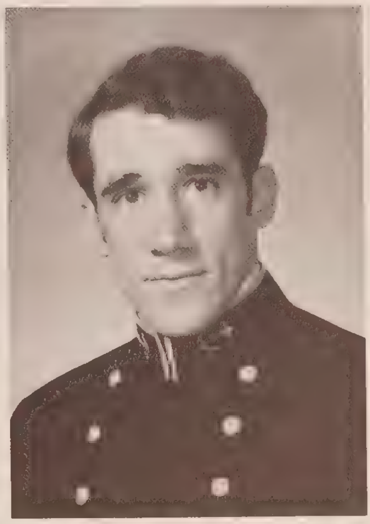
Herbie came from the thriving cultural metropolis of Seward, Nebr. He proved that you can take Bert out of the country but you can't take the cowboy boots and Nebraskan vocabulary out of Bert. He spent a good deal of his time giving everyone a rough time and generally driving everyone crazy. Not being content with just pestering Midshipmen "Low Flying Bert" took to the CB air-waves on his flights to his one and only. This matter of his one and only, it seems that him and her are tying the knot. We kept telling Feets that he drove us crazy in four short years and she will have to put up with him, his van and his trains for the rest of her life. We only hope Herbie isn't disappointed when he hits Pensacola in full stride with Feets in tow, only to find that the F-14 doesn't have a five speed overdrive transmission and no room for his boots.

After spending one year in the Marine Corps and another year attending NAPS majoring in the interior decorations of the NCO club, Carl, much to his surprise, was accepted into the Naval Academy. Academics never were Carl's strong point, and 3 years at the USNA HAVE NOT changed that fact, but he still seems to slip by the AC BOARDS grip every time. Carl loved it here so much that he signed up for an extra semester, and he hopes to graduate in Jan. 1979. While here, Carl has managed to become the captain of the varsity heavyweight crew team, and one of the Naval Academy's finest oarsmen. Between finding unbelievable ways of getting out of demerits, and getting arrested while on cruise in Spain, Carl hopes to graduate and BECOME A MARINE pilot and "SWING with the WING."

CHRISTOPHER C. HASSLER



HERBERT G. JENSEN, JR.



WILLIAM CARL JORDEN, III

Jim came to the academy from Virginia and the only problems he seemed to have concerned his quick wit, sharp tongue, and his modesty. He was always quick to help out anyone he called friend. An extremely competitive nature helped him out on the football field, the boxing ring, and, of course, the basketball court. Being the resident "piston head", his love for the black machine was easily understood. Being first was important to him, so it was no surprise that he was usually the first one on the road when the weekend rolled around. He also had a knack for getting away with rule bending, saying, "If you're going to do it, do it big, and do it like you own it." The future holds a trip to Quantico (and beyond) and continued success(?) with the ladies.

JAMES WILLIAM KAIN

"Big Al" came roaring in from Teaneck, N.J. with his eyes on the skies. The resident cynic of 17, Kowadla Bear spent a joyous plebe year with his alter ego, a prune pit spitting, tobacco chewing, Alabamian redneck. He survived despite '76 and a broken paw at Herndon. 3/C year was a real test of his omnipotence as he battled chemistry, Fat Sat Pat (who set him afire in the shower) and the Mizrack. Entering 2/C year unsat and a problem child, Al returned to Bama (who still wore a bright red 10 gallon hat to bed). Al struggled to save his eyesight and his teddy bear. Women entered his life — not "blue-eyed blondes with racing stripes down their backs" but real "cutey-pies." 1/C year found our hero, rack-scarred from cruise, at the helm of his 450SL. Despite Saturday classes, Al can always be found on weekends in search of his dream — "a girl with a brain." Graduation will find him piloting the friendly skies of Navy. A promising future lies ahead.

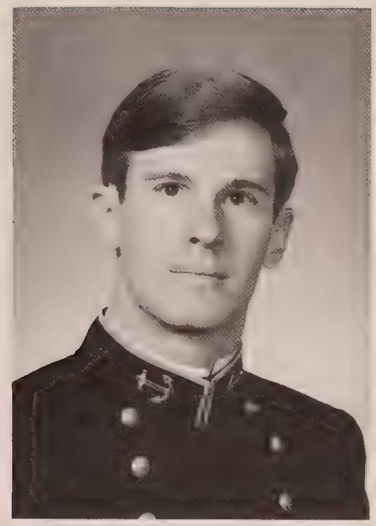
ALLAN KOWADLA

Jon came to USNA planning to be a career officer with an aerospace major. He leaves, a naval architect aiming for the Fortune 500. In the intervening four years he slept, partied, and spent as much as humanly possible. Everyone is still trying to figure out how he spent three times as much as he got paid. Going through three sports cars, trips and clothes, "James" must have taken a wrong turn four years ago on the way to Harvard. Famous for wrong turns, Jon tries to exit highways through guardrails — so much for the sports cars and "pink" lights. While complaining about his hard major, Jon managed a near 4.0 average and Stars every time, while only occasionally being seen in close proximity to a book. Many a night before a test the cry went through the Narc. community that "I can't believe he's asleep already!" With a little help from Mr. Wizard (drizzle, drazzle . . .), look for "cut-throat" and his sidekick "no-gouge" out west.

Cha-Cha left a school teacher behind in Panama City, and the VW that he used to drive through the corn fields back in Bama in order that he could endure the rigours of USNA. Seemingly quiet to the casual observer, the "Ksias" managed to distinguish himself in his escapades, whether it be watching the Redskins at home with Hass during Plebe summer or writing on Lidd-moe's head. He payed his dues and remained a member in good standing with the back shaft rack kings. His game plan changed as a firstie, when he settled to one girl (somewhat) and dropped his membership in the 17th Company Corvette car waxing club. He'll be remembered by events like the "vator" affair and will remember people like Murphy. Cha-Cha is off to drive boats, and lay in the tropical sands in Florida. Maybe they'll even let him get his masters in fluids.

DONALD KSIAZEK

JON BRYAN KUTLER



KEVIN GERARD LIDDY

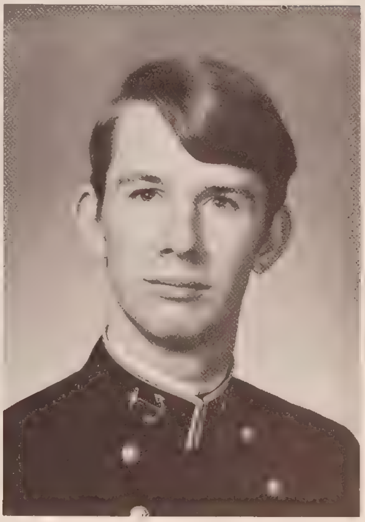
Appearing in Annapolis one day with the name, address and telephone number of every nice-looking girl in St. Louis, Kevin put his past aside to achieve three things: academic success, sailing victories, and something else (quite unmentionable). Needless to say, he succeeded in all three endeavors, making the Dean's list and definitely winning all the sailing parties (if not the race). Being an economics major, he used his expertise in the wise investment of a '66 Cadillac. A self-styled populist, with a tenuous relation to the Liddy of Watergate fame, Kevin is a student of the art of politics as well. A devout Catholic, he became a Lay Eucharistic Minister to serve both God and man. In some ways, though, KGL retains an aura of mystery: perhaps he'll eventually tell us what his father really does. To the women of the world, Con Amore; wishing everyone smooth sailing through life.

LARRY MIZAK

Commonly known as the "Meeze" to us, or "MeSAT" when grades were good, Larry came to USNA from Sayreville, N.J. with visions of having a good time and staking his claim on a piece of Navy Air. Quick with the wardroom wit, and always willing to listen to a classmates problem, he soon won his way into the hearts of those around him, as well as that of a cute, little, brown-eyed Philadelphia Philly whom he plans to "saddle-up" with in June. A hard-core five year man, unless his contract is renewed by NASA, Larry hopes to fly commercial, make alot of money, and raise a family. With Theresa as his co-pilot, we know he'll go far.

BRUCE N. PROCTOR

Bruce came to Annapolis from a one horse town in Texas called Dallas. He started out uneventfully and has managed to keep a low profile ever since. We persuaded him not to put longhorns on the front end of his car, so he put them on his YP instead. It seems that once he got command of one of those smoke-belching fossil boats they had to put a saddle on the bridge for the Captain's chair. After a close call with his sponsor's daughter, Bruce found out that being a bachelor might be fun after all. In true tradition of all Texans, he took to the airwaves with a "CB" and the handle Jackrabbit, which he does his best to live up to especially when driving home to see "Lollipops". Upon graduation this long, tall Texan is going to try and squeeze into a submarine, and with a little luck he might even get the one named after his hometown.



SIETZE JEFF ROTTON

After convincing the Naval Academy Foundation to pay for a years vacation at the Marine Military Academy in Texas, Sietze finally blessed USNA with his presence. Anxious to prove himself a "model" midshipman, he started off right by getting good grades. As his time here grew, so did his cynicism, and his desire to excel was channelled into other major areas such as his rack, the TV, and liberty, not necessarily in that order. Since he was a math major though, he was able to take the minimum required amount of hours and still keep his good grades. Sietze was 150 LB Football manager for 3 years and Varsity Lacrosse manager for 2 until he decided that these activities were taking up too much time that could be spent playing B-ball, tennis, or Zebra wrestling. Highly thought of by some of his classmates, Sietze was bestowed with the title of Vice Admiral of the Narrow Seas during second class year after working hard to earn it.

Buds has had a lot of hometowns since coming to Annapolis. His jetsetting family tried really hard to lose him in Tacoma, Fairbanks, and El Paso but Jim, a very stubborn guy, always found them again. Here at USNA he majored in FPI, weightlifting, and decapitating his roommates. Jim was easy to live with because you always knew where this "rock steady" guy was coming from. Only slightly moody, Buds spent hours on Saturday nights talking about the meaning of life while his roommates made desperate attempts at sleeping and his Sunday evening cheerfulness inspired us all. Buds has become an international playboy and now shares his good "personality" with many instead of only one. With a couple of roses and a flex of a bicep our own Arnold Swarzenegger has swept many a lass off her feet. Jim is heading for the sky in June, to fly instead of jump, and his diligence, dedication, and warm personality will be great assets to Naval Aviation. Anyone want to buy a used '77 Regal?

JAMES DOUGLAS SCOLA

JAMES F.J. SMALL

True to his own relentless standards, Jim coasted into Navy only to find that his greatest challenge plebe year was surviving without T.V. Majoring in history, Jim was often seen befuddled at his desk by a calculus problem that an essay couldn't solve. A man of infinite patience, Jim soon discovered that a good right hook to the terminal could solve any computer problem. Too bad DTSS doesn't know the "cover" position. A man who seemed to succeed without ever trying, Jim spent study hours flying paper airplanes, making kites, and laughing at his dumber roommates. He continued his winning ways and as a three-striper, he's either in the rack, attending to batt business, or carousing on liberty. Never short of answers, Jim could always be relied upon for advice. Oh well Jim, even Bob Newhart makes mistakes. After spending years of life in the fast lane, Jim has been detoured by a lady from L.A. No one is sure of what the future will hold but as a man with infinite back-seat experience, Jim should be a natural as an NFO.

MICHAEL WAYNE SMITH

It happened.
It's over.
Memories,
only the good ones hurt.
See you in my dreams.

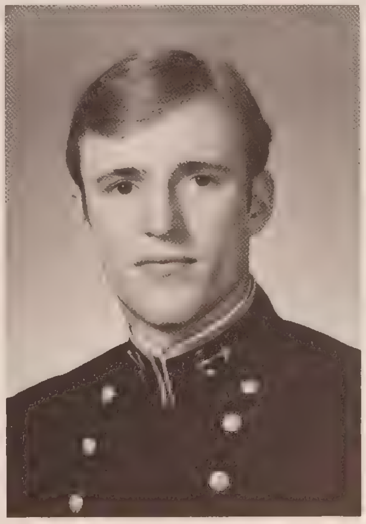
SAM JOHN TANGREDI

Entering the Naval Academy determined to change the world, SJT is probably the only one to leave still convinced that it is possible. Fighting disillusionment, debating policy with those in authority and driving YP's, he attempted to champion his convictions. In between, it always seemed up to Sam to do what no one else wanted to, from writing pro articles for the LOG, to giving up his summer leave for Navy and the "third class detail" (YP cruise). Wringing his one good deal from USNA, he put his international security affairs expertise into practice acting as "an official representative of the US" in West Germany, entrusted with fostering "international relations" (or so he told the young ladies). Incredibly, upon his departure, Europe was still secure. First class year he devoted to his literary work (seeming to have a hand in everything written at USNA), his true major (ECA's), and that spotless red "non-ostentatious" Mercedes. Surface warfare, future law school, and an eventual political or literary career awaits.

Maurice entered the Naval Academy a bit young, and at one time may have even been content with being an Operations Analyst. After a year of somewhat intense academic endeavors, however, he began to see things with a different perspective. He did continue to learn, though not necessarily aligned with his course objectives. Forty thousand miles with his eighteen month old Corvette, a few excursions to Williamsburg and elsewhere, appear to have vindicated him for his lack of prescience. After a myopic diversion his intentions were directed towards law school.

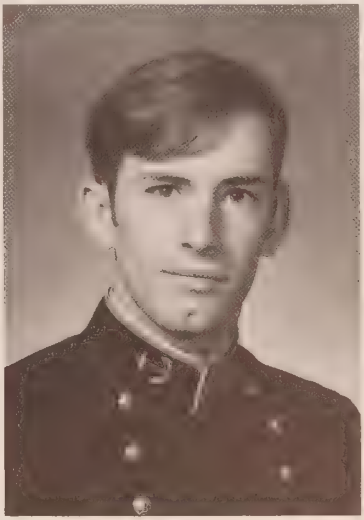
MAURICE B. TOSE

Quiet, easy-going, smooth as a chilled glass of wine and like a magnet when trouble was to be found. He started in 32 with Murph and the boys, only to end up with "Fat Pat" and "C.C." He managed to get to see them all down main "O" way. The result was logging some hours second class year. He dreamed of Kutzie still, along with the Green Bay Packers and Leinenkugel Beer. First class year was a learning experience for sure. He found out that he was expected to repell charging plebes through clouds of shaving cream as well as to balance his check book after summer cruise. Henry will always remember his favorite bud in 32, and will be remembered for his super memory, basketball, his nightly jogs, and evening desires to drive his car. He too is destined to fly the big rigs.



HENRY VAN OSS

Being a Navy brat for 17 years, life in the military was not a total surprise for Buck. Buck, having an extraordinary amount of pride in his hometown, Mound, Minnesota, and being an avid Minnesota football fan, had to suffer through two Viking Super Bowl losses while at USNA. Buck came to the academy with expectations of a tough plebe summer and an easy academic year. For Buck, things were different. He made it through plebe summer unscathed by a form-2, then proceeded to accumulate 90 demerits during the next nine months. He also took a hit academically, receiving a 2.39 and a 2.00 his first two semesters. After youngster cruise on the USS Hancock in Subic Bay, Buck started into his Mathematics Major. As Company Sub-commander, he was kept busy during the first two months of 1/C year filling in whenever his roommate and Company Commander was away playing 150# football. Buck also co-coached, with John Andersen, a talented, but often injured 17TH Company Basketball team to a dismal 2-6 record. GO NAVY!

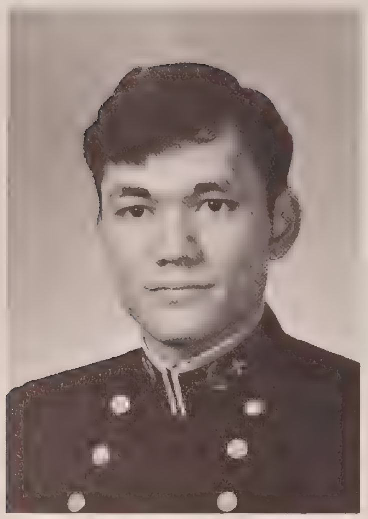


BUCK WICKLUND

LON MICHAEL YEARY

Lon came to the Naval Academy from the "Land Of Lincoln" with his appointment from a "Good Ol' Boy", whom he's still like to get his hands on. A wrestler by trade, Lon spent quite a few hours up in the loft trying to get his nose to look like the one on the Macedonian monument. By graduation it should be an exact duplicate. When not improving his moves on the mat, Lon was busy perfecting his moves on the fairer sex. Sometimes compared to a juggler and other times compared to a stable master, Lon was known to keep the women alternating while training the chosen ones hard. After graduation, the women of Quantico and Pensacola will have their chance at Lon as he is planning on flying for the Corps. We wish them the best of luck.

18th Company



VANCE HIRO ADAMS

Vince came from the sunshine into the old drab grey of crabtown. Mother Bancroft will miss the staggering little Vince on Saturday nights, with his frequent head calls and sometimes the sink. He'll be remembered for the special ways that he kept his qpr (neck), his bouts in the Quasi lawn, the special way he parks his car on the curb, and his return to the sunshine state as one of Admiral Himmy's new sons of nuc. We all knew Vince to live by his (one way is the best way) attitude. May he find his dream of a Z with a reactor in it.

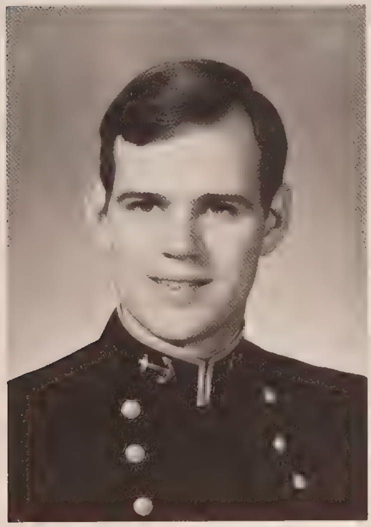
JOHN AMICARELLA

When Mike arrived at the Academy, he was definitely a long shot. Entering as the anchor man at NAPS, Ammo spent his Naval Academy career trying to repeat this feat. Ammo will always be remembered as the guy who was in over his head, among other things. You can tell just by lookin'. You betcha! He and Burt have high aspirations of lifelong dereliction as a ski instructor back home in Colorado — a lifestyle tailor made for Ammo. He is anticipating the good life of P-Cola along with massive amounts of good sippin' whiskey and Charlie Daniels music, then it's on to an early retirement. We are looking forward to Ammo and Zert's simultaneous retirement celebration in the Corn Palace in Mitchell, S. Dakota. "On the rebound Zert"

ARTHUR J. ATHENS

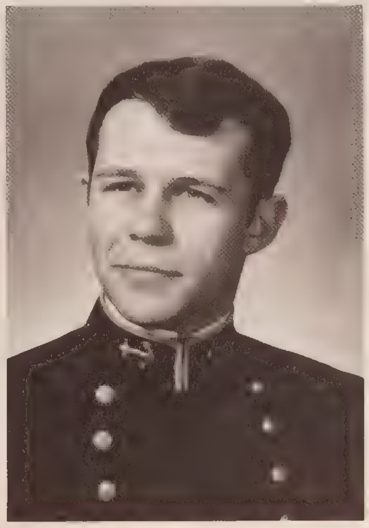
Stepping off the boat from the "Old Country", Art the Greek tippy-toed down to the Naval Academy via Huntington, N.Y., a quiet village nestled in the heart of "Lawng-Guyland". Plebe Year we found him succeeding, Youngster Year we found him succeeding, Second Class Year we found more of the same, and since nothing succeeds like success, First Class Year he was selected as the number one man in the Brigade, our resident 6-striper. Academically, he's had some close calls but has managed to "barely hang on" with a 3.6 cum. Athletically, "A.J." has toyed with an old Indian game involving webbed sticks and white balls, picking up two N-stars and one injury, ending his hopes for a pro career. Graduation will find him with a 5 o'clock shadow on his head as well as his face, as he dons the Marine Green. And as we all know, behind every successful man there is a woman, and Art is no exception. Sometime in the future, the bet is he will tie the knot with a fair-haired lass named Misti. Godspeed and good luck Art.

Phil found his way to Boat School via Wheeling College where he majored in Beer and Rugby. Leaving a debt behind, he bootlegged it to Navy to find a home away from home. Phil soon found that studying was not his bag, but bagging everything else was. During the week, Phil could always be found playing hoops in the Field House or getting the spread on any Philadelphia Sports Game. Phil spent more time studying The Sporting News, Sport, and S.I., than any of his English Courses. On weekends, you could always find this Irish Rover on I-95 North to that Liberty City, waiting for a lift home. Phil brought plenty of humor to the many hours spent at Navy and will make a fine aviator. The Boys in '35' wish Phil the best of luck before he becomes the life of the wardroom on his own wing.



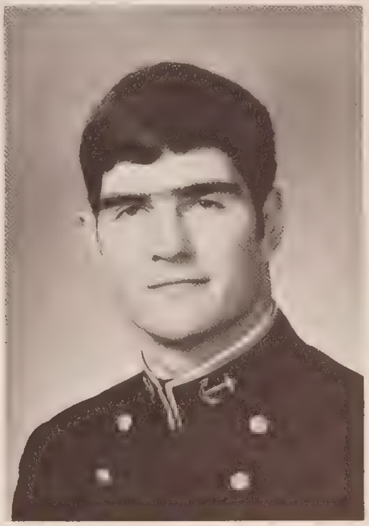
PHILIP PATRICK BRADY, JR

David Brown came to USNA from the thriving metropolis of Wadsworth, Ohio. His adjustment to the East wasn't long in coming. Thanks to his first roommate, Mongo, "Brownie" picked up his nickname and made his mark as the man with the most exceptional cleaning habits around. While at the Academy he has engaged in many sports. Although involved in karate, parachuting, and wrestling, Dave made his fame as Third Batt football's personal challenge to Conrad Dobler. Academically he has done well, but as is the fate of most systems majors, he has spent many a weekend doing assignments handed out Friday afternoon. The NFO program will receive Dave's attentions in the future and he's sure to see success in his new field.



DAVID BROWN

Chris came to us one hot July morning from the state of Washington. Having led the good life of civilian college for three years prior to coming here, he found Canoe U. quite a change from the life of partying he was used to. Being somewhat more advanced in years than most of us, I wondered whether to call him Chris or Pappy when we became roomates. Chris will probably be remembered most for his mad pacings about his room spewing forth wild mumblings he claimed were Russian, but were probably some ancient curse. Chris will be seeing alot of the sea in his future Naval career as a surface line officer. We wish him fair winds and following seas.



CHRIS CARLSON

ROBERT CLOUTIER

Rob came to Canoe U. via the Great Bear State of California. Known to live by the rule "you rate what you get away with" Rob got away with a popcorn popper and a coffemaker until a guilty conscience and few close calls made him decide to mend his ways and close the "youngster wardroom". He found Systems Engineering too boring and changed his major to Physical Science, a more demanding major. He can now be seen anytime day or night in his rack, provoking his mind. Rob will tell anyone that summer school ain't all that bad. Afterall, without a summer here youngster year he would not have met the future Mrs., who is a resident Crabtowner, Rob plans a future as an SWS officer. Best of luck and God bless you and your new wife, new career, and hopefully someday, your new car.

Jerry Cory, from Albany Georgia, entered the Academy after a tour in the Marine Corps and a couple years of drifting. The Old Man of the brigade will be returning to the Corps.

GERALD STEVEN CORY

Halfway through plebe year, Jeff moved from a thriving Wheaton, Illinois to a bustling metropolis, barely a flounder's throw from Cape Cod, known as Manchester by the sea. This random shuffling gave Jeff the need for a home which Mother "B" filled. His decision to stay with us is one we're glad he made. A natural athlete, Weed tried numerous sports finally narrowing it down to basketball, lax, darts, and tailgaters. Pursuing academics with an equal fervor, Jeff modestly excelled in the gruelling double major of Man. & Tech. His steely toothed smile can't be overlooked as even though he picks up WNAV on clear nights, gargles with brasso, and has to ground his mouth before brushing; he wouldn't be "The Dick" without it. Jeff plans to fly the skies when he leaves Nawee in June. Here's to four years that went too fast and memories that will remain for a long, long time.

JEFFREY DICKMAN

Fabs didn't blow in with the cold Severn wind; He simply materialized from the jw axis by a cruel act of nature on July 8, 1974. Such spontaneity leads one to believe that he is a natural Naval Officer. (only a natural would state that he doesn't like sleep, fun, or friends!) Tom was easy to locate if you needed him. The first years he was in his second home, the rack. (hence the name, Rack-King) Later, he could be found religiously studying the Gospel of Vibrations, according to Thompson, at Oh-Dark Hundred. No one can forget Tom's tenacity in the M.E. major, though some questioned his sanity at taking the "stoney path." Forever quick with a joke or a smoke for his many friends, he will be remembered for his oft quoted phrase . . . "**** 'em if they can't take a joke."

THOMAS FABIANI

Neck picked up his nickname not for his neck-size but for his academic efforts his first two years here. He appeared at the Academy four years ago and dispapeared into the crowd five minutes later. Quiet and polite, Neck dedicated himself to Marine Engineering, but some dregs of society showed him the finer pints of stout ale 2/c summer and he has not been the same since. Now Neck is in General Engineering on the prowl each weekend in his JEEP, "Matilda", for cold "briskies". Always the life of the party, he has never passed up a chance to excel in this area. Mary Washington was never the same after Neck paid them a visit. Always searching for the worlds' most beautiful babe, Neck has come close but because of his drive for perfection, he is still looking. After working hard to develop his life style, there was little doubt that NAVY AIR would be his choosen vocation. Pensacola beware, Neck is let loose in June.

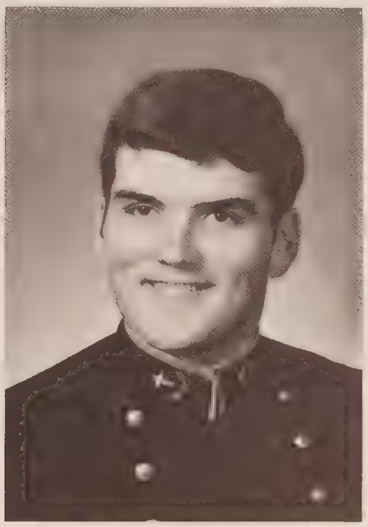
ROBERT FERENCSIK

MARK IRBY FOX

Back in '74 Foxy decided to see if there was life east of the Mississippi so he got on his horse, knocked the cowpoop off his boots and left Abilene, a little cowtown in the flatlands of west Texas to seek his fame and fortune at Navy. Through four years we've endured references to his Indian sayings ("Zowie"), his distant relatives ("Jack Jones"), and his subhuman druid noises ("Z-zz") and found he likes but four things more than sleep, those being flying, music, his women, and his jeep. He'll be remembered for his hot pursuit of academic safety, his wounded-duck football passes, his infectious enthusiasm and his general zest for life. Disappointed in discovering that bi-planes were phased out 40 years ago, a determined Foxy still plans on joining those magnificent men in their flying machines after graduation. We made it, Mark, and your support and friendship has been priceless to say the least. God bless you, Foxy you're one of a kind.

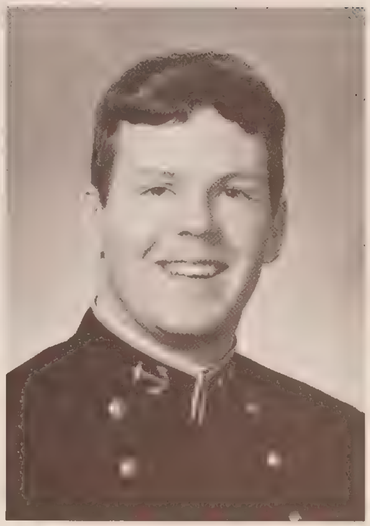
HENRY DAVID HALL

Dave came to Nawwee via a year at the Naval Academy Country Club in Braindamage, MD. On "I" day, his classmates and the firsties though he was squared away. They soon found out otherwise. Plebe year he could be heard squaring corners with "Go Marine Corps, Sir." Youngster year it was still Marine Air that was numero uno in Dave's mind but he had gotten rid of the "Mr. Clean" look by growing some hair. Second Class year it was Navy Air and by the end of 1/C cruise he was Surface Line all the way. With an MGB and a girl in Bethesda, Dave wasn't seen much on weekends as a firstie. He always managed to escape the axboard though a few times it was a close call. Maybe in 5 years he will become the architect that he has always wanted to be. Good luck, Dave.



GEORGE M. KOUCHERAVY

George entered NAPS after a star-studded high school career of dereliction, the good life and athletic and academic prowess in nearby Glen Burnie. He was a big boy back then but, he's slimmed down now. In further attempts to impress all of us and improve his understanding of the good life, he plans to attend Admiral Rickover's graduate program for former wayward boys who heed the call of the legal tender and believe that, in the light of present trends projected into the future, pencil-necks will someday be world dominant. Let's add one more name to the ever growing list of confused and undecided midshipboys graduating in the spring of 1978.

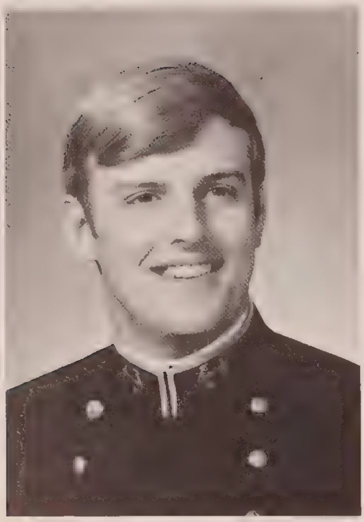


RAY CUTLER MILTON

Uncle Milty da-duh-da-daaah; Paul McCartney will be indebted forever! The Jolly Joker, commonly referred to as Ross, Joe King, Uncle Milt, Fred, Sam, Rich, Mike, Bubbles, Hoover, the Vaacuum, or OTHERS (but never Ray), will be forgotten quickly for all the times he robbed Koz and the Blade of the gouge. Often seen spinning on his way to fifth period (having lost his spin conservation), he would not recover until P.N.(Bobby, Bobby) bombarded him with a thermal neutron, or a neutrino, or a cuff on the ear. The "little gray" fanatic asks only that you remember this: ALL we like sheep have gone astray, and the Lord has laid on him (Christ) the iniquity of us all. For Christ also died for sin, once for all, the unrighteous, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but made alive in the spirit. So if you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead you will be saved!!! (Quoted from the Bible.)

Manglin' Andy Mohler slipped past the Admissions people somehow; maybe by using some sleight-of-hand – who knows? Anyway, he got here, a washed-out ex-jock from Canton, Ohio. He shifted his energies to becoming the Company: (a) Chief Sickie and Derelict; (b) Executive Pencilneck; (c) Live-in Stud (Loved by all Beautiful Women Category); (d) Universal Hater of All Persons and Things (Equally), which made him a shoo-in for the Company (e) Race Relations Steering (180 R) Officer and, as an extra banana from (b) above, (f) Heir to the Throne of the Rack King. Quite a guy. He's also into astronomy; Andy can be seen on many dark, starry nights gazing at Uranus. He heads for Pensacola soon, leaving a trail of mangled Plebes and faded Bode plots behind him. His fingertips are imprinted with typewriter keys. A hint, Roomeye: NFO-ing will come natural if you hop onto the j-Omega axis and become an airhead!

RICHARD A. MOHLER



TEDDY DEAN NULL

Lil Ted, the last of the true hillbillies, came from the wild of the Appalachians only to be tamed and bound by the purr of a Maryland kitten. He will best be remembered for his youngster Quasi parties and the nights he fired up all his buds with little samples of Tennessee's finest shine. PTL . . . he's made it.

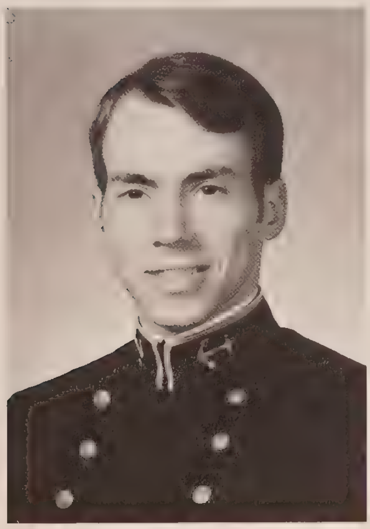
SAM PARK

never struggle nor merely survive
only live to think
  and seek
    and strive . . .
  – s.l. park –

JAMES F. ROOT JR.

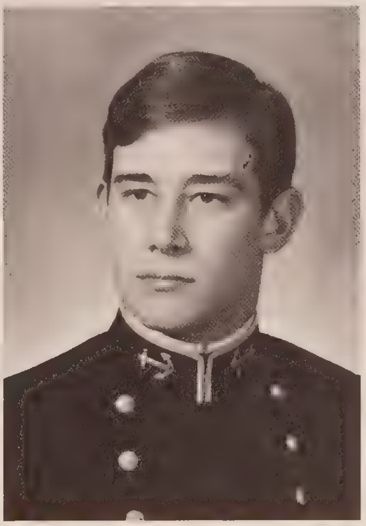
Skip rode into Nawee out of Williamsburg, Virginia straddling a 750 Honda and sporting a few less of the golden locks he had grown so accustomed to. Though the curls went, the wild "Rooty" remained. His political aspirations were highlighted by his youngster year election speech which included his very own rendition of "Shine on Harvest Moon." Settling into second class year, Skip traded his pigskins for pucks, his spikes for skates, and his helmet for an occasional broken nose (and even fewer goals). This team captain will no doubt miss his ice and the game of hockey, but welcomes the sun and sands of Pensacola and a career in aviation.

Born on a farm in Perrysville, Mo., Don was adopted and moved to the city of Florissant, Mo. Don (or Donny as he is called by his friends) has aspired to go to the Naval Academy since the age of eleven. At that age he began to plan and work toward his goal, and was finally awarded an appointment to the Naval Academy after graduation from the Naval Academy Prep. School. While at the Academy, Don has spent a lot of time in both academics and sports. A member of the J.V. Soccer Team plebe, youngster and second class years, he also decided to take-up sailing, and was a member of the Varsity Dinghy Sailing Team youngster year. After a knee injury second class year, Don decided that academics were more important than sports and devoted his time to his major: Mechanical Engineering. After graduation, Don plans on Nuclear Power Training before joining the submarine force. Don is living proof that a person can accomplish anything if he really puts his mind to it!



DONALD P. SCHNEIDER

Chad entered this institution of high education with a suitcase in one hand and a parking violation from his hometown of Columbus, Ohio in the other. He will now depart with a bottle of George Dickle No. 12 brand in one hand and the keys to the velocipede in the other. Along the way, he has incurred some major attitude problems and Zert's inner self has finally surfaced. You can tell just by looking. Gridley has also met with some major setbacks but he manages to let his character pull him through the dry times. As of now, Zert is anxiously anticipating flying the friendly skies of Navy, early retirement, and the onslaught of senility. RSVP for the Corn Palace in Mitchell. "Catch you in '83 Ammo."



CHAD SEIZERT

Bob, our token representative from the great Aloha State, has to rank high with the best and most imaginative gadgeteers of all time. No detail is too small, no specification is overlooked, and no flaw can exist when an inspired Stu puts his thinking cap on. Academics never cramped his style, especially after switching to Phy Sci youngster year, but since then everything has been downhill with Bob devoting many of his waking hours to the R&D of new and challenging sleeping positions, his most notable triumph being the world famous "Hawaii Prone." Applying this dedication to the athletic sector of the whole man concept, Stu, not wanting to outdo himself, competed as an intramural jock, perfecting his headhunting skills in soccer, football, and softball. Come June, he plans on confirmed bachelorhood and joining those dashing guys who fly the skies. Bob, it's been a true pleasure as you've helped make this place livable, and here's wishing you future successes. Thanks, good luck, and God bless.

ROBERT MALCOLM STUART, II

KEVIN E. WHITE

Kevin left the primitive village of Ipan on the island of Guam, dog paddling over 9,000 miles to finally wash up in Santee Basin in July 1974. Picking tuna from his teeth, sea slugs from his shorts and Navy as his school, he looked about, said "Why not?", and embarked on four years in which we have grown to know and accept him as one of the Bros. A Navy junior, Bird decided to try Marine Engineering on for size, and even though he's battled through its slings and arrows with a few scars, rugby has picked up where his major left off. His injuries have been varied, attesting to his savage prowess, but he couldn't have been hurt too seriously seeing as how he's still alive and might actually graduate the same way. Kevin has plans for turning on the charm towards a certain radioactive admiral so he can join the Surface Nukies and sail the deep blue sea following graduation. It's been a short four years, Kevin, a genuine pleasure having had your friendship. We wish you fair winds and following seas. Good luck.

CARL HUNTER ABELEIN

19th Company

Carl came to us . . . and proved his obvious talent at the plebe summer talent show as a pimp in Gladis White and the Pimps. We didn't hold this against him though because we knew that engineers were no dummies, but it took until first class year to prove it to us. He then joined the 3.0 club which had a very limited membership. We forgave him only because he had excellent taste in beer and bars. Abs had the "Basketball Jones" during first class year and had a very successful career in 19. But again the less successful forgave him because the fame of first class year did not go to his head and he became a pretty good connection to have around Hood College. He drove a canary yellow foreign Z on club outtings but we weren't dumb, we knew Abs was going to go places (Hood), so we had better stick with him. After graduation we all know where he is headed . . . to Rudy's and then to Pensacola. Good Luck.

TSA, hailing from Crabtown, USA, entered USNA doomed to spend most of his leave in Annapolis. He decided to major in Applied Masochism (EE), and was sentenced to three years of chasing Zenars, the power curve, and few hours sleep. At any hour, Tom could be found either analyzing a mass (mess) of IC's, wires, red lights, and black boxes, or searching for a solution in deep horizontal meditation. Success took its toll however, depriving Tom of what little taste he ever had in music and cars. Intermittently escaping from the world of High Tension Wires, Aqua-Rock took to the Astro Turf with his lacrosse stick in hand, looking for revenge. Here he was transformed into the Masked Executioner. The hospital roles and score books bear witness to the wrath he incurred, especially to those who wore Maryland Lax jerseys. Tom Aboriginathy, classmate and friend.

THOMAS SCOTT ABERNETHY

BNA, Pineapple, The Kamikaže Coxwain, Aki; They all add up to Little Big Man (or should we say Marine?). Many have been Pineapple's adventures at USNA; From the demolition chair hopping races to assaulting a duck with an "8". During Aki's first year he was the exemplification of purity and innocence. Bruce didn't appear to have much fun by conventional Midiot standards. Though he initially resisted valiant efforts by his classmates to corrupt even the most minute detail of his stalwart character, his formerly impervious shell began to crumble. Slowly Bruce began blossoming into a petit partier. By mid Youngster year, he could imbibe 24 oz. of Brew before becoming bright orange . . . Beyond this trivia recollection exists the reality of four years of friendship. We have studied and sweated through four fascinating years as brothers; Now we partake in the Euphoria of Graduation. It is at this time that we must meet our separate futures. Fare Well Bruce! May you have Fair Winds and Following Seas. ALOHA!

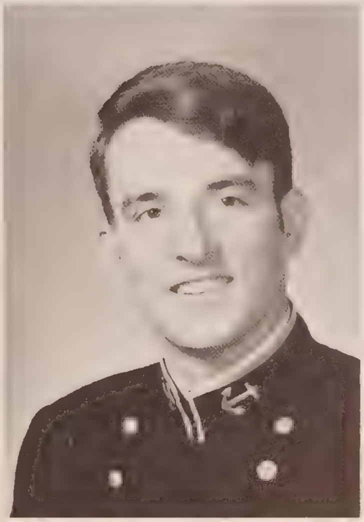
BRUCE N. AKIYAMA

CHARLES ANDRE

Charles nous est venu d'Haiti sans meme posseder l'alphabet anglais. Toutefois cette situation a ete rapidement remediee par son camarade (ami): the Oklahoman, qui lui a enseigne tous les mots qui peuvent etre utilise par un pretre dans son sermon. Avec le temps, Charles finit par decouvrir que les Americaines adoraient son accent en plus du fait qu'il etait latin: (latino comme elles s'appelaient). Aussi, a chaque fois une jeune fille lui paraissent interesse, il se faisait le plus beau que possible en utilisant son rasoir et partait pour sa nouvelle conquete. Avec son charme et la possibilite de parler trois langues, il finissait par les seduire toutes. Les qualites de Charles lui permettent de regarder la vie avec son soie. Il est un ami tres apprecie aux yeux de tous.

DALE ROBERT BATEY

Rudy has endeavored to do his part of the job these past four years and has grown immensely from it. From the days of Plebe Summer to "Firstie-itis" Dale has shared many experiences, good and bad with us. Many of our quandries over grades shall e'er remain untold, due to embarassment(!), with Rudy a close companion through those trying times. His friendship and willingness to have a good time will not be forgotten by any of us, nor will his affinity for sports cars, good looking girls and financial dealings. We all wish Rudy the best as he departs USNA in search of fair winds and following seas.

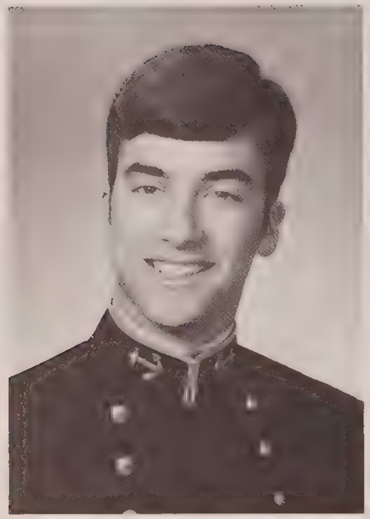


CHARLES GLADSTONE BATT III

Its a bird, its a plane, no its . . . supernose, and so Rusty charmed his way into the hearts of the men of Fighting Nineteen. Getting a quick start plebe summer with his enlisted corfam shoes, Rusty was quickly devoured by his Mechanical Engineering major, and notables of the department: Rocket Reed, Wild Bill Lee, Afterburner Rife, and Dodson B-210. When not "engaged" to his numerous girlfriends, Rusty found time to make foam rubber or bake hot sauce birthday cakes and sail his 20 ft catamaran (Tornado Class). Surface Line bound, (sewer pipes not his style), he will continue his trend of nothing but the best. Live by chance, Love by choice, Kill by profession.

PAUL EGIDE BLAIS

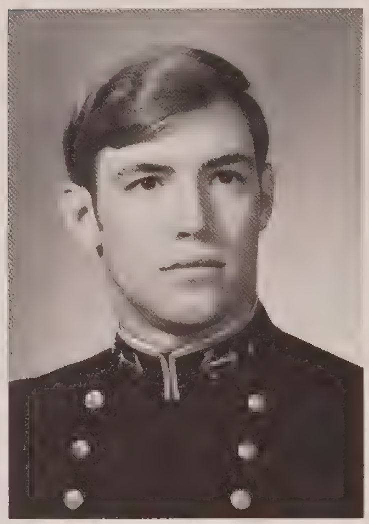
Paul hails from Bedford N.H. He spent one productive year at Brighton Academy Prep School, Maine before coming to USNA in July. Pablo entered that day eager along with so many other hopeful young men. Early on Paul was an aggressive learner and a hard charger. Though never taking himself too seriously, he took on every challenge confidently, as Lori can attest. Those of us who grew to know and respect Paul called him by a variety of personal names such as Brow Freestone, or just plain Blazer. Paul was extremely impartial to all his friends, he argued with them all. Blazer has now gone beyond this institution, hopefully taking with him fond memories of his close friends and many experiences. As he leaves us in June in his 64 Ford, we wish him all the luck possible and opportunities to excel. The Marine Corps is receiving a fine man that can and does stand far above his contemporaries. Lori isn't getting a bad deal either.



JAMES FREDERICK BLAND

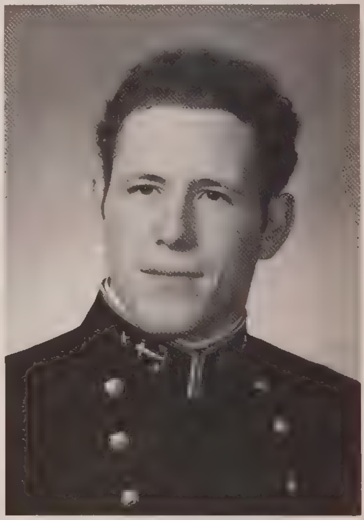
Jim comes from Battle Creek, Mich, home of Kellogg's, as in "kellogg's best to you", and indeed he was the best. With a girl at home who was destined to become his wife, Jim had nothing to do weekends but study, which proved profitable as he was one of the scholars of the company. Jim took up a hobby 2nd class year of building model radio-controlled air planes. He wanted to see what it was like to fly (from the ground). After several crashes and a couple of planes, Jim decided that flying was for the birds and opted for Nuclear Power (subs that is!?) where hopefully objects falling from the sky can't hit him; he thinks that it will be safer there, should we tell him? Jim was an individual who did his "best" rather than just talking about it, and that's a lot, especially for a Chemistry major.

Joel came to us with a definite connection to God, or the academic dean, because he broke 19th Compnay tradition with good grades. The only thing that was punishing to the rest of us was that when there was club business to take care of he always led the way and didn't take books. His best friends were Millers and Buds, right along with the rest of the 19th academic zeros. Now here we definitely had leadership material. We sent him to West Pont for awhile to gain some of their abundance of humor and when he returned he was welcomed back into 19 with a company initation once a week at "Rudy's easy living 19th Company Bar". When seniorism hit, he became our first Company Commander because we knew Marine Engineers weren't dummies and besides, he was the only one in the company with a Vette. The company flourished during his reign and marched off with a name in the Brigade. Then he became a puke, a nuc puke.

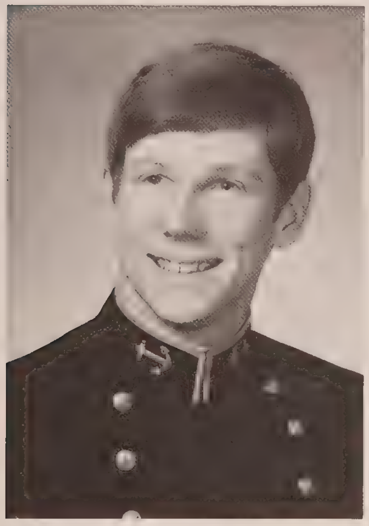


JOEL BOHLMANN

Sox came to USNA from Bedford, Indiana. Our first reaction was to laugh at his short body, funny ways, and Alfred E. Neuman face, but we couldn't laugh at his athletic ability and good grades. Our firsties liked Sox also, and he usually did everything possible to keep it that way. During his stay here Sox always managed to get away as much as possible. He stayed a semester at Air Force and a Summer with the Canadian Navy. Despite his absences we all contined to like Ken, he is a good friend. We are all sure that he will burn up the skies as a Naval Aviator the same way he burned up the road in his car.



KENNETH D. BOWERSOX

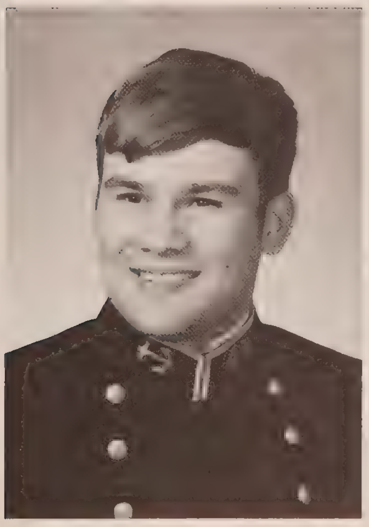


JEFF HARDING
COVER

Jeff, a Navy Junior, came to us from Newtown, Pennsylvania. An outstanding athlete, Jeff spent much of his time in the gym where he became captain of the gymnastics team. He enjoyed a challenge and was often seen going over, under or through any obstacle in his way. Jeff spent many of his weekends with the rest of us looking for some of that "schweet stuff" in various places outside of the Academy. Often in the depths of dark times he would point out the funny side of things. His intense determination and easy going manner should leave Jeff no problems in whichever branch of the Naval service he chooses.

JOHN TIMOTHY COFFEY

When we first saw Tim "Chief" Coffey on I-Day we all wondered how a guy who looked like a 30 year old enlisted man got into the Naval Academy. As the summer wore on though, Tim impressed us so much with his marching abilities and deceptive speed that all of us knew why the Academy had made the exception. Once we became upperclass, Tim changed completely, he rejected his Plebe year professionalism, buying a van for weekend parties, and building a desk in the wardroom so he could study there. These were only two of the manifestations of Tim's reformation. All of us will always remember Tim for his friendly comments and his way of "flying off the handle". Navy Air will have a great asset in Tim who is one of the finest Navels to ever graduate.



DEAN ENGLEHARDT

Dean came to us from the corny hoglands of Iowa, after making intermittent stops with the fleet and at NAPS. Bringing his "wife" Sue with him, he has easily set the record for being the longest engaged midshipman — but soon to come to an end on June 10. From the start of plebe summer, Dean was able to expertly maintain a low profile while pulling off infamous deeds. Some were left on firsties' desks, while still others would have made even the most easy-going firsties turn their heads in amazement. Driving up to Baltimore on weekends with Sue during plebe year wasn't too bad. Dean also had an uncanny way of pulling himself out of nasty situations, such as the formal before NAPS graduation, topped off only by a sweet encounter with a management prof, not to mention weapons, boats, steam, wires, etc. Always the man great to have around because of his experiences, Dean plans to make his home with the best of skimmers.

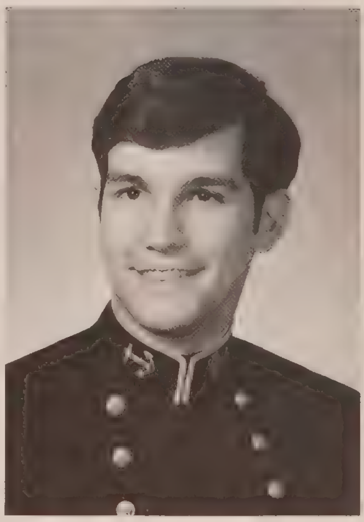
JAMES W. FEE, JR

Jim will always be well loved by most all of his classmates, and as for the rest, F.T.N. took care of them rather well. This Kansas boy came to us as a natural born leader: for we all feel sure that when Jim becomes CNO he will complain about the U.S. power struggle so much that the president will give Jim the power and Jim will make all the foreigners struggle . . . Can't say this management major was any dummy. We all hope he remembers the great times he had as a plebe, and that he will still recall in vivid color, for all those without delicate ears that are willing to listen. Then came first class year and he lived the weeks two days at a time; Saturday and Sunday. The club made frequent outings and good will missions during the year and he was always the chief spokesman for the good-will. Have a good time in Navy Air, and don't forget that plastic Jesus on the dashboard of your car.

During plebe summer, Dave Guza found himself subject to the wrath of that tyrant, "Weeny No. 1." The "Guz" was dauntless, however, and rushed into academic year with gusto. Although school books posed no problem, his old nemesis, swimming, brought on many hardships. Being from Kansas, the need for swimming was practically non-existent in the past but Dave somehow managed to fulfill the requirements at Navy. King Neptune would be proud! During 1/c year, Guz worked hard during the week to preserve those precious weekends. Like most of us, he desires to one day return as an instructor at U.S.N.A. to gain his revenge for all of those "pop quizzes." Dave has given his best at Navy and we wish him the best of luck in the years to come.

DAVID EDWARD GUZA

Fred soon emerged from the general facelessness that characterizes all plebes by establishing himself as king of the rack. During second class year, he entered the Rack Hall of Fame. He was such a phenomenon that the greatest brains in the company tried unsuccessfully for 4 years to find a way to wake him up 100% of the time. If not in the rack, he was out giving burnt offerings to his god parked next to Dewey field. Upon becoming manager of the pistol team, Fred's expertise and fanaticism in the identification of handguns almost caused him to be banned from the wardroom during any violent movies. Fred's oratorical skills were honed to perfection by a two year, no holds barred, running argument with his roommate. The walls of their room still bear the burn marks of the fierce, searing verbal battles that took place between these two. Throughout all of these experiences, Fred has grown in the most important area of all, that of being a mature individual.

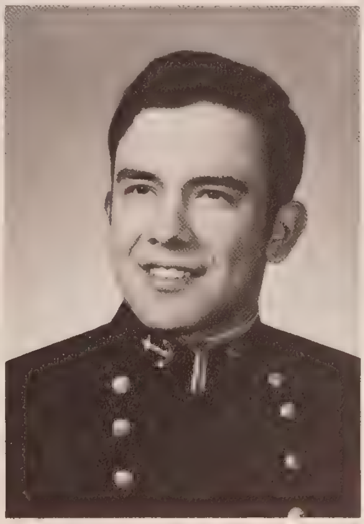


FRED LUCCI

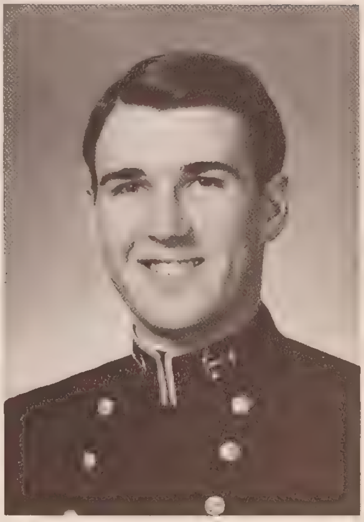
After battling academics, women and the overwhelming compulsion to wear the Marine green, Ken has finally succumbed to the charms of them all. Ken came to us from a Navy family and brought with him his uncharacteristic Navy love for drill. After two attempts and a year and a half's work, his USNA Drill Team proposal was approved and Ken finally found something to do with all that energy. Being a firm believer that the only good Indian is a green one, he aided Tecumseh with the wearing of the green Youngster year. Youngster year was a rough one for Ken. He put in a tour of duty with the original Main Office Bomb Squad. Since green has been one of his favorite colors, followed closely by blue, Ken is bound to find himself at home in the skies wearing the Marine Green.

As a true defender of the faith, Tommy has kept the ancient Naval Academy art of Rackism alive. This Siesta Sam came to us from Carlsbad, CA. and soon became one of the boys in Cloud Nineteen. During his time here, this budding Marine became our uncontested historian in European matters. Tom also was renouned for his witty jeers, a facet we are sure he will never lose, and his ability to secure the alligance of his roommates when being attacked by plebes. Four years of laughing and arguing with Tom has made an enduring impression on each of us, that he is a man of warmth and friendship. All of us, Fuza, Zener, and Brows, who had the privilege of living this last year with him, will always remember Tom with the warm thoughts of the good old times we shared.

KENNETH MALONEY

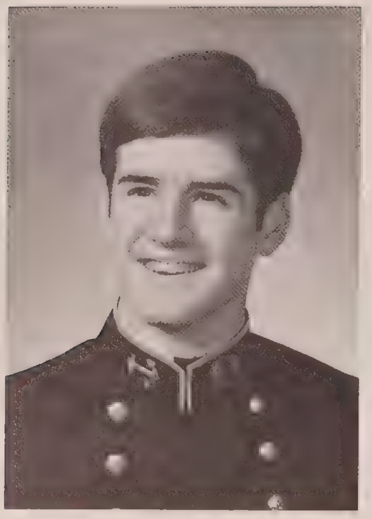


TOMMY JOE MARTINEZ



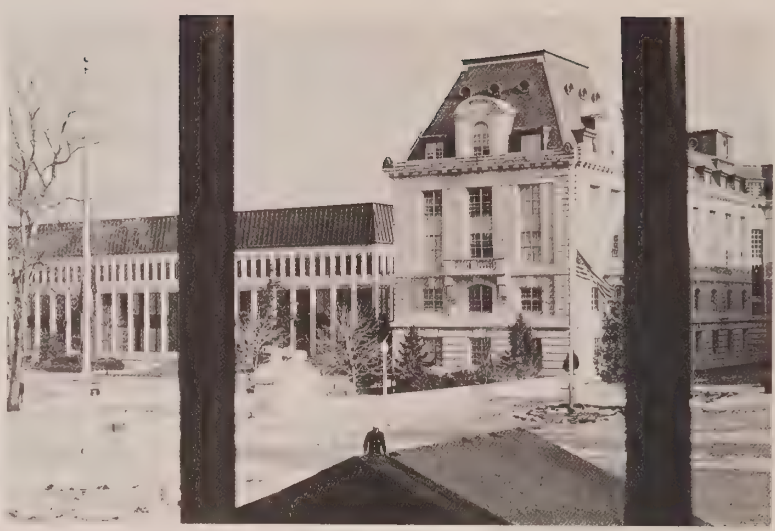
PHILLIP D. PETERSON, JR.

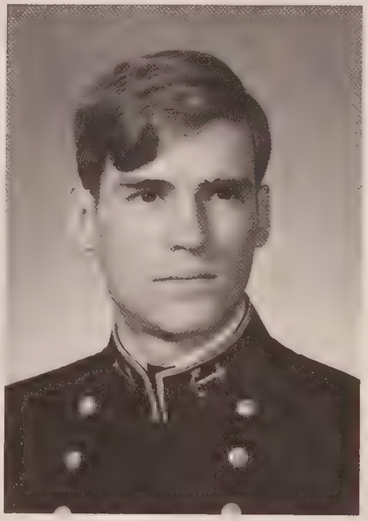
"Evil" Phil joined the brigade from sunny San Jose, California, giving up his carefree days as a carnie and motocross rider. Plebe year was hard on Phil, somewhat because of academics, but more because of Newberry. There were a few good times for Phil though, such as the time KPH marched him forwards and backwards, and almost out a third deck window, and when he punched-out Woody Davis in boxing. As an upperclass Phil had phenomenal luck. Who else in the world could ride a motorcycle head-on into a truck – and walk away bruised? Or go to the Ac Board five semesters in a row and survive? But second class year finally saw Phil's luck get him into trouble, and he became the property of a beautiful, auburn-haired female named Miriam, whom the CMOD's have come to know and love as well. Upon commissioning, Phil will have a small June wedding. Then, finally, he will earn his keep as he flies and terrorizes the skies for the Marine Corps.



PATRICK QUIGLEY

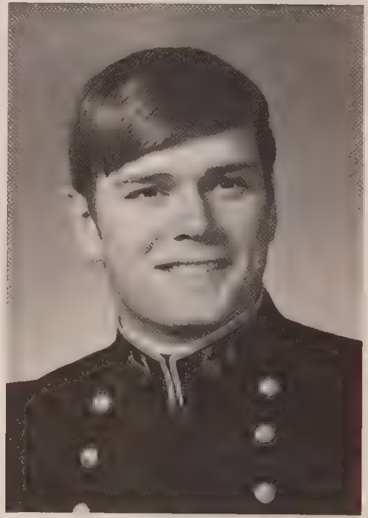
The last of the 19th Company dynasty of Head P-rade judges, it was rumored that Quigs never participated in a formation throughout his entire first class year. This esteemed position earned him the title of Brigade Bagger. The road to these honors was not an easy one for Pat. In his Youngster year, he signed up for a tour of duty with the Main Office Bomb Squad. This fiasco lead to his proficiency in the art of keeping a low profile. Even in those troubled times, he maintained his identity and amazing sense of timing, often being found in the shower at the five minute call. His easy-going ways, indellible smile and inability to locate the barber shop will long be remembered by all who knew him.





BRIAN MARK ROBY

Grandpa came out of the mountains of Calif. to the 19th Co. school of minds. He hit his prime when he saddled up on his WILD White Rabbit ready to raise hell 1st class year. In fact after four years of boxing and spitt'in about the only thing Grandpa didn't raise was his grades and the dead, but then managers set priorities and stick to them. Robes fooled everyone with his appearance of a suave managerial genius, actually he was a budding writer while here; that is, a writer with a pencil in his right hand and a Bud in his left hand, writing a reputation for himself not soon to be forgotten by anyone. Actually all the things that we'll best remember Brian for, are those things that Brian seems to forget the next day. Take our word for it, Brian, you were a good time and always ready to go for it, (the rug at Burger King). As club social director, we never got too social but we drank alot. After graduation Brian wants to put wings on his Rabbit and we know that the skies will never be the same with that WILD HARE.



RICHARD THOMAS ROUSTIO

Rick like most of us believed that the Academy could have been bettered if the four years would have passed as fast as those long-long weekends first class year. As a member of the 19th Club this math major could not count very well, but always dealt in numbers. As a matter of fact there was "1" wherever we went. The price of pizza, beer, and whatever else Rudy's sold were numbers that he knew very well, after four years of study at USNA. With the added responsibility of first class year Rick bought a car that Jim really liked and he then invested in the future and got engaged to a nurse to take care of him in his old age when Millers and Bud die . . . Math majors aren't dumbies . . . but nurses are questionable. We hope that once he counts the days down until the quest of graduation that nothing clips his wings, and that he will always remember the "1" 's that taught him to count.

After enjoying 18 years of sun, sand, and surf, Patrick W. Ryan was captured in Downey, California and sentenced by act of Congress to spend four years of hard labor at U.S.N.A. Pat (affectionately known as the "Weas" to his close friends) maintained a relatively low profile during the turbulent reign of the BITER and made his mark early in his career by proving himself to be the best physically by maxing all P.E. tests plebe summer. From that time on, Pat has boxed his way out of corners to victory in the classroom as well as in the ring. Because of his superior intellect, WEAS has been disqualified for service in the Corps, and is headed back to California (In a Datsun pickup no less) and the waves of Surface Line. All kidding aside, Pat has brought much spirit to 19 and we wish him the best of luck in the years to come. See you out there when "the balloon goes up . . ."

Rich Schiefen, redneck son of Oklahoma, came to USNA because of the Academy's desperate search for "country cream." Schiefs was determined to leave his mark at USNA. If he wasn't trying to leap out into Goat Court from the Fourth deck, he was getting fried for kicking down doors. A man of no wasted effort, Schiefs ran a string of impressive 6:20 mile runs and 12:29 youngster taps. Rich always was a planner, thus, it was no surprise when he bought a family style 280Z, complete with 8-Track stereo that played nothing but the finest of the 50's and 60's, country and hard rock. Of course a new car has to be initiated correctly, with a certain finesse and style. It still reeks of crabs, beer, and Chevis Regal. Known to his classmates as the company's pervert, Schiefs has a collection of jokes and letters that would rival SMUT magazine. A tribute to his classmates and the Navy as well, Rich plans to return to the Academy as an Engine math prof and counselor for female midshipmen.

Mike, one of the elder members of the Company, hails from the Lone Star State. Prior to USNA, he was a Tomcat engineer. Plebe Summer, Mike was the only Mid to have fallen asleep during a 'come-around'. We all wish that we could be sedated for the Weeney's SIP's. The boat house quickly became his home. He has spent many long hours on the water; his dedication earned the honor of being the Heavy Weight Team's Co-Captain. Post race parties brought out the true 'dancing' spirit in Mike. To most people, Mike has a quiet personality, but he has had times of wit and sarcasm . . . just ask his Profs. Practicality and Organization were his middle names, and these traits kept him alive as an Ocean Engineer. While others dropped into Phy Sci, "we graduate", Mike fought the late night battles armed with his trusty cup of caffein. He also fought a battle with the Calorie, trying to keep his weight impossibly low. Mike will be flying with Green Team; a conscientious leader, one of the few good men in the sky.

PATRICK W. RYAN

RICHARD ERIC SCHIEFEN

MICHAEL THOMAS SPENCER

CHRISTOPHER WILLSON

Chris came to Boat School from Florida originally. His family presently resides in Washington State. In Plebe Summer Chris was known as the originator of "The Killer's Salute." A trip to Sweden highlighted a Plebe Year that was hosted by such personalities as Pops and Bonzai Bennett. Due to a previous knowledge in computers, there would prove to be no secrets from Chris in the DTSS System. After a fairly uneventful youngster and second class year of hard work and pails of sweat, he was selected to be Second Set Fourth Class Regimental Commander. Upon completing a sub cruise, Chris was looking toward the surface nuclear program. In first class year he was an instrumental part of the BAC including everything from pep rallies to T-shirt sales. Chris's efforts to improve the life of a Midshipman in areas ranging from uniforms to academic awards will be missed in years to come.

20th Company

STEVEN ANDERSON

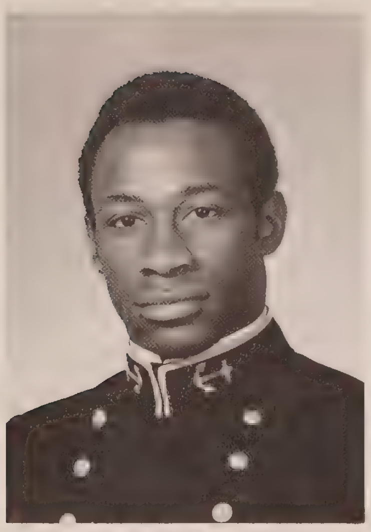
Steve, affectionately known by everyone as Andy, hails from the 51st state of inebriation. Andy spent most of the last 3 years in the shadows. You wouldn't even know he was around if it wasn't for the rock and roll emanating from his room. Andy is every mom's dream of the perfect mid. He's quiet, polite and cordial and he always has a good word for MARINES! It's a good thing they don't go out drinking with him and see Andy in action. Andy spent his 1st class cruise in Sweden, ignoring the countries fine natural resources and falling in love with the quaint pubs. FAMOUS ANDERSON QUOTE: "Where's the aspirin or . . . Water, I never touch the stuff you know fish make love in it!" Diagnosed as a color blind dipsomaniac, Steve will apply his unique Kompala talents to the service of the Supply Corps or Intelligence.

Steve drifted in from sea one summer's day and was tossed up and out at Annapolis. Looking for a place to hang his hammock, he found a vacancy at the largest hotel in the area, the Bencrift Hilton. After spending just one night he decided to stay for four years. He told us he had nothing better to do but we suspected that he was a secret agent for Uncle Hymie because he was one of the few to do well in Systems Engineering. I suppose he had the "system" down pretty well because he was never around on the weekend and seldom during the week. Longing for the open water, Steve put back out to sea on a yawl but had to reverse course when he ran aground and crashed into another boat. Taken aback by this he exchanged his yawl for a woman. I thought in the movies you were supposed to get both the buried treasure and the girl, but I guess the treasure will have to do. Seriously, good luck to you and Karen and may you both have smooth sailing.

STEVEN W. BACON

Dominick Paul Berenato came to us from a small armpit on the east coast – young, naive, and inexperienced. Young Nick breezed through Plebe Chemistry only to discover ORGANIC . . . Enter Political Science and endless afternoons of continuous rack. Now we don't want to say that he went Poly-Sci just to get by, but . . . After youngster year rolled by DPB seemed to settle into Academy life. Dom's extracurricular activities were abundant – Beth, Terri, MGB's, skiing, and who could forget the musical girlfriends of June Week '77! Then came First Class year and DPB was rarely seen – unless you happened to be at Notre College in Baltimore. In the final analysis, the tally will show that Dominick left USNA somewhat older, less naive, and certainly more experienced but of greater importance, it will bespeak a mature talented young man ready to accept the challenges of the future. (cough, gag)

DOMINICK PAUL BERENATO



LEROY BRAMLETT

LeRoy shipped in from the rolling hills of Lauderdale, Mississippi and he knew it wouldn't be easy here when not only did they match him up with an "Italian" but, they threw a red-headed "Irishman" in the room too!! The "BLOOD" survived and is now known to us (or likes to think he is!) as "The Black Prince!" Mrs. "K" has now taken care of all three of those original roommates with her many confectionary delights and the blazing speed LeRoy was once known for has dwindled to a bit less than the speed he used to keep out of trouble with plebe year. Yes, now there is only a mere memory of the super-blood we knew that initial year at USNA – receeding hairline . . . protruding gut . . . yet he's grown in other aspects too. As an M.E. amjor he's learned a lot – not only about engineering – but about life too. He leaves NAVY ready to tackle anything they hit him with – GOOD LUCK BUDDY!! (give me 5! . . . save it!)

JOE CARRASCO, JR.

Joe is from Toppenish, Washington, the leading cultural center of the Western world. When Joe was younger his family assigned him the task of finding a relative named 'VALDEZ'. Joe's search brought him to Annapolis, Maryland. It was here that he was inadvertently inducted into the class of '78' after incorrectly following the directions of a tour guide to the men's bathroom. Joe summed up his four years here by saying, '. . . at times it has been real.'

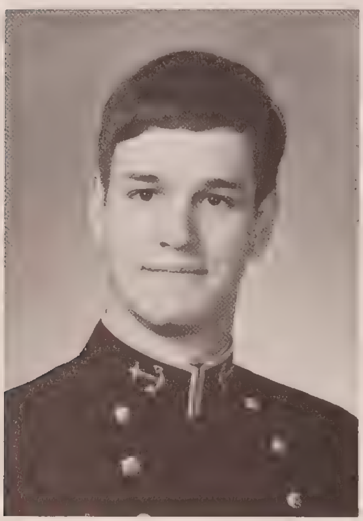
DAVID L. CAWTHRA

David Lee Cawthra came to us from the land of sky blue waters and faded blue Zoomies, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Dave quickly proved that he and he alone deserved the nickname "Jaws," his forte being the inhalation of every morsel of meat off of a piece of chicken, followed by the meticulous piling of the bones into a little pyramid in the corner of his plate. Four years at Navy have seen Dave in D&B, heavyweight football, and Batt basketball. Such diversity in one so young. Jaws also elected himself company Wardroom Rat and holds the land speed record to the steerage and back. Dave aspires to be a Surface Liner, and for his sake I hope he gets on an AOF (Alot of Food). We all wish for Dave only Fair winds and Following seas.

JOHN GORDON COOKE, V

John Gordon Cooke V, Johnny Angel, Cookie, or whatever the Jack Dookie he is known as came to us from Jacksonville, Florida. John was certainly not the wardroom type, and yet he wasn't around the hall enough on weekends to be a true red-blooded 'neck. Maybe Deb can tell us what John did do on those weekends, for he spent three years of them with her. Someday we'll hear bells! Perhaps the best name for JGCV is Mr. Clean. Find something wrong with him – we dare you! He even brasso's his fingernails! He also has one of the cleanest QPR's around. Who can argue with a sparkling 3.8? John was into a little bit of everything on the company level – honor rep, varsity parties, company soccer stud, A-1 anchor catcher, he was even a Valdez brother. Even now nobody knows his service selection. Nuke? One thing is for sure though – Cookie's success in the fleet will be no surprise to anyone.

Craig Harold Cowen, alias Creighton, arrived from Florida at the banks of the Severn and found himself stuck in the self destruct mode. After four years he still can't seem to get enough pain, but with hockey and rubgy as carry over sports the opportunities are still there. Academics never seemed to give Craig too much trouble; if they didn't bother him, he wouldn't bother with them. And after all, "Aerospace is still the hardest major" -- someone has to stop by the wardroom occassionally to keep Dix and Jaws company. Youngster and second class year found Creighton and Andy at The Dove chugging the finer beers of the world. Guinness Stout? As a firstie, Creighton became president of the Big Brothers. Some of his collateral duties were company phone rep and tail gate party shuttle service. As a member of COMONIWANNA – (censored), Macho Craig became the terror of the Tuesday night bowling gang, as well as the foul line king. Where from here? Surface Line, smooth sailing.



CRAIG HAROLD COWEN

Randy, affectionately known as "Dix" to his classmates, hails from Birmingham, Alabama. Having decided to wind down after a stunning career in High School, Dix became a Phy-Sci man with intentions of doing indepth research on physical motion while in a horizontal position. Let it never be said that he didn't use his time wisely. During his off-duty hours he has spent his time in pursuit of an Auburn beauty, and I don't mean her hair. It's bells for Dix after June Week. All things considered he has lived up to his motto, "Ain't no doubt, we are here to party." To that we say, carry on and pass the Swamp Water. Donning his creekbanker and his velvet lounging pants (?) he is frequently seen roaming the halls in search of "Valdez." When not in the wardroom, he may be found busting pins with the Vicious Valdez Brothers. Bound for the Marines we say Good Luck and Give 'em hell, Dix.

C. R. DICKINSON

"Larry" caught the '74 Wagon-Train from the wilds of Missouri to the East Coast and civilization. But MA and PA Hayden didn't raise a fool – before signing his life away he took a year "off" at the University of Missouri and got the partying in that he'd miss the next four years at NAVY. He also got far enough ahead of the rest of us in academics, that long nights of studying were few and far between. But now, on to love!! Those beautiful? Mizzou girls lost out early when little Mikey's eyes came across a couple of Navy brats. No wonder his hair began to fall out! The next several months were comparable to Peyton Place around here! He settled down during second class year though, and Mike and Karen will wed in June. It's all over now and we might not choose to do it all again, but AHHH MICHE! . . . It was fun.

James Donald Felton, alias Colonel J.D. Nubiekowski of the West Virginia Militia and Self-Defense Force came cruising into USNA from Rowlesburg, W.Va. via NAPS in a completely paid for '69 Plymouth Fury. Jim's ego was quickly deflated when his Plebe summer squad leader, Squee, informed him that Plebes did not rate keeping cars in the Yard. Undaunted, Nubie set his efforts toward seeing how many weekends he could drag and get away with it Plebe year. Considering the sheer number of different girls Jim dated, the theory of probabilities (or is it Murphy's Law?) finally took its toll and Jim met Camille. June 12th will find Jim and Camille joined in Holy Matrimony, a position Jim is trying to fit into by buying a Chevy Nova. Major-wise Jim decided to follow in the footsteps of such famous figures as Einstein, Michelson and Nols and major in Physics, a decision he has seldom regretted. Service Selection finds Jim progressing from the Hills of West Virginia to the Halls of Montezuma dressed in Marine Green. Company Nuc-Power rep, 'eh J.D.?

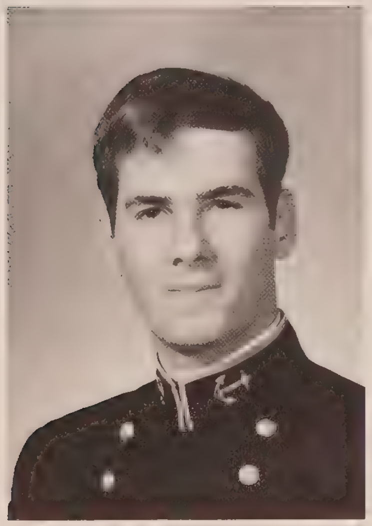
JAMES DONALD FELTON

L. MICHAEL HAYDEN

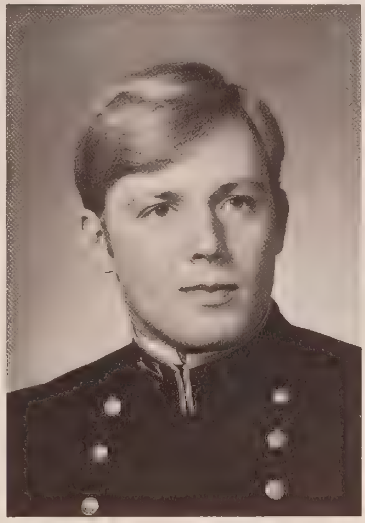
EDWARD S. HENKLER

Ed rolled in from the hills of Northern Maryland with an open mind and high hopes. Starting off on the right track, Ed distinguished himself as an accomplished flute player in the Stage Band. Many validations allowed Ed to overload for 4 years. He took advantage of this and elected a double major, Ocean Engineering and French. Ed, not one to lose sight of his priorities, became involved in many ECA's. Evening meal formations took a back seat to the various choirs. Glee Club and NA-10. Ed stepped into First Class year as the Vice President of Glee Club, member of the famous rock band NA-10, and part time owner of the bowling team, Kampala Kingpins! Naval Academy life did not hinder Ed's lifestyle! Known for his "large parties," he was forced to accept requests months in advance. There were never enough weekends for Ed, 3:30 Friday afternoons caught him leaving gate 8 in his VW convertible. Ed plans to pursue a nuclear power career on the surface.

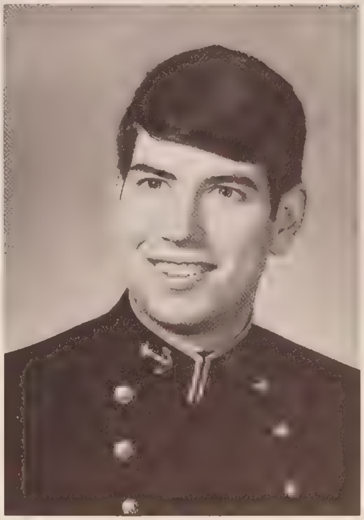
"GET READY, FOR HERE HE COMES."



ERIC KALISKY



ALVIN KOLPACKE

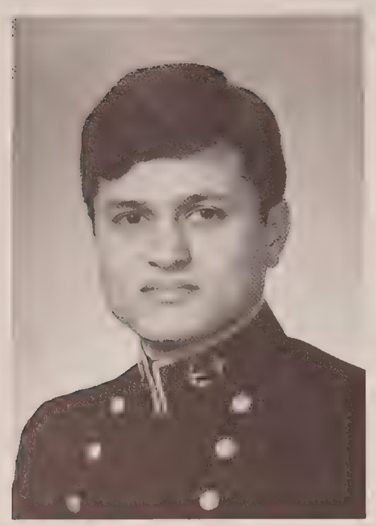


HENRY J. KUZMA

Eric, better known as "KILLER" after plebe boxing, left the glittering lights of the Big Apple for the sunny banks of the Severn. Eric really didn't start plebe summer off on the right foot when he put an eel in his squad leaders sink. Eric managed to have much free time to help his classmates with their homework for Eric's plebe academics were a breeze as were all his academic endeavors. His athletic ability also earned him much respect and many friends throughout the brigade. Eric's great sense of humor, warm personality and high motivation are sure to make him one of the Navy's finest officers.

What HO! Behold before your very eyes the worl' famous white whale, upholder of all those traits considered to be a part of any collegian. Al was a four year veteran of the Dahlgren Hall Explorer's Club. By the way, how's the view from Lucky Bag? After Dahlgren Hall became passe for our Snowgoose, he decided to invite young lovelies to his room to view his torpedo collection. Al also became very adept at climbing trees and becoming parts of bushes when the OD'S were after him, once he was in the clear it was only a few short blocks to his cycle and some evening entertainment in Baltimore. FAMOUS KOLPACKE QUOTE: while sitting in a shower room of a famous all girl's college, wearing only his jockey shorts, Al was heard to mutter, "What are all these women doing in here?" Al hopes to earn his wings as a Naval Aviator upon graduation. He already has a head start on everyone because he has several colors of wings to his credit.

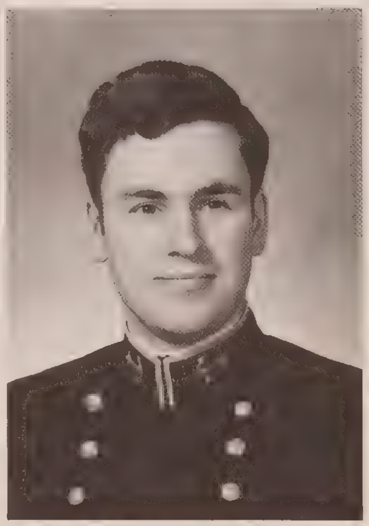
Hank came bouncing in from the quiet little hamlet of Hershey, Pa. in the summer of 1974. The Kuz quickly established himself as a giant among men, both on and off the basketball court. He started varsity all four years, making Captain his last year. He was equally well known throughout the company by the cooking expertise of Mother K. In season home games were particularly good for chow, as one large-nosed Italian can well testify. In the area of academics, "Skyhook" showed that Jocks can pass anything when they get their gouge together. Many a late night saw wave after wave of N-sweaters flowing through his door. After attempting to select a Bull major (Management), his dreams of nights in the wardroom and long weekends were shattered when the administration got in its biggest BOHICA. They decided Management was too easy, so they "beefed" it up with Thermo, Fluids, and Basic Basketweaving. The one thing Hank walked away from Navy knowing, perhaps more than most, is that if the going gets easier, you're not climbing. Good luck, Hank, in whatever you do.



ROBERT OKUMURA LAUGHLIN

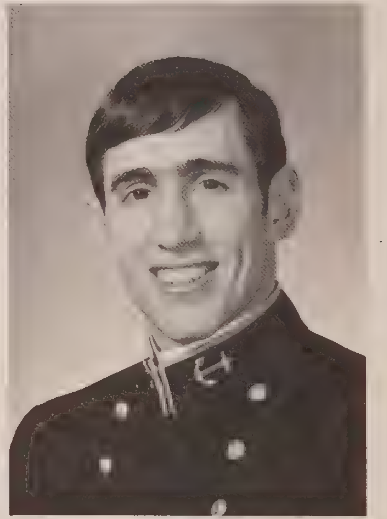
NAME: Robert Okumura Laughlin
ALIAS: MACHO
DATE OF BIRTH: 8, MARCH 1956
PLACE OF BIRTH: KYOTO, Japan
OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY: Professional Killer
OCCUPATIONAL SUBSPECIALTY: DEPENDS
CREDENTIALS: Numerous
NOTE:::
If this man should come to your door ask him in and offer him cookies and milk. Try not to mention anything that will remind him of "THE SCHOOL". The life you save my may be your own.

CARP-78
RHODE ISLAND



DAVID THORNTON LAURIAT

David Thornton Lauriat, known to many as "Noose", came to us from Shelton, Connecticut with a cheery smile, many bad puns, and a voice that put him in the Naval Academy Barbershop Quartet, Glee Club, and Chapel Choir. Dave spent his four years here battling the pad monster and the EE department, and can recite Ohm's Law without the aid of a textbook. "Legs" could always be counted on to cheer one with a spontaneous, unsolicited joke. Boy, were they the pits! After a bout with the Nucs on 1/C cruise, Dave decided to spend his career in the surface warfare community. We will hear Dave's wedding bells in June, and he will leave USNA singing "In Loveland, for me and my Byrle!"

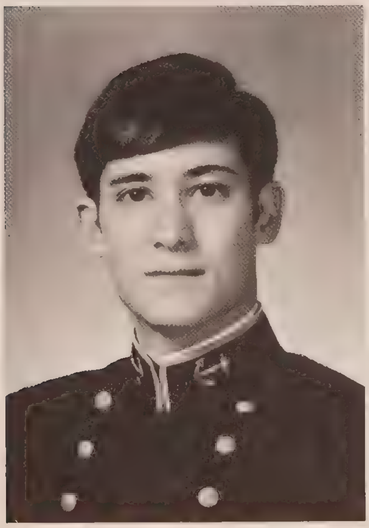


THOMAS LOUIS McKEON

Tom McKeon came to the academy because there were more rules to break here than at any other institution. He was a wrestler of great fame in his home town of Tuckahoe, N.Y. Though he was not a member of the varsity team at USNA, he showed a lot of his moves to the local female population. During youngster year he made extra effort to keep in shape by distance running; Tom says he got the most benefit from it at night. Tom excels in academic endeavors except those which involve books. Even so, he was dedicated to his studies and spent his summers in school. Tom works hard to sharpen his leadership skills. He always makes it a "point" to lend an "ear" whenever anyone has a problem, especially the plebes. Tom loves to sail and though he sometimes lost his lunch, he never lost his love for the wind and the sea. He plans to go surface line upon graduation and will no doubt be one of the best. This man cares about people and can be counted on when the chips are down. We're mighty proud to serve with him.

THOMAS MORSE

Tom is just a country boy from the woods of Alabama yet in four years at the academy he has excelled in everything he's done. He excelled in football, until he got cut from the team; he excelled with the girls, until he opened his mouth and he excelled in academics, until his first test. Yes, Tom has excelled in everything he has attempted, just ask him and he'll tell you. Tom is also the master of practical jokes, whenever there was a boobytrap or a mouse hanging from the ceiling you could always be sure who was behind it. His devious activities have gained him the love and respect of all who know him, in fact his picture would be hung in every room of the company if there weren't a reg against playing darts in the hall. . Tom also got his share of rack, unfortunately he slept all day and stayed up to all hours of the night, this made him very popular with his profs. Come June he'll be off to some cockpit where he will undoubtedly do well.



ROBERT MYERS

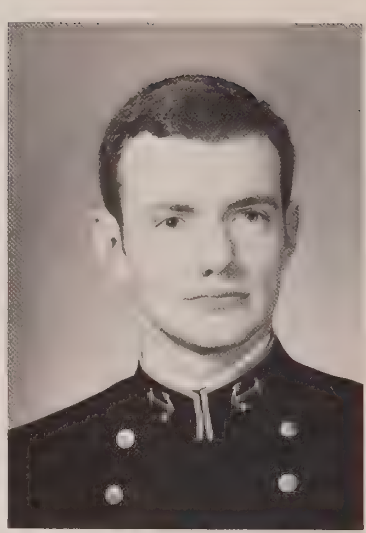
Bob came to us from the mountains of Western Pennsylvania. An excellent photographer in high school, he continued to use these abilities as the Photo Editor of the Lucky Bag. Although a lot of work this job guaranteed him a phone 1/c year. Bob had a slow start academically but things picked up after his first year. He now has excellent grades without the costly sacrifice of any of his free time. Over his four year career as a midshipman, Bob maintains the unique distinction of twelve sets of sports exemption. While at the Academy he has become a skilled skateboarder and guitar player. Despite some close calls, Bob has avoided serious problems with the conduct system while enjoying many privileges not normally associated with Academy life. He was fortunate enough to meet a girl at the end of his first year insuring himself a place to go on the weekends. Happily, this has not restricted his activities. Bob plans to pursue a nuclear power career.

"Get ready, for here he comes."

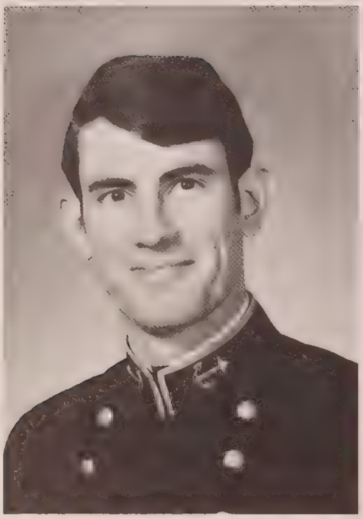
Frederick Mitchell Nielsen walked out of the mountains of Cullowhee, USA (for the culturally deprived, that's just down the road from Sylva, North Carolina) and through Gate 1 with a banjo in one hand, a typewriter in the other, and a stack of Beethoven records under his arm. We rapidly discovered that Rick had unique musical talents that were exceeded only by the QPR that made him No. 1 in the class as a plebe. The Glee Club and Masqueraders quickly scoffed up on his musical abilities while the EE Department tested his academic expertise. He was soon studying 40 hours a week and lubricating and sharpening his Pilot pencil on weekends while his Celica acquired pigeon stools and square tires. Though Fred was heavily recruited by Captain Mayaguez himself, he made a trip to Washington to make some little, old man happy. Whatever the world may bring, Rick will find success, as a finer person or officer is not to be found.

FREDERICK MITCHELL NIELSEN

Stephen Joseph Nolan is not famous for coming from Dearborn, Michigan — but that's where he's from. He sneaked through plebe year; he fact, he sneaked through them all as a Physics major! But let's get down to extra-Academic activities. He broke a lot of hearts and had a lot of fun at The Mount with the Boys. And we can't forget to mention what he is famous for — Money, Business, and Finance. In only four years, Nols became USNA's foremost entrepeneur. Projects to his credit were the purchases of an "antique" '23 Buick with no doors, a "classic" '61 MGA with no brakes, and a "sound investment" in a stock with no promise. Despite these many and varied expenditures, he still managed to pay his laundry bill, In summary, Nols could be described as the meanest guy around with a receeding hairline. Oh yea, Nols went Marine Corps. So what.



STEPHEN J. NOLAN



DANIEL M. O'KEEFE

Dan came bouncing into the Academy after a hard but short summer on the Southern California beaches he calls home. The son of a Bosn's Mate, he had wanted to join the Blue and Gold since the tender age of 14. He survived the rigors of the Academy's last 'real' Plebe year, living through come-arounds with vicious upperclassmen and a shoe-water drinking contest with his roommates. Many were the wild schemes and activities he perpetrated but with few ever suspecting that he was up to something. He chose to be a Political Science major, and proved his aptitude for that line with many a last-night 'A' paper. Mormonism played a major role in Dan's life here — he lived his religion and willingly shared his beliefs, taking the ever-present seagull jokes in stride. Only girls gave him any problems here — they were always after him. A real 'people-person,' Dan will be sure to do well in the Fleet and beyond.

STEVEN PAINTER

The SS PAINTER steamed into Annapolis with 3 goals: flying, drinking and women. Well Steve, 1 for 3 isn't bad, at least you gained a fine taste in wines? A highlight of his 3/c year was his girl coming from Calif. to hand him his "Dear John" letter in person. Not one to let minor setbacks bother him, Steve insisted it was only a joke. To remain true, his eyes turned to the ski slopes rather than to other women. Under Steve's reign the Ski Club folded, so his eyes again shifted to woman. 1/c year the N.I.S. tried to torpedo our hero; However, Buzz outmaneuvered them and came up straight. We can only hope that Steve can avoid the Maryland Juvenile authorities as well. Steve's dreams of flying were dashed when his hopes of an ear transplant fell through as the only one with ear to spare was WINGNUT! Paint has turned to another career and in June he will become a Naval Oceanographer. Hey Paint where's the party huh? What did you say?????

DANIEL GERARD PETERS

Dan came to Canoe U. from the sunny shores of Florida leaving his Yamaha and freedom behind. Dubbed "Salt" by our infamous "Squee", Dan showed his true seamanship by never letting the idiosyncrasis of military or academic life disturb him. He just chugged along pulling his 3.0's as one of the few, but brave, engineers. Youngster year, Dan could be found downing brews with the guys or in company of a pretty Irish lass. Segundo year found Dan enhancing his relationship with his girl on the weekend and wrestling "Jaws" on weeknights. As a Firstie, Dan's residence changed to Immaculata College on weekends. When will those bells ring?? In looking back at the years we all shared, how can we forget Dan's amazing ability to eat three steaks at one sitting or the way he was able to contort his body to look like a pretzel. Most of all, Dan will be remembered as one hell of a great guy who got along with everyone, (even after deciding to GO GREEN). We wish him success always.

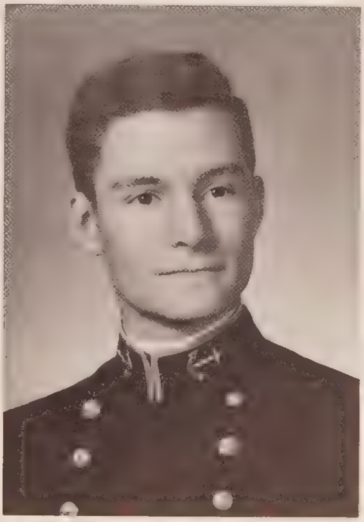
The meek inherit the earth was Doug Reilands motto prior to entering the Naval Academy. Due to his slight 165lb frame everyone else thought so too. After discovering Hulk comic books, bullworkers and what beaches and sand were, Doug proceeded to build himself into the Arnold Schwartznegger of the school. Not only could he life weights but he also did well in Navy nurses for which he won 1st place. He'll remember that award for a long time. A 4.0 student in Oceanography Doug devoted his 1st 3 years in the pursuit of grades, weights and a locker full of underwear. His Guardian Angel must have abanodoned him for his first class year was devoted to ensigns, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He valiantly succeeded in skating all the way through, and brief interruptions such as the BOQ and England aided in this objective. If Doug Reiland could recommend anything to help future mids it would be, eat breakfast, and after graduation go around the Hall and pick up junked towels.

Michael Shinego got off to a great start at USNA by receiving a "Dear John" letter from his girl back in Florida; she was getting married. C'est la vie! Plebe year Mike concentrated on rallying his classmates against the Firsties. When tormented Mike's battle cry became "We'll recon their #%" As a youngster wine, women, and song became Mike's bywords, but after much persuasion we finally convinced him that he couldn't sing so he alleviated this deficiency by increasing the amount of wine and women. Not a bad trade-off, eh Mike? First class year Mike awed us all by splurging on a white Firebird with a red pimp interior and a five minute/half mile warranty. Somehow between cables labs and one night term papers, Mike managed to earn a B.S. in Ocean Engineering, and even found himself leading 20th company on its Wednesday afternoon strolls on Worden field. After graduation? Sleep soundly America, Mike will soon be patroling the ocean floor. In passing, if there's a beer to be opened and a women to be had, Mike will be there.

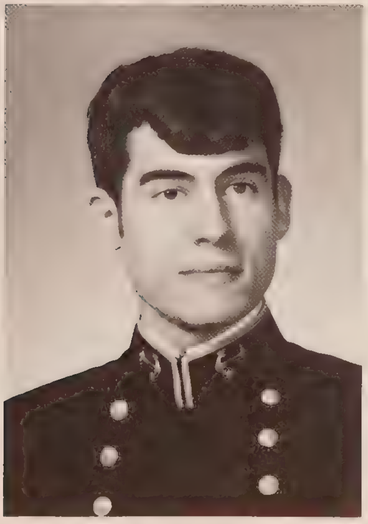
Many people who graduate from Canoe U. wonder whether they will make the Navy a career. Rick will be in long after obligation. Don't let him tell you different, he's a lifer from the start! This kid will go far with all the connections he has. If you haven't guessed, Rick chose Nuc. Power for a career. Being a Systems major has prepared him well. The midnight oil burned frequently in his pursuit of knowledge. Don't let this talk of work fool you, Rick is a devout bachelor and playboy. Unlike most of his clasmates, he has yet to be corraled into marriage. For this he should be commended! As a member of the Glee Club, Rick has made many trips and returned with stories of broken hearts left by the wayside. But alas, his heart still longs for his lost lady somewhere in the Midwest. A sadder story has yet to be told! Rick leaves with a soaring spirit and a bevy of Naval knowledge. Sleep easy America, Small will soon be on the job.

DOUGLAS REILAND

MICHAEL SHINEGO

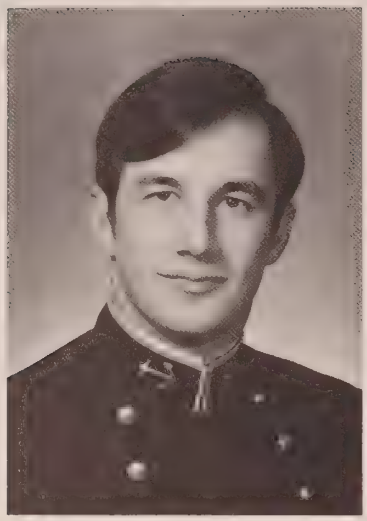


RICHARD HOLDERMANN
SMALL



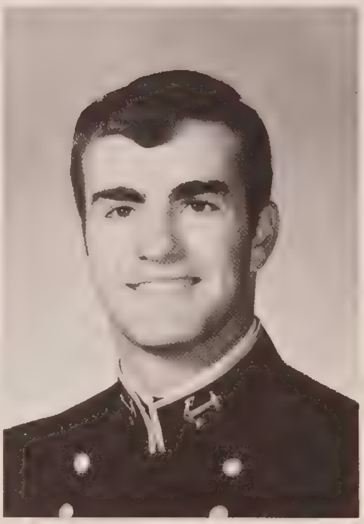
John Wallace, the butt of more practical jokes, the bearer of more derogatory nicknames and recipient of more involuntary showers than any other midshipman known, came to USNA via NAPS (a rather convenient arrangement since his hometown, Rising Sun, Md., was only a short drive from Bainbridge.) His academic prowess quickly became obvious and his grades remained high, despite the efforts of the EE Department. Wally spent a lot of his non-studying time sleeping, avoiding Captain Wood and taking people to his home on weekends. He loves the outdoors and goes sailing whenever possible. When given a task, John will accomplish it as best he can, devoting and focussing his time and energies until that job is done and done well. And since he is going to be driving ships that burn atoms instead of oil, this attitude will be to his advantage. The "Gator" should do well, in or out of the fleet.

21st Company



MARK S. BOENSEL

Being the major stockholder in Snoz Bros. Inc., "Benz" has little choice but to follow his nose, and in the four years he's been here it has led him down many paths, primrose and otherwise. Always open to suggestion (or proposition), Benz rarely, if ever, passes up an opportunity to excell (and not necessarily for the Big Blue) in extracurricular activities. An avid fan of outdoor sports and hobbies, Benz enjoys the challenge of the hunt (watch out for the screaming squirrels, Benz), and even if it doesn't always produce a prize he's always alert for the "snake" in the bushes. Occasionally coming out from under his hair (or the covers of the bed) Benz commands the respect of everyone who knows him and, as the saying goes, if you ever want something done, and done right, do it yourself – or give it to Benz!



MARK CHRISTOPHER BROOME

There he was, minding his own business when USNA decided to admit a "midget" 3 days late. The company's only contortionist and six stripe CAO, Mark weathered the snow storm to go Navy McAir. So far he's received minimal flight time in his muscle car. You could count our weekends by dividing the mileage on his car by the distance to Burger King. This Texan's favorite group was Three Dog Night until he decided to get up against the wall with Jerry Jeff and the rest of the Redneck mothers. We knew finals were near when Mark was asked his shoe size. Known for his phenomenal drinking capacity, he frequently entertained us with second-hand jokes. Twenty years from now, over Cokes and chips, we'll still remember the shrubs (Brows) over Mark's eyes.

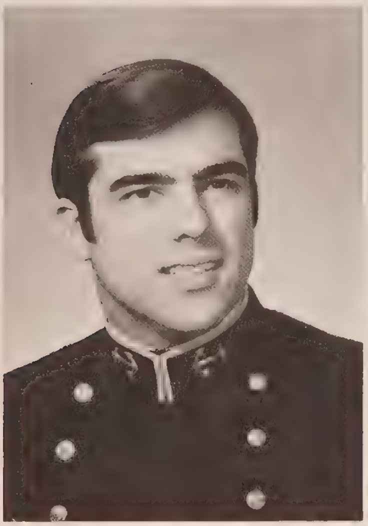
JAMES WEIR BROWN

Jim came to the Boat School fashionably late on 11 July 74 under the now defunct "delayed entry" program. Throughout the traumas of plebe year he kept murmuring "There I was in upstate NY minding my own business . . . " An aspiring Nark, Jim saw the atrocities youngster year, reluctantly dropping to the status of an engineering manager. Remembered as a quiet, diligent midshipman, JB overcame his shyness in one swift, monumental moment when he challenged the USAFA falcon to "Perch on this!" An intense love for soccer marked the four years and, though never a Varsity starter, Jim developed a sense of pride and comraderie on the team. Friendships with Scott, Gary, and the troops of OCF, FCA, and the Navs will last Jim a lifetime; his growing love for the Lord and desire to strive wholeheartedly for excellence in the fleet serving Christ should keep him true. Always challenged, yet never intimidated, the Silver Sailor will zealously fight for a NFO billet amidst the blood, sweat, and tears of SS night. Ps. 27:4, 8 for a few good men.

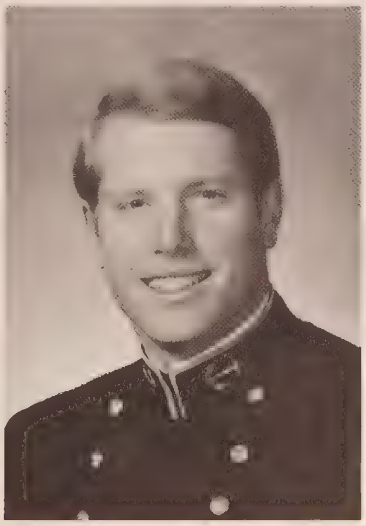
Out on the highway, a flash of silver and a glimpse of someone throwing back his hair, what was it? Right Dad, it's the "Toe" on the go! Forever in search of the elusive "B.T.S.", Otto charmed his way (using sarcasm or sheer force) through the first year here, only to be lassoed that summer by the lass from California. And struggle though he might, the noose just got tighter. Tip-Toeing his way through four years of Navy Football, "feets" managed to wrangle the starting job in time for the Navy/Army game first class year and in doing so succeeded in destroying the myth of he Mid-Cut on National TV. Finally who can forget those immortal words "She's digging my act, ain't she? uh-huh" Sure Toe.

V.B.F.; Pumpkin; Suitcase; Stylish clothes; "Go to war Miss Agnes"; "Ain't the beer cold"; Stung by a Bee and all swollen up; Blazer; Greenie Weenie grass picker; An "F" for sure on this test guys?!!!; Are you a member of the Gibson Island Club?; Duuuhnese; Tracy and the girls on the floor; Campin' on Gas Island; Colorado-mania; Anna, his kissin' cousin; The Optimist; A gazillion freckels; Beatin' Jeff, and Matt at shoes; Short legs (the shortest); The switch and the sting; Pat and Jeff's; Conceited; Whiskey sours and Hershey squirts; Unlucky Gurns; Buzz haircut for Gas Island; Convenient Service selection; The telltale hairstyles; The silver bullet; Gullible; Gouge profs; Pun ins with the Human Bowling Ball; "I'm saving myself for Bee!"; Chris, you brightened up our four years!!!!!!!!!

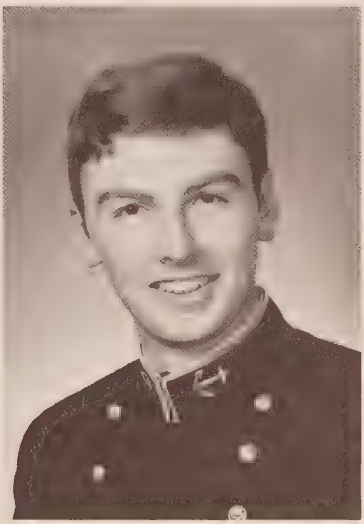
Jeff, better known as "Carp", reported aboard the Academy shaking hands, and has not stopped shaking hands since. Carps drifted to Annapolis from the old Yankee Town of East Greenwich, Rhode Island. He came to the Academy as a whimp and spastic weakling, barely able to do one pull-up his Plebe year. Realizing the situation and determined to get off the "Tomatoes Squad," Jeff quickly overcame his physical handicaps and now aces all his Applied Strength tests. If you didn't see him around in the yard driving his vintage 1960 Belair, he was probably in the Hall shaking hands. Being a General Engineer major he never had time for any one particular "Sweet Pea," or any other social affairs. Carp always ensued his academic endeavors but never did find the true meaning of "gouge," and his grades will prove this. After a vacation with the Marines in Hawaii last summer, he has decided to go Marine air and we all wish him the best.



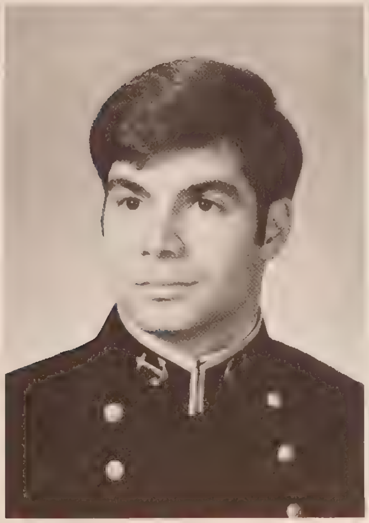
OTTO PAUL BULICH



CHRISTOPHER C. BURGIN

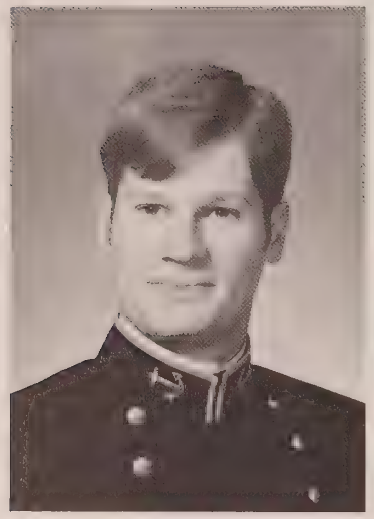


JEFFREY D. CARPENTER



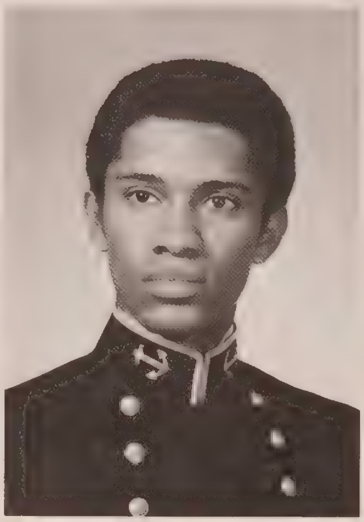
ROBERT J. FALLON

With the shake of a rattle and the pop of a beer can, it's Rattle Snake Jake and his Leisure Time Van. Wanderin' in his bones and a Stroh's in his hand, O'Fallon has searched from the shores of Alaska to the mountains of Montana for the best party in the land. But seriously, more than one person, (maybe two), has been known, to walk into his room and find Bob actually studying (during commercials, of course). The service selection of Navy air was a particularly tough one for Bob, since Regs say gotta be "dry" for 12 hours before flight time. Bob has made sincere efforts to go on the wagon, but the van was just too convenient. When Bob's Navy days are over, he will most likely pursue his life-long ambition — Head Taste-Tester for Anheuser-Busch Breweries Inc. Bottoms-up, Bob.



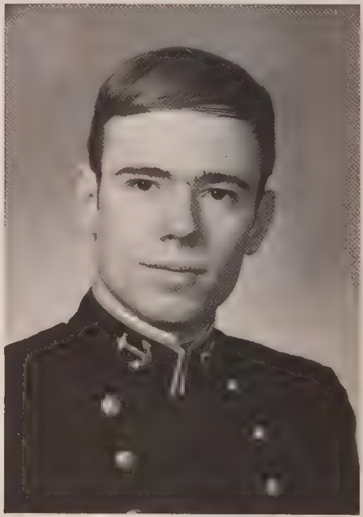
THOMAS DAILY HOLMAN

Tom, a native of Russelville, Arkansas, has called Virginia Beach his home for most of his days. He took a year long vacation at NAPS before reporting to USNA. Tom arrived ready to assume the position of Brigade Commander. He was Mr. Professional at first but has since mellowed quite a bit. After a successful plebe year, Tom selected Oceanography as his major in order to keep his QPR high, but Navy changed his matrix and his grades. Tom is affectionately known as the Rep-Rep because it seems that he has been the representative for every activity here at Canoe U. The future looks bright for Tom. He plans to marry his fiancee, Elaine, a survivor of four long years. Tom should be bobbing around the Atlantic on a small surface ship, hopefully homeported in Little Creek, Virginia, for at least his first tour.



GREGORY A. JUBERT

Jubes left Lake Charles, Louisiana with aspirations for an exciting, challenging career. Always able to adjust to changing times, Jubes handled the program well, with only major difficulties in the areas of academics, conduct, and swimming. A member in good standing of the Seventh Batt Social Club, he was always ready for a good time. Jubes was well known for his abilities to drink liquor and always look on the brighter side when there really was none. The future seems bright for the hopeful Supply Corps candidate and his lovely fiance who is looking forward to graduation as much as he is. Lookout world in June of 1978 because the Jubes is looking for TLC on TAD and is ready and able to TCB.



JOHN VERNON KAUFFMAN

As a budding intellect from the landlocked state of North Dakota, John came to Annapolis attempting to expand his horizons. He was not successful as Uncle Hyman and a local girl are making him take a plunge. The academic department was very generous to John. They gave him extra points for his SAT math test then used that test to give him Ops Analysis, in accordance with the needs of the Navy. Capitalizing on his misfortune, John used his major to maximize his coefficient of rack time. He excelled in making calculated risks, taking chances only when they were good. John is well known throughout the New London community for his exploits on first class cruise, everything from breaking the wardroom in poker to borrowing cars for extended weekend trips. Look out New London, the MANKAUF will return.

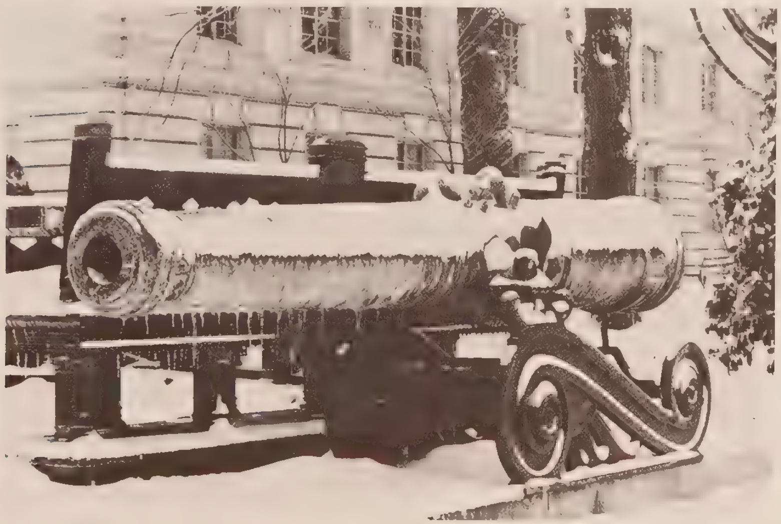
CHARLES ROBERT LOVE

Pooh Bear was the only mid who had his engagement ring paid off before he reached puberty. Three times winner of the Sportman of the Year award in intramurals, Charlie has never lost an argument, or a pep rally. Charlie has always had a wish to move to Cuba, and start a farm. One thing to remember when dealing with this mid is not to accept any old cookies, especially if you're Nicaraguan. Charlie was one of the many mourners when the Jolly Yellow Giant was slain by the AC board. Twenty-first company now has plenty to eat because the scale has chosen for Charlie to dine elsewhere.

PAUL K. LYNCH

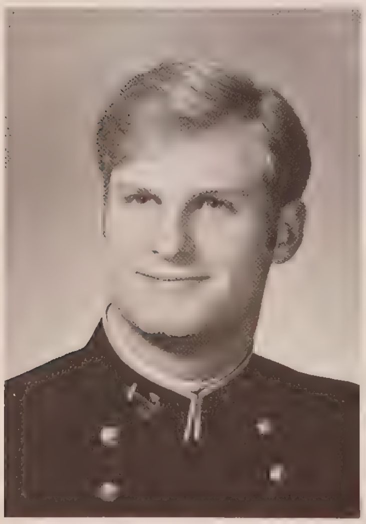
The only man in naval history to attend Annapolis because he couldn't find a yacht club with a majors program, "Country Club" Lynch dazzled his classmates with his uncanny ability to learn only those sports fit for a country club. The "Grinch," sporting his demented laugh, emanated the social life. In fact, he attended a Minnesota prep for a year because USNA's Medical Board mistakenly thought Paul had a social disease. Prep school was just a guise; actually Aspen had bad snow that year and he needed a place to sharpen the Country Club skills so vital to his image. Always displaying an eye for the extravagant, C.C. became famous for slinking around study hour in the latest fashions from Gentlemen's Quarterly. As long as it didn't interfere with his weekends on the slopes, C.C. could always be found practicing for the America's Cup. Unless he can choose club pro as a warfare specialty, Paul will be heading for P'cola to model the latest line of Esquire flight gear or to try on an F-14 If he can find one short enough . . . (70 knot subs?)

Rick McClelland's another one of those guys who decided Plebe year that weekends were a waste of time (except for studying and the Drum & Bugle Corps). "Tomato", as he is well known, easily stands out in class. He has perfected the fine arts known to all as "bobbing and weaving", the "elbow prop", the "nosedive", and of course "whiplash". Mac is known for his countless successes, including women – He has a date at least every three months! Orienteering evidently is not one of Mac's better qualities. Somehow he can't seem to remember where he lives, spending most of his time on 6-4 instead of 4-4. But that's OK, as long as he gives out as much gouge as he takes, he'll get along fine! Just don't ever try to walk beside him to class – It's like the old Navy adage, "constant bearing, decreasing range; collision!" PING!



JAMES McCLELLAND

Matt has become a minor legend in his own time. His endeavors span the entire gamut of activities of which one might avail oneself as a midshipman. As a varsity baseball player, "the kid" has accumulated about as many balls, bases, and scores, (with a few strike outs), as one could think possible of one man in a short four year tenure. Off the field, he is a man of diverse interests. He is an animal lover with a particular affection for the horse. And when the "Ramblin' Man", complete with Stetson, hits the highway you better "get on out o' the way". He is a boisterous, fun-loving, and sometimes outspoken "dude" who knows how to enjoy himself and still get the job done. Better yet, he can motivate the people around him, in his own special way, to do the same. "Paz" is a name that will be remembered by all who had the pleasure of knowing him, as synonymous with hair (Yeah, Uh-huh!), beers, women, and good times.

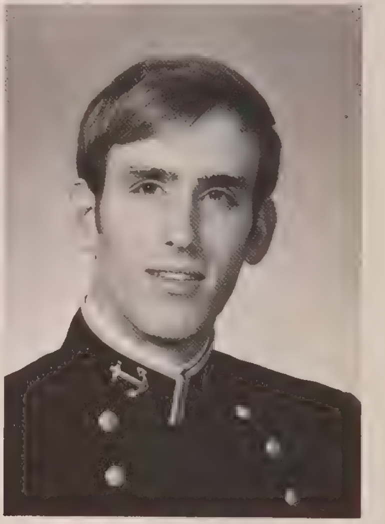


MATTHEW S. PASZTALANIEC

"Are you the Admiral's son?", EE major (with an assist from Col. Solak); "The Big P"; Johnny D.; Always bookin'; Champagne with Patty (auugh!); June Week buzz job (double auugh!!); Evelyn's Grunge; Posing with a Strohs; Goin' backpackin' with Nick, Matt, and Chris; Redneck hat and boots; Rocky Mountain High; Gas Island; The switch and the sting; "This is one Gutsche"; Classical music; Rusty spoon; Pat and Jeff's; A short (?) pleasure cruise in Argentina; Suave; 4.0 student; Horsehose King; Great luck with blind dates???!!!; Meg???!!!; Bravely defending the campsight from the attacking (?) skunk; Bourbon and soda on the rocks; . . . It wasn't so bad after all was it?

SCOTT ALLAN McKEE

Dana's delight, Janet's despair; Also known as Ricketts (it's that physique!); The "Big T"; Family car with bench seats?; Pencil neck extraordinaire; The Big Blizzard of '77 (whose delight?); "C'mon Chris, no problem on these next rapids!"; Five striper puke; Nuke puke; Big Rufe (let's see him explain that one!); Jeff and Pat's (after all the work was done); Sunday best clothes for goin' camping; He's from just Plano, Texas (yee-haw!!!); First to the chapel after graduation (Matt is close behind!); Has to have a girl with him at all times; "My God, there is dust on my car!!!!!"; Just splittin' hairs with Jeff; A dancin' fool; We really did have a good time didn't we Nick?



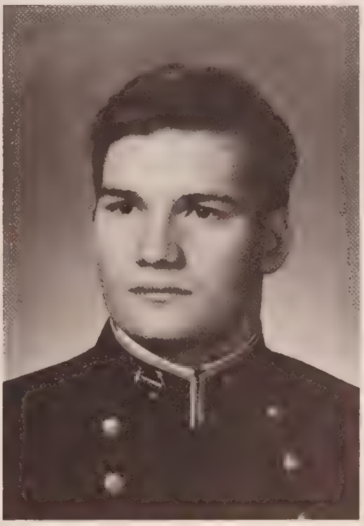
CHARLES GLEN NICKELL

SCOTT MATTHEW PROVOW

It seems like only yesterday I entered the Naval Academy. At the same time I pause and refelct and the realism of History is made manifest to me because of my many memories. Memories like: jumping out of aircraft, going through BUD/S indoc training, cheerleading, 3/c cruise with my fiancee in California, 1/c cruise in Hawaii, and OCF wherever I went. Academics were a challenge to me every day for the entire four years. Learning anything is tough, but electronics??? Actually the daily classes, homework and fellowship with classmates were the pleasures during the week. Talking about "RALPH" Santoro, Coach Lee, and the Gong Show, (Prof. Maling's class) at CB were the EE'S way of mustering up courage to smile and laugh at our common burdens. Hurray for the weekends TGIF! Although June Week 1978 will be fabulous, my joy won't be complete until I am one in Christ with Lori Lee Sherman on June 17, 1978! Submarines are interesting, ships are great, but nothing compares to Naval Air!! My ultimate goal in life: John 17:3

MATTHEW GEORGE RAUSCH

Space Cadet; T.M.; Sunflower seeds; Coffee cup (clink, clink); Black glasses of Sleepyeye; Envelope detector; Piggin' out at meals; Ping; Margarite; Butt in at Timmy's; Geologist; Good driver?!!; Neilson Schmillson; Conceited; Casanova; Ping; Campin' with the boys; Gas Island; Pat and Jeff's; Nuke puke; Charlie's West; Ping; Admiral Hickey; Rendezvous at Bethesda; "Goin' for a ride? . . . oh. to the bathroom? . . . well same difference, mind if I go along?"; Sleepyeye Herald Tribune (yee-haw!!); "Good question Matt, we just discussed that about 25 seconds ago!"; Ping; "I'll borrow this to you if you let me go with!"; Ping, ping, ping . . . ; Despite the pinging (or maybe because of it) we had one hell of a good time!!!!!!!



EDWARD P. REID

It's the night before Notre Dame and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring not even the worms.
There's Ed and his pigskin asleep in the bed
With visions of fumble dancing in his head.
Now Reid-Lad with your stretching done and vitamins downed,
Don your golden, shamrock adorned crown,
And prepare, once again to battle the mutents – Right Clown.
There's work to be done and Spanish to be read
But it's Pitt next week so the hell with the homework – Back to Bed
Ed has always been a mild mannered, cool headed lad,
But townies beware and nerds take heed,
Don't cross the path of "Sucker Punch" Reid.
But never fear Patrick by dear
For Irish eyes will always be smiling upon ye.

BOB ROSS

Buffalo Bob's favorite time of year was Halloween when his little buddy came out of hiding. Bob often had difficulties with underclass particularly when he served as a chauffeur and when his greasey TV got passed around. Bob wasn't Pokey when it came to being a demolition derby driver. With his blinding smile he also welcomed Christmas because of tinsel and Holly. Bob, an avid post card collector, was also known for his extreme tact in social situations: thats why he had so many lasting relationships.. Bob will be an unforgetable member of our class, right Charles.

Blue Oyster Vinny is known for many things. Among them is his phenomenal handball ability as attested by the famous Hit. Vinny is also a great connoisseur of Mexican food and a well known caterer of plebe parties. Ralph, his good friend, followed him step for step, mile after mile. Famous for frequenting the social centers of the world like State Circle and Dahlgren Hall, Vinny was known to be a great lover of animals until he finally saw the light of Dale. He spent his summers in foreign ports while the rest of us spent them aboard ship, just ask his handball partner. The one thing we will miss most about Vinny is his quiet cheerful music and his smiling face in the morning.

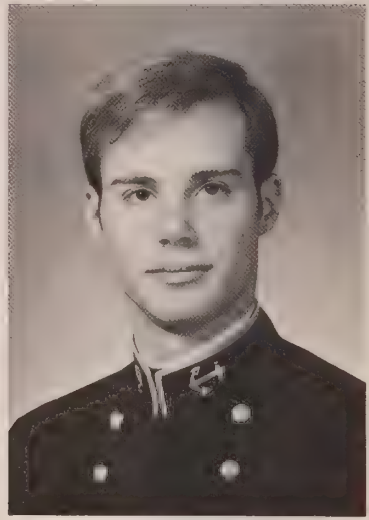
VINCENT S. ROSSITTO

CECIL GARY RUPP

Gary, Steps, Casanova is a Navy brat who will be best remembered for his "positive" influence on the wires curve, and the steam curve, and the weapons curve ... Big G was an ace pole vaulter for Canoe U. but met fiercer competition in the field of academics than in the field of athletics. The saying goes that sailors have a girl in every port, but Gary didn't confine his activities to coastal states. This probably explains why his new Z has as many miles on it as his feet do measuring steps on the vaulting runway. (They were that big!?) As for Gary's service selection; it's shots in the dark now or, more appropriately, in the arm?!

JAMES SCHLAGHECK

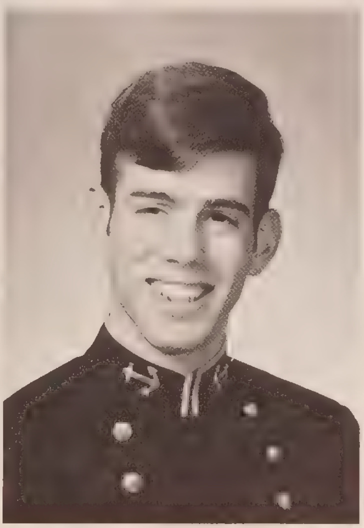
Schlags was one heel of a guy from Chicago. Just one of the "boys" youngster year, he went on to have an award winning pin-striped rack second class year. He was so conscientious he always wore his grease shoes. Mr. Signals must have gotten his signals crossed with Glovehead to end up as the only two POW's at Quanitco. 4is philosophy was "if you can't do it well put it off". Let's hope Jim keeps bisquits off his diet and gets a new car with plenty of foot room.



JOHN DEAN STORVICK

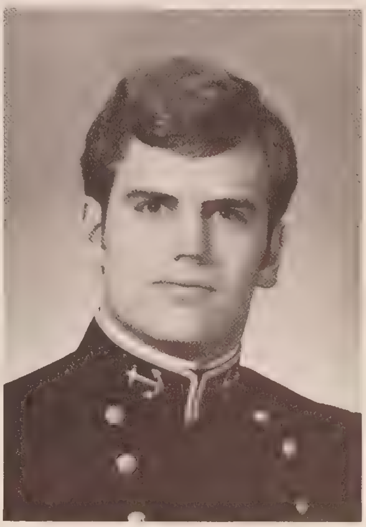
The "Storck" flew cross country only to land at the shores of Canoe U. Since his arrival, he has always been, or has at least tried to appear as a hard working and conscientious individual. Gradually, however, his cover has been blown. First, as a member of the sailing team, he bagged everything. Then, he allowed his major to drive him to drinking (well, to at least discovering that it existed) and eventually to, heaven forbid, beautiful women. Finally, as a firstie, he discovered the company wardroom. One day, he will discover his rack, provided that he can first be distracted from all his other, aforementioned interests. All in all, John has done many things here and done most of them well. His plans for the future include Nuke Power School and eventual assignment to his true first love submarines. If his 1/c cruise is any indication, John (one of the steely wonders) should be quite a topic of conversation in the New London area.

Suttie, Suds, Slide, one of many names for this independently or soon to be independently wealthy trombone player. USNA was Steve's best chance to maximize his abilities. Where else could he gamble, finance, dabble in the black-market and still be called one of America's finest. He was the silent, enterprising member of the triumvirate which managed at its peak to bring down the rath of the Navy Department and the Washington Post. By the time first class year rolled around, Steve had complete control of the situation. He determined when he would take tests, what classes he would attend, what days he would take off and was known as king of the wardroom. Never baffled by academics endeavors, he was always able to give an accurate account of the nights TV schedule. The engineering department won't be the same without you Steve, but that's the way the cookie crumbles.

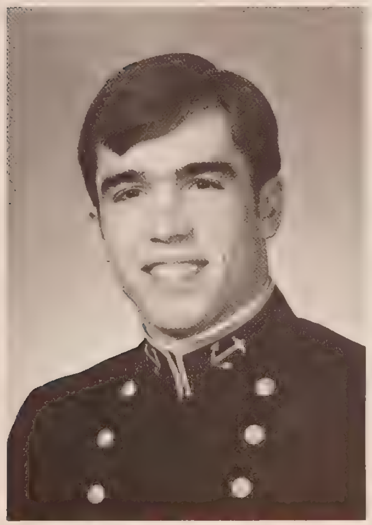


STEVEN SUTTON

"The Old Man" sauntered in from Omaha, far from the small, pudgy, fat kid with black glasses and buck teeth that his name implied. He had acquired cool and confidence while preping for Navy at CORNHUSKER U. His studies, (first Doctor, then Astrophysicist, and always ANATOMY) taught Gus the finer arts of gentlemanly dressing and drinking, coming to USNA with honorary degrees from such institutions as The BRASS RAIL and THE WATER HOLE. Plebe year entailed an engagement Rock for his favorite teacher and numerous bruised and battered locker doors. Second class year, Ol' Gus had a hard act to follow. His matching $9,000 T-Bird and Pierre Cardin full length leather coat put him in a class all his own – PIMP! Gus finally gave up first class year and reunited the plebe year room, commanding FUN 21. In typical fashion, Gerardo sweated blood for a 2.0000, but found time for the BIRD, weight lifting, and reading the daily letters from Terry. All in all, Gus has a June Week wedding, P'Cola, and success looming like the AC Board.



JERRY CLIFFORD SWARTZ



JOHN ERIC WISSLER

Emerging from the depths of one of the 10000 lakes of Minnesota, John found his way to Navy after nearly being sidetracked by the "Fighting Irish" for the gridiron. Unfortunately the powers at Navy considered this humble plebe to be "too small and too slow" for their program so Fleet Feet chose to set fires on the track for Hank and was pronounced to be "too fast for his race" . . . REALLY now George?! As his seniority increased, Wiss was faced with the agonizing dilemma that there was nothing he could not do well, so he took the only alternative possible; he did nothing: except major in Ocean Engineering and maintain the grossest room on the Brigade Staff. Since only maniacs and Marines play rugby, John did so vehemently, utilizing a rigorous training program of 16 oz. curls and late, Late, LATE night parties. Sporting a career high record of 6 broken noses, 1 broken foot, hand, and numerous shattered egos, Wiss is headed for some R and R with his favorite ruck at Quantico and then on to helping Bob Hope drill for Texaco Oil.

22nd Company

MARCO ANTONIO BALESTRINI

Born in Lima, Peru. Better known as "Tony" among his closest comrades. Since very young he showed interest for adventure and fun time. Maybe a reason why he joined the Navy; and after a year of hard work at the Peruvian Academy he decides to come to Annapolis. Once here he realized he should have stayed back where he started; he soon forgot this when he learned 1001 ways of "How to get away with anything you want." The best one he used during Plebe year, now being included in the dictionary, was "I am sorrry, I don't undrestan". He got to be an expert driver during Plebe year and as far as parties he is a scotch lover, with one problem, after a good party he likes to sleep in bathtubs. Interested in academics during the first 2 years, but with constant problems he was always chased by girls, we'll never know what it was. Maybe his looks? He liked activities such as the Speak a Better English Club; the Cheech and Chong Admirer's Club (he was Chong). He has mentioned a desire to fly, we hope those Mig planes don't fall in mid air. Good luck

After a short stay with a Florida college, this son of the sunshine state arrived at Annapolis and immediately had everyone confused with the pronunciation of his last name. "Like the rum." became the gouge. Chuck did not get best male vocalist of the year at the Plebe Summer Talent Show, but he thrilled the crowd nonetheless. Youngster year Chuck dropped out of sight on the weekends, which generated into and engagement. Fortunately, he wizened up and was soon once again foot-loose and fancy-free. No one knew where he found them, but Chuck always had terrific-looking dates. Chuck faked us out that year when he showed up with a pair of airborne wings. Sailing was always his love and no one was a more devoted skipper of an Academy yawl. Summarily, this lover of chicken legs and little smokies will fulfill a lifelong ambition as he switches from jumping out of airplanes to flying them.

CHARLES CLIFFORD BOURQUARDEZ

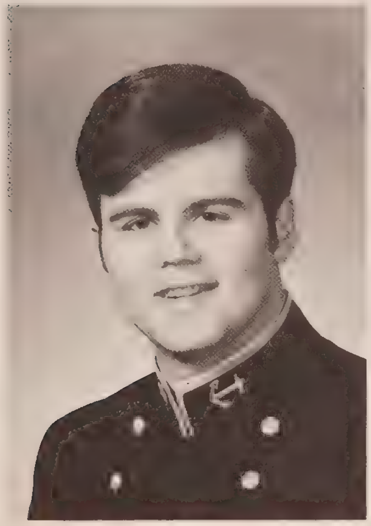
Since Fred was an Ops Analysis major and dealt with probs and stats, you can be sure there was a high probability of finding him in the rack during the day. Fred began his career at USNA by distinguishing himself as the nation's worst triple jumper, but he more than made up for a slow start by some fast moving with a good looking secretary named Janet from the Teamster's Union (Her friends made him an offer he couldn't refuse). As president of the Officer's Christian Fellowship, this native of South Weymouth, Massachusetts spoke quite often at the meetings, where an interpreter was on hand to translate his thick Bostonian accent. Surface line sounded mighty fine, and the steamers in the fleet will always know when Fred's around as they hear his distinctive, "Pahk yah bahge on the stahbud side of the peeyah!"

Jermiah 1:4-9, 19

FRED AARON BUTTERFIELD, III

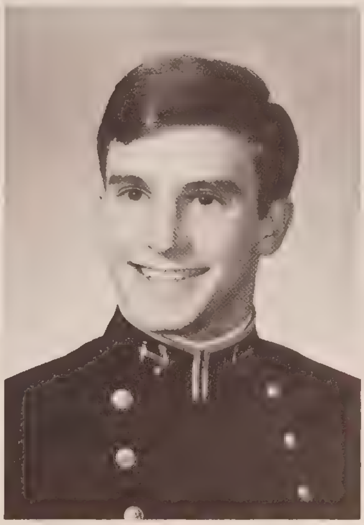
STEWART COPELAND

The best Stu could tell us about Tieton was that it was two hundred miles from someplace of semi-importance in Washington State, but the company didn't complain about those Copeland apples sent cross-country. This product of an orchard shocked us all about halfway through Plebe Summer when "Stone-faced Stu" smiled. Soon he was smiling regularly. This History Major pulled off his first 4.0 Youngster Year. His excellence in academics didn't prevent him from obtaining a private pilot's license, participating as a Big Brother, and becoming Batt Sub-Cdr. Stu was heavily drafted by the Nuc Power recruiters, but Steamer Stu wouldn't have anything to do with them. No doubt, he'll be one of Surface Warfare's hot runners.



MICHAEL CRISP

Sugar Crisp was the favorite nickname for this Ohio boy until he held a dance contest while on plebe detail complete with prizes. From then on Mike was known as "disco cripso". Regardless of his nickname, Mike rose from a shaky plebe year to a successful stint as company subcommander. Youngster year was the year Mike said he was going to quit, but he disappointed us and stayed on! Second class year brought the big Mike sandwich with over 300 sold. Later, Mike opened a demolition derby with his TR6 as the sole entry. First class year Mike led ten first class, one keg of beer, and a motorhome from Annapolis to South Bend for the Navy-Notre Dame game. The game was definitely the low point of the trip. The sky is the limit for Mike as he heads south to Pensacola as an aspiring NFO.

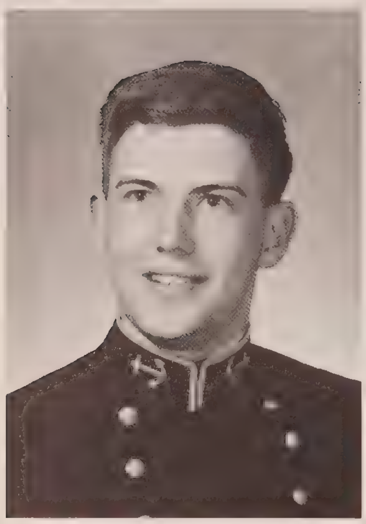


MICHAEL DUNCAN

Dunc came riding in with a ten gallon smile. Plebe summer proved this boy was a rare bird — as he soon gained notoriety for his seagull impression. Plebe year academics were a breeze to him as he spent more time teaching others than he did on his own books. 3/c cruise found him on a one man crusade to evangelize the Philippines in the finest tradition of Billy Graham. During the next two years Dunc kept busy with his company wide E.I. sessions and jaunts up to West Chester. 1/c year he once again baffled the striper boards and came up with 4 stripes which qualified him to be the 4th batt Shell Answer Man. He's one of the few mids who enjoyed the Academy within the regs. Now its down to the seas in a sub for Dunc and the Silent Service will benefit greatly. With the strength of the Lord guiding his path Dunc's future is very bright.

SCOTT RICHARD ECKERT

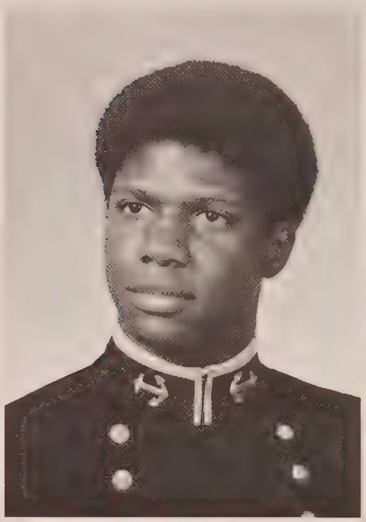
Stein hails from the eastern Pennsylvania village of Hellertown, and would always shell out cash once a month to an Eastport barber rather than risk 15 minutes in the Third Wing basement. Maybe that's why he has to sell his yearbook to pay for his beloved Corvette. It was a good investment, though, because his car could often tell him things Rico wasn't aware of, like that Sunday morning at Hood College he didn't have the strength left in him to push the clutch in. He knew right away he'd pushed himself too hard the night before — and it wasn't on the soccer field, either. But Puedo always did have trouble sleeping. He once gave up a nice, warm bed at Howard Johnson's so he could sit in the parking lot all night and drink beer. A pilot at heart, he'll be going Surface Line because "it's the quickest way out of the Navy," and hopes to share a rowboat out of Denver University with a certain snow bunny named Barb.



JOSEPH GERARD FITZGERALD

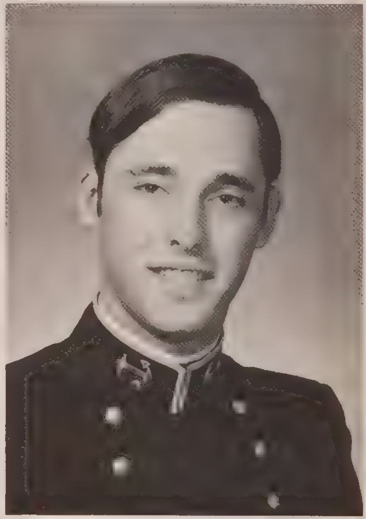
Neither rain nor snow, hail nor sleet, nor lateness of appointment could keep Joe from coming to the Academy, not even his "WOOP" uniform from the Albany Academy. Never a great athlete, he was a semi-annual favorite of the Sub Squad. Affectionately (?) known as "Fitz", Joe could always be found in Mother B on Saturday nights, studying, of all things! Needless to say, academics were never a problem for Fitz. As a first class on plebe detail, his squad was known throughout the regiment . . . not for professional competency, but for an atmosphere of comedy marked by the odor of tabasco sauce. In spite of a poor first class cruise aboard an LPH, he still insisted upon becoming a steamer. The bridge of a frigate is Joe's future home, but remember, surface line is just puttin' in time, even for lifers.!!

FLIM-FLAM, the BLACK FLAMINGO, strutted his stuff into USNA from L.A. Lower Alabama for you non-hip folks. The Hit-Man as #30 on the field; Four years of football with TABLE 61. Chemistry was the dudes subject of study but his affection for it is best expressed by this oft-heard line, "THIS COURSE IS %&#!." A connoisseur of the finer gifts of life, but of finer ladies. The ladies, ah the ladies; from New Orleans to Washington via the friendly skies over Atlanta, the Flamingo made many laugh and be happy but only one made him smile. A caring person who thought first of others, then himself. A man who worked to become a fulfillment of his dreams but who never lost the main idea of other people's feelings along his way. The Flan gave many smiles, caused many more, and though June comes soon, let Good-Bye never be said. LATER ON, HE'S GONE!!!!

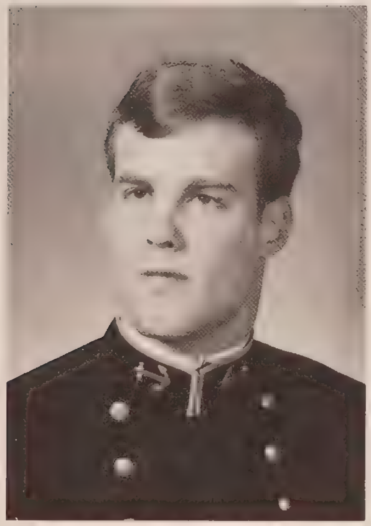


GLENN FLANAGAN

Bill came to 22 from Long Island, New York. Over the last four years he has proved to us all that the Naval Academy was the place for him to be. Never doing less than his best, Bill became friends to most, and respected by all. He was the kind of guy that makes you stand back and take a look at yourself. During the week Bill could be found studying, playing company sports, or just taking it easy. On the weekends, he could always be found with Denise and his TR-6. She'll be going down to Pensacola with him to be his wife and there's something he wants the Navy to understand right now: although the government will own his time for the next five years, Denise will always own his heart.

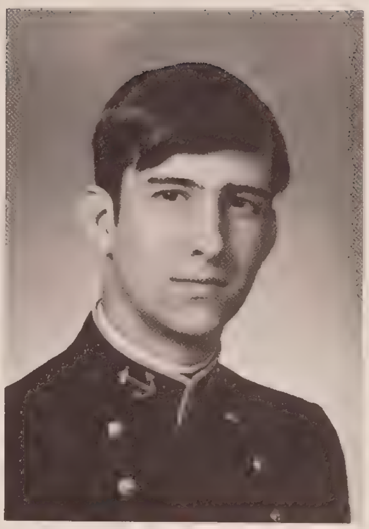


WILLIAM J. GIRRIER



KENNETH LEEDS GREEN

Kenny was an amazing individual. He is the only mid in the history of the Academy who read every page of every assignment and did every homework problem assigned (whether they were graded or not). He had the ability to go totally undisturbed in concentration while his roomates were having a full scale war (and he got plenty of practice). The model "super straight" not only did he not drink liquor, but coffee was also taboo. Ken was always the athletic type. He mixed his genuine concern for the welfare of all with his sports. Ken felt so bad when a poor defenseless fieldball was getting really brutal punishment in a game, so to protect the ball from further abuse he hurled his body in between the ball and the kicker and took the kick himself, right in the kidney. Well despite what he said Plebe year about never getting hooked before Nuke School, I know there are already plans made for a June Week Wedding. Nuke School is more fun if you're married anyway, right?



CLARK BERNARD GOODLETT

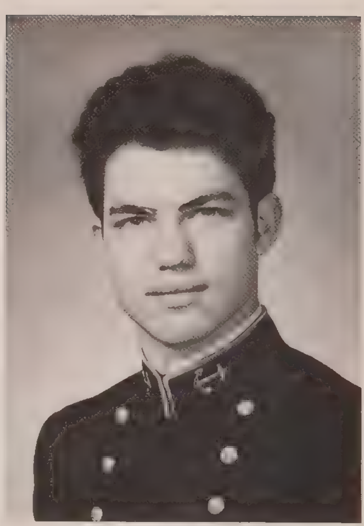
Known as CB, Goody, and Cracker, Clark was a mid with many aliases and with just as many talents. Coming from the heart of Dixie, South Carolina, this old boy showed all of "them Yankee boys" what real "Southern hospitality" was like. Making friends was never a problem with Clark; in fact, there was never a holiday when he was not invited to someone's home. Trying his hand at dating, Clark specialized in "huntin", "Fishin", and watching car races. There was one true love in Clark's life that he saw as a "real woman". We just saw it as one of the fastest machines in the company when Clark was at the wheel. We could tell where he had been by the vapor trail left behind. The South can be proud to claim Clark as one of her own. Academically, he succeeded in the toughest major offered. In sports, he was a member of our company's best soccer team in years. Physically, his airborne wings speak for him. Graduation will open a new door for Clark, to show the Navy just what he can do.

ARTHUR CRAIG GRIFFIN

ARCHIE THE SNOWMAN drifted into the annals of USNA from HOTLANTA, GEORGIA and proceeded in the great masquerade of A. Craig Griffin, Midshipman. During his four year residence, football was the man's game but only a portion of his claim to fame. Pictures on blackboards and various choruses throughout the yard show the SNOWMAN as he is. A lady's man from way back when, he found the Management major a prerequisite for administering his harem of lovlies stretching from coast to coast. They came in handy for a chow package or two each week. There were good times, bad times, happy times, sad times, now the time has come to say "See you later". The butterfly is free to fly, NFO that is.

EVERBODY WANTS TO WIN, OR AT LEAST SAYS THEY DO; BUT NOT WANTING TO LOSE IS WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT.

When he left Rochester, N. Y. on his way to USNA, "The Book" had only one thing on his mind. Attaining the front seat of an F-14 was of paramount importance. To pursue this end, he became an Aero. major and during second semester youngster year Al put his major to work by designing and re-designing the "perfect" paper airplane. I guess Book will be remembered mainly for his Pennsylvania battles with the automobile. It seems that ten out of nine times he drove through PA something went wrong. These include, losing a front wheel at 55, blowing up several engines, and wrecking someone elses brand new car ("How the hell can I get this fixed before Lanny gets back?"). I guess our biggest wish for Al is that he never has to fly his Tomcat over such hostile territory. The air community is gaining a good man in Book; we wish him good luck and good flying.



ALAN W. HAMMOND

LARRY HARPER

A life long goal for Larry, USNA has finally become one of his lasting achievements. In constant search of challenge, Larry chose Marine Engineering as a major, obviously Nuc-Power bound. But in the home stretch he saw the error in his ways and joined the warriors of the sky! Larry has certainly achieved the due respect of his peers not only in everyday matters, but as the great oracle of the motorcycle world. How he has survived some of his cycling escapades is beyond the comprehension of most men. And women! God help those oriental gals should Larry ever land a Westpac cruise! Larry will probably be remembered for his efforts at cutting through all the B.S. he has encountered along his path.

CHARLES C. HEFREN

The Hef came swinging into Annapolis from Fairview Park, Ohio. He had real aspirations of becoming a tennis star until he found out he had to give up weekends to play. Starting from the day he quit tennis, he devoted his time either planning all-weekend parties, or "getting loose" at them. The best of the gigs were at T.C. That's Edgewater on your charts men! Speaking of getting loose even Stevie Nicks said that only she does a better rendition of Rhiannon. The Hef had such a fine voice, that he sang his way right into jail while in Ann Arbor, Mich. 4 hours in the Drunk Tank never hurt anyone, did it? As long as he stays sober before he finally takes his AQT-FAR, the Air Community might be blessed with Hugh Hef and his massive and masterfull parties!

THOMAS ALLEN JOHNSTON

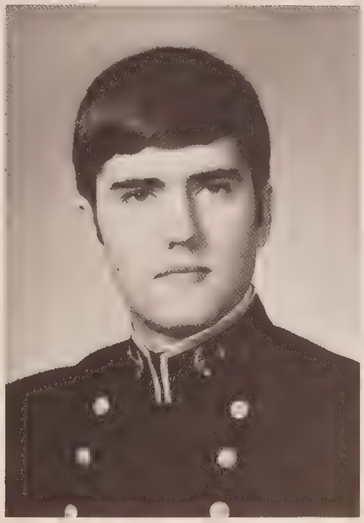
If you're looking for a wild time just hang on to "Tee's" coattails. From the streets of Ensenada, Mexico to the hallowed halls of Mother Bancroft, Tom was ever in search of fun; and believe me, he always found it. (How many days was it before you could sit down after Black's Beach?) Looking always to the air, Tom is a first rate aerospace engineer. However, he has yet to learn to read or write. He scored high in the Brigade on the Plebe Calculus final but probably still misspells his own name. All in all, academia never phased Tom — at least he never missed an episode of "Charlie's Angels." Tom will be flying a fast plane someday and luck be with him always.

"Bullit" comes to Crabtown from the thriving metropolis of Magnolia, Texas, population 1100. A favorite of his firsties during the summer of '74, he finally evened the score as "L" Company Sub-commander. Oceanography, his original calling, fell to the interests of Phy Sci and graduation. Never fully a scholar, he pursued numerous activities, including Masqueraders and WMID. Kappy saw only submarines in his future; surface line and the Battle of the Inchon were hated memories. During first class cruise, Palma definitely saw Kappy at his best – the Knight of the Round Table who enjoyed a medieval feast to the limit. The memories of "Wierd Harold", Bonk, and Roy C. will prove nostalgic to this future wearer of the dolphins as his sewerpipe glides into the depths. Roger will be a great asset to our previously "Silent Service."

78's most confirmed surface skimmer comes from a very small town in the middle of South Carolina's stickiest sticks. Hemingway was existing in blissful ignorance of Naval Academy mids until Easter plebe year when the Chief led the first of many caravans down home. Aside from his comical antics, such as torching the Tass' rack, attempting to burrow through the eight foot wall on the O'course and cruising South Bend in a red Caddy, he will probably be feared most for his ability to tell stories, with or without a receptive audience, until the wee small hours of the morning. This affinity for incessant verbosity was a constant threat to all in-company smokers since he would talk your ear off while smoking your butts. Nine times out of ten his tales centered on some sort of firearm or other assorted toadstools. All we can hope is that Lanny's first few COs care for stories so he doesn't get run out of the Navy before he makes CNO.

Bill is a very unique man. First off, his family is Air Force through and through, and where does he show up – USNA. But of course one can fly in the Navy, but ol' Bill had everyone worried that his ambitions might be with the Corps when second class year he bought himself a "tank". And when he showed up for the Marine Corps Anniversary cake cutting ceremony, everybody's head really turned. But then again he went on a nuke cruise during First Class summer, and then again he has these huge gold wings pinned up in his room . . . Bill, just what are you going to do? A mechanical engineer, Bill really got into his technical courses . . . he even took some twice just so he'd always remember them. All in all, Bill is a tremendous guy and will always be highly respected by all. Good luck in everything! (Ed. note: At this writing, Hound Dog is still a Service Selection undecidee.)

ROGER ERIC KAPLAN



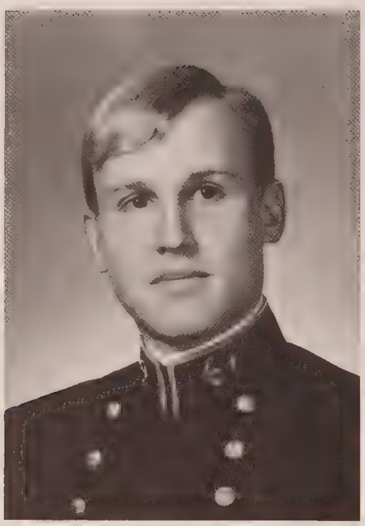
LANNY LEIGH KING

WILLIAM H. LARIMORE, JR.

LOVE
GAMES
X
PLAYHOUSE
THEATRE

What can be said in defense of a man who has committed such heinous crimes against normal Midshipmanhood? Is there an excuse for slashing into the delights of scholastic achievements, including the traditional QPR boosters such as fluid dynamics and reactor physics, like an academic Marquis de Sade? Can there be an explanation for his continued desertion of some of the Navy & Marine Corps' finest aircraft? Does he have some sort of extenuating circumstance to explain his deception of his classmates by looking as Marine Green as they come and suddenly surfacing as a "Nuke Neck"? Will anyone ever find mitigating reasons for his impeccable room and personal appearances? I SAY NO!!! Let this outrageous Mid, this Toots, this David Mac face his just sentence – Life – as an Engineering Officer on a Nuclear Submarine!!!!!!

WILLIAM D. McCAIN, III



ROBERT DRUMMOND McNAUGHTON

Drum (Percy, Fat Mac) came drifting to good ole USNA from Panama with his Panama hat on his head, golf clubs in hand, and a grin on his face. He knew he had this place licked from the start. Drum was always the one to see for gouge or, for that matter, anything else – Our local Prof. Know-it-all. We always knew when it was time for p-rades because mysteriously Drum always managed to disappear, usually out to the tennis courts (oops, I mean golf course). Our boy Drum also was our local representative to the Social Director and was at least partially responsible for such Social Highlights as T-Fights and Disco-Hogren. Well, Fat Mac will be off to P-Cola with a certain young lovely. We have one final question for you Fat Mac – Are they now making wide-body F-14's . . .

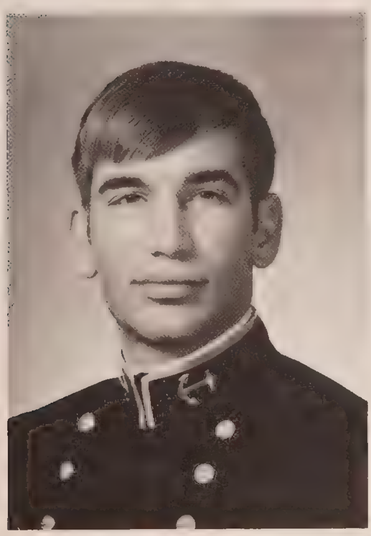
EARL KEVIN MOSELY

You knew when June Week was coming up because Earl always opened The Earl Mosely School of Fine Boggie. Earl has the flexibility of silly putty and the moves of Fred Astaire. He could just stand on the dance floor and impress you. Earl was one of the younger guys of our class – he's the only guy I know who got his drivers license and his Commission in the same year. By the time First Class year rolled around he had already pushed the coast button (a year early) On the '78 Plebe Detail "Mose" earned the respect of his boys by being a non-flammable leader who set a model example – when you could find him! Earl quickly became the 22nd Co. Nice Guy. Weekends were a different story. Our man "Mr. Invisible" was racing his Celica GT home every weekend via the New York Sprint Medley 200 to see his girl. Big things come in small packages in this case since there's a heart the size of the Big Apple in this little man. Following his fathers footsteps, Earl decided to go Marines.

DREW R. MULHARE

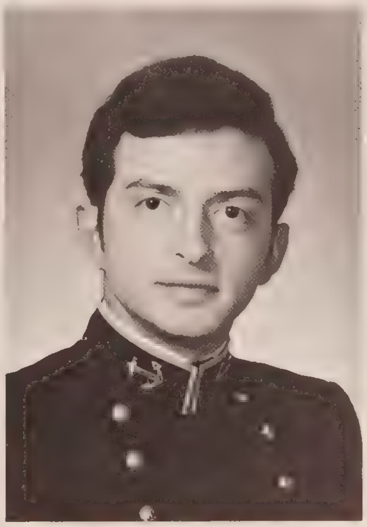
Drew "Chooch" Mulhare drifted down from North Jersey to keep house at USNA. He nearly validated formations during Plebe Summer due to general lack of interest. In fact if it would have been up to him, he would have slept all four of his years here away. Drew led the Brigade in Monday SIRs, making all of his weekends long weekends. Corpsmen asked no questions after seeing his bloodshot peepers. He wasn't always a slow mover. As soon as liberty went down, Drew was transformed into Don Juanski and spent his time trying to snap a long losing streak with the female population which began D-Day, Oct '74. Whatever got him going we'll never know, but someone gave him a bit too much of it 2/c year. Drew tried to become professional, making plans to rehabilitate the entire system. He soon realized that he had to do some work to make it happen. Sorry, Drew, but the merit was there. He's falling asleep. Quick, give him another beer!

E.K. came to USNA down from the mountains of Colorado as a misplaced USAFA student, but after he finally got his bearings he made it through Plebe year unscathed — only to have his heart stolen by some sweet Georgia peach. Ahh, but the pains of unrequited love. Then came Youngster year and one really good thing happened . . . it ended! Eric is by far one of the hardest workers and most well-liked guys in the company, which is a rare combination in itself, and few of us that were there will forget the good times we had at the Air Force game in Colorado. All in all, the sub community will be getting a good man when Eric joins their ranks, but it is such a shame to see a good guy like that 'going down the tubes'. But Eric, just one more question before we leave, "Where the hell is Pueblo!?"



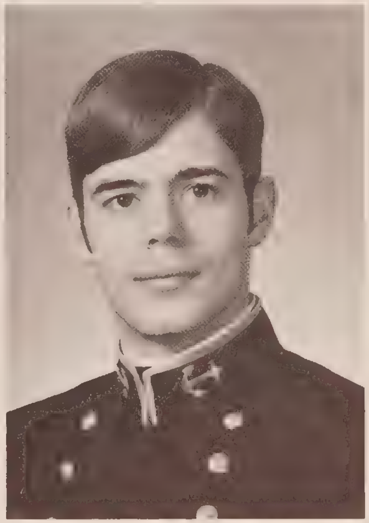
ERIC NELSON

On the rainy morning of October the fifth, 1955, a stork flying over Guayaquil, let her precious package drop on the front porch of the Ortegas. As soon as the hairy little thing hit the floor it started dancing, so he was called "Jumping George". After living a peaceful life in tropical Ecuador, George gets to the arms of Mother B. Once at USNA he is baptized as "Chata" and later he becomes member of the known duo "Cheech and Cong", him being "Cheech". George devoted most of his time to academics but he also practiced sports as soccer, squash and hunting in Dalghren Hall, the "O" Club, Georgetown and other locations. His ability to dance can only be paired with his ability to make friends. George, we will all go different ways but our friendship will stay latent in our hearts, good luck and see you in 2008.

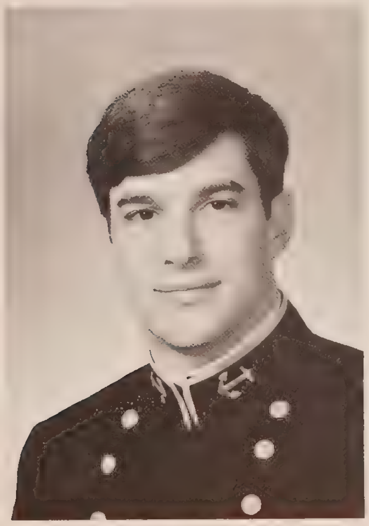


JORGE B. ORTEGA

Dirty Poole is a local boy hailing from the thriving, redneck metropolis of Dublin. When asked if he was ready to tackle this place he responded: "I was *born* ready!" Ces has just one accomplishment tucked under his belt: he was awarded the only "Black N" of the company for his drinking tendencies Plebe Year. His van is the real party wagon of Double Deuce. Coole never did make the Hood scene, but instead took to Rt. 301, Virginia Beach, and Donna on most of the weekends. But he still insists that the best weekends he ever had were the ones on which his last recollection of reality was Sixth Period on Friday. His ambition was Nuclear Power but 4 years in Marine Engineering said he and Rickover just weren't going to hit it off. An avid rock fan, Bill listens to concerts while lying beneath the Fieldhouse bleachers while his date spends the evening just a few yards away questioning his roommate as to his whereabouts. His ambition is now Surface Line and "getting laid back."



WILLIAM MORGAN POOLE



DENNIS JOSEPH REILLY

Fudd comes to us from the cold and rowdy city of Buffalo, N.Y., where there are but two things to do — get ready to drink and get drunk. Earning "stars" during his plebe year, he plunged into the Mechanical Engineering major only to become a "stat" on the academic deficiency squad. Not one for staying in weekends, he had his priorities set — The '67 "Fuddmobile" was the company's only means of transportation during 3rd and 2nd class years, and is responsible for some unbelievable sea stories. Going the ranks of surface "steamer", Fudd's legend will carry on at USNA with a little help from the Duke.

DAVID FRANKLIN SCHUMAN

David was our talent rep. He could play more songs on his guitar than most of us could play on the radio. "SHOEMAN" was the head driver in the "TAKE ME HOME 5000" twice a year as he begged, borrowed, or bought a ride across the nation. He is from more places than most people have ever been, although he now calls Jenkins, Mo. home. David began his career in Academia by choosing Oceanography for a major. This was a logical choice since he liked biology and wanted to avoid math at all cost. The good deals kept rolling in as he discovered he could only take one biology course, and Uncle Hymie convinced USNA to add 16 weeks of Engine Math to his curriculum. David liked it so much, he took it twice. David aspires to be a Navy pilot, but his main goal in life is to "serve the Lord with gladness." With God's help, he'll make it. Psalm 100.

Always on the go, Tall Daddy came to us from Abington, Pa., by way of Bainbridge, but left soon for any college in the local area where there were women to be found. Between Friday nights in the O-Club, Saturdays at Hood College, and Sunday afternoons at Weems Creek, where did he find time to captain Navy's lacrosse team? A prime candidate for anchor, his activities on weeknights were kept confidential. A true heart-breaker, the stork always "loved 'em and left 'em." and says some day he'll marry a beer bottle instead. Already the most infamous mid within the Brigade, he gained notoriety throughout the state among irate fathers of former female companions – one of which threatened his life over the phone ("I'll kill ya") after a typical weekend date. Whatever service selection you choose, it will be our loss and their gain: What would a party be like without Tall Daddy?

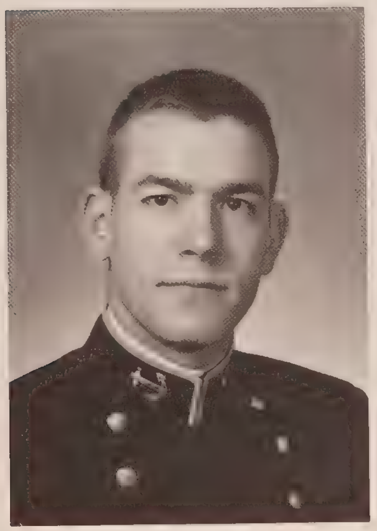
JAMES EDWIN SHULSON

Chris came to us via Okinawa via Calif. via Va. and he is now residing in Penna. For the first part of Chris' life he caroused around as an Army brat. Finally he made that fatal decision and came to USNA. Fortunately for the Navy, Chris decided to remain at the Academy. Chris' accomplishments are too numerous to be all inclusive in this short paragraph. In a very condensed outline, Chris was a standout student. He had the ability to be a "pencil-neck" but he was too cool for that status. He excelled in not only his studies but everything he ventured into. His athletic ability was top-notch and he was continually striving to be better. Chris obtained a double identity during study hour as he became the local gouge file. Chris has the potential to be our first Admiral. In Chris' case the temptation to remain at home and sink the Navy is unyielding. Chris is only human and his finacee, at times, looks very heavenly. We send Chris off with overflowing confidence and we wish him smooth sailing.

CHRISTOPHER DANA SLACK

PSALM 63 O GOD, Thou art my God; I shall seek Thee earnestly; My soul thirsts for Thee, my flesh yearns for Thee, In a dry and weary land where there is no water. Thus I have beheld Thee in the sanctuary, To see Thy power and Thy glory. Because Thy loving kindess is better than life, My lips will praise Thee. So I will bless Thee as long as I live; I will lift up my hands in Thy name. My soul is satisfied as with marrow and fatness, And my mouth offers praises with joyful lips. When I remember Thee on my bed, I meditate on Thee in the night watches, For Thou hast been my help, And in the shadow of Thy wings I sing for joy. My soul clings to Thee; Thy right hand upholds me. But those who seek my life, to destroy it, Will go into the depths of the earth. They will be delivered over to the power of the sword; They will be a prey for foxes. But the king will rejoice in God; Everyone who swears by Him will glory, For the mouths of those who speak lies will be stopped.

George came to Annapolis, via NAPS, from the small Pennsylvania town of Jersey Shore. With him he brought a rich background in sports and a wide variety of experiences which colored many a conversation. He was an easy guy to get along with due to his jovial character and fine sense of humor which even academy life could not quench. An outstanding athlete, George started in the football circuit, but soon switched to promising success running track. As studies called for more time he was forced to give up track, but became a valuable asset to company intramurals as a "physical" basketball and field-ball stud. George had an energetic enthusiasm for his studies but unfortunately his profs never found out. His enthusiasm for parties was equally energetic, and George was never one to turn down a few brews. Once mellow; however, he could be quite rambunctious. With confidence of success, we send him off to the Surface Warfare community which has his life for the next five years. His heart however belongs forever to his lovely hometown fiancee of four years.



WILLIAM JAMES TERRY, JR.

GEORGE RICHARD TEUFEL

JOHN WHATLEY

It was once said that if a joke couldn't make John laugh, it shouldn't be told. Indeed, Johnny's laugh typified his basic philosophy at USNA — don't sweat the load! Anyone who ever saw him stroll to classes would have to agree. While having one of the more logical minds in the company, Johnny was still susceptible to the lures of the young ladies and was often accused of changing girlfriends like other people change socks. "Shoot, it I don't fall in love at least twice a week, there's got to be something wrong!" Need I say more? It's been said that "you can take a boy out of Dixie, but you can't take the Dixie out of the boy," and no matter where the Navy takes him, Atlanta will always be 'home' for Johnny. It's not that John didn't get anything out of his visit up North — wasn't it up here that he learned that 'damn' and 'Yankee' were two separate words!? Navy Air is getting a sharp man in John-boy. No doubt he'll show quite a few people the art of flying by the seat of your pants. But don't worry, he'll be making it every time!

23rd Company

JAMES LAWRENCE BUTLER

Butz's naval career began the day he sailed up the Chesapeake Bay in his sunfish. After parking his boat (that is what you call it, isn't it?), he scaled the seawall and stormed Bancroft Hall. Could this be the "Starman" who in years to come, would leave exams crying for Divine mercy only to be all smiles when grades came out? Escape for Jim was a sunny weekend spent backpacking in the mountains or racing one of the Class A yachts. Escape for us was Second Class year when we traded Butz to the Air Force Academy for a semester and a six-pack. Jim is so persuasive that saying no to him is like saying no to your mother. At least two people found this out the hard way. James, we'll miss you, but we'll miss your "gouge" more!

JAMES T. BYERS

The earth limited
The mind unbounded
We need to grow
And yet we're grounded.
Move on, move on,
To the High Frontier.
There, to each his own,
With grasp of unknown.

WILLIAM ANDREW COOK

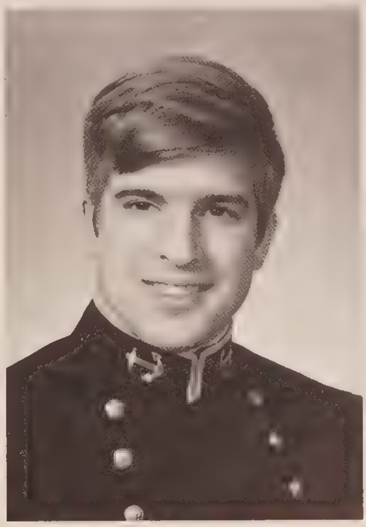
"Cookie", part-time company commander and full-time Datsun dealer, came to Navy from the thriving metropolis of Gouverneur, N.Y. via NAPS. A "saved" crew jock, Crook saw the light after plebe year and joined the other non-athletes in company intramurals where he was one among many stars. At the beginning of first class year, he and Mongrel finally figured where they belonged — somewhere else. Always ready for a party, Cookie kept the back of his car well stocked with Molsons. A Nuke hopeful who is not hoping a whole hell of alot, Cookie leaves with his sanity and birthday intact, providing HE does not take it away. A fellow scholar and gentleman (and there are damn few of us left) he probably deserves a medal for organizing and leading 23rd Co. A definite "C", we are confident Cookie will find his own niche — probably somewhere else . . .

John came to this institution of advanced study from the small town of Fremont, Ohio. With a rocky start in college academia he chose the double major of Management and Technology, where he learned the basic skills that licensed him to be the Company Coke Rep. and Assistant Party Coordinator. J.C. was one of the many to migrate North in the late spring of '77 and return with a "Z" which enabled him to meet many new and exciting people, such as the Maryland State Police (until the addition of a CB). The model for the "C" classification, J.C. matured through his four year experience from a lackadaisical plebe to a two striper first class year. Although departing the Hallowed Halls for the last time in June, his battle cry will remain, "You've got to party at least one Saturday night a week, and this is Saturday!"

JOHN F. CRAMER

WILLIAM EDWARD DUGGAN

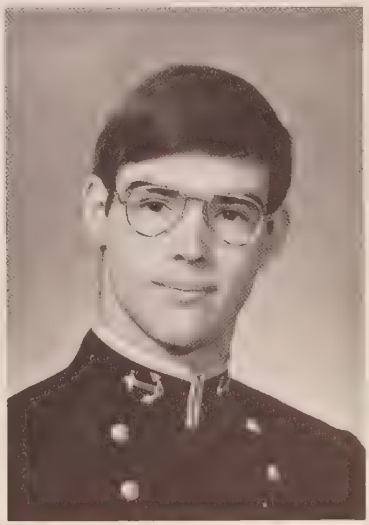
In July of 1974, C.F.D. limped down I-95 from his home on Long Island. During plebe summer Booboo became his name, and it didn't take them long to find out that marching wasn't his game. Charlie proved his intelligence early by being one of the few plebes to validate PEP. His reward was the "rope guard" watch. The rest of plebe year was spent training the POOD and discovering the meaning of this word "gouge", that the upperclass were so fond of using. Who can question the intensity with which he attacked the four things that were to be his nemesis; airborne, 150# F.B., Lax., and Saturday night meal tickets? A periodical addict, Charlie suffered withdrawl symptoms when unable to find the latest copy of TIME, NEWSWEEK . . . and if nothing else was available he would even stoop so low as to read ALL HANDS. Charlie's ambition after he "retires" from the Navy is to sit on the Board of Director of his favorite airlines, MAC. Sad at the prospect of leaving, he begs for a chance to do a PG year next fall.



CHARLES F. DAWSON

"The Jimmy Duggan story, 2'8" tall, 185 lbs. runs the hundred in 9.3 seconds . . . " Not quite, but our Jimmy was a stalwart on the companies Brigade Championship soccer and softball teams. When Bill reported to the USNA we weren't sure where he was from with his Canton, Massachussetts accent. We though maybe he was a Foreign National. Bill learned to survive academics with good grades in his double major, Management and Technology. His summers left a little to be desired, but were always salvaged by leave on Ol' Cape Cod. Youngster cruise on the W.V. Pratt in Charleston convinced him that air was the only way to go. Second Class cruise on board the YP666 "FITZ" was another catastrophe, but D.C. school in Philadelphia was absolutely "the worst ever." Jimmy's "I can do better" attitude should take him far in the air community, we all wish him luck.

From the desolate hills of Redding, Connecticut he came. A quiet man whose actions have made him a legendary figure of unmatched equivalence. He astonished us with his social dexterity and depthless logic. Early in his career, he established himself as the immortal POOD and demonstrated what would be his four year love – obsession with his rack and food. Many a time our tactless wonder ran into obstacles of all shapes and ranks but none could deter him from his goal of Surface Line. His unique techniques of getting our attention dazzled us by far and we often wondered: "Why us?" Our fascination and disbelief of many of his exploits will never die. He was affable and a good guy. His haunting activities within the Brigade included a passion as LOG Editor, the infamous workouts, his thirst for academics, his quixotic temperament his social suave, his headgear. The POOD, a man whose intriguing talents mark an era. For those he leaves behind they say, "Fleet he's yours" for us who go with him we say "Which way's the exit?" La fuerza es tuya!



TIMOTHY J. DOWDING

Steve, better known as Smiley by his friends, came to the Academy from Waynesboro, Pa. He enjoyed spending his free time at the beach and was known to inquire about a job at Daytona Beach. Steve also enjoyed partying, but unfortunately, he didn't make all the tailgaters but his parents did. Despite the fact that Steve roomed for four years with Hambone and Johnstone, he still managed to get some sleep and keep a respectable QPR. When not diligently studying his math, Steve passed the time playing basketball or squash. Squash had it's bad moment when he was caught playing at the wrong time by Dick, but also had it's great moments each time he beat Chuck Laskey. Besides his smile he was known for his perpetual concert eyes and was also known to have a special thing about apples. After graduation it will be restricted line since Steve is just color blind enough to be NPQ.

STEPHEN D. FERREE

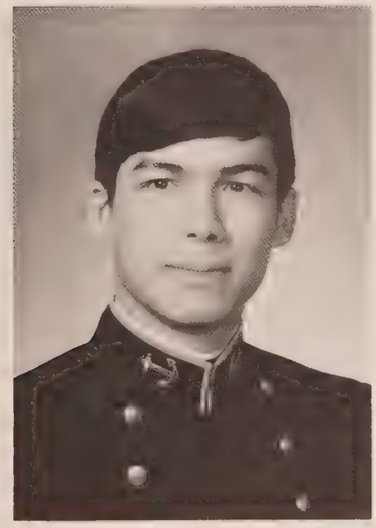
When he arrived at USNA, the Cult Hero was a skinny kid from Damascus, Md. Remembering to wear his clothes in the hall was his main trouble plebe summer. Even though he came here to be a super-stud QB, he still distinguished himself among the C.O.D. as "Hey, 20!" on the field, Old No. 12 in the classroom, and #1 in our hearts. Musically, he was famous for strummin' his 6-string and singing Neil Young like Joe Cocker. When his old girlfriend joined a bizarre religious order he headed for greener pastures. Bear Pact. Yutimo! His luck with other mids sisters soon became evident. If they carry a briefcase, "Kill Them", but ZEP lives. Beware the Yellow Death, By-Tor.

MICHAEL J. GALPIN

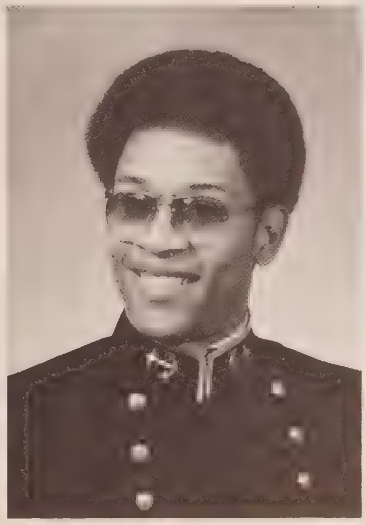
Brian came to us from Pickerington, Ohio in that unbearable summer of 74. Brian is looking forward to graduation with a more than enthusiastic heart. Coming from a family of Green, Brian has also pledged himself (and his hair) to that Esprit de Corps, the United States Marines. This decision was enhanced with the projected XM-1 main battle tank. Although Brian is one of the less outspoken individuals in the company, he has been a big asset to company sports, as a member of the two year Brigade Basketball dynasty. He was a big help when it came to those performances on Worden Field and he served as President of the Semper Fidelis Society 1/C year. He matched his choice of auto with his taste for dark haired, dark eyed women with a black Celica. The Boys will always remember Brian for his generosity in donating his prize model tank for those detonation experiments.

BRIAN M. GREEN

Ken Hamilton was a man of many different identities who came to the banks of the Severn from the small town of Fulton, Misery. His most common aliases were The Hambone or EEEEK!, but he was also known as the Corn King, the Music Man, or just the salesman. His company officer, Mr. D, even gave him a nickname of his own – The Racketeer. A four year inmate of Smiley and the Johnstone, Hambone took a severe beating from the academics at USNA, but in the end (his first class year) he still managed to come out smelling sweet as a "cotton-pickin' perfume salesman." His most creditable contribution to the 23rd company, though, was his four year perfect record as the company surgeon, who, on a weekly basis, carefully removed that disgusting malignant growth which infested the heads of so many of our dear and undeserving friends. We can be comforted by one thought, though. If he can't make it in the Navy, he'll surely make it in at least one of a wide variety of other businesses.

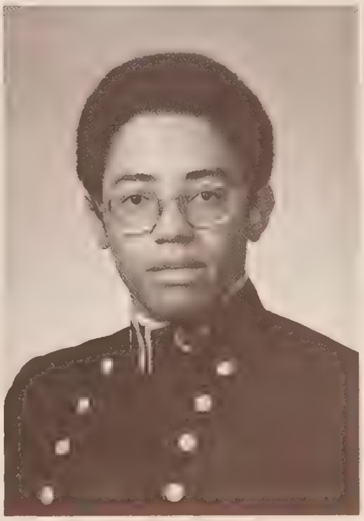


EARL KENJI HAMILTON



MICHAEL JOHNSTON

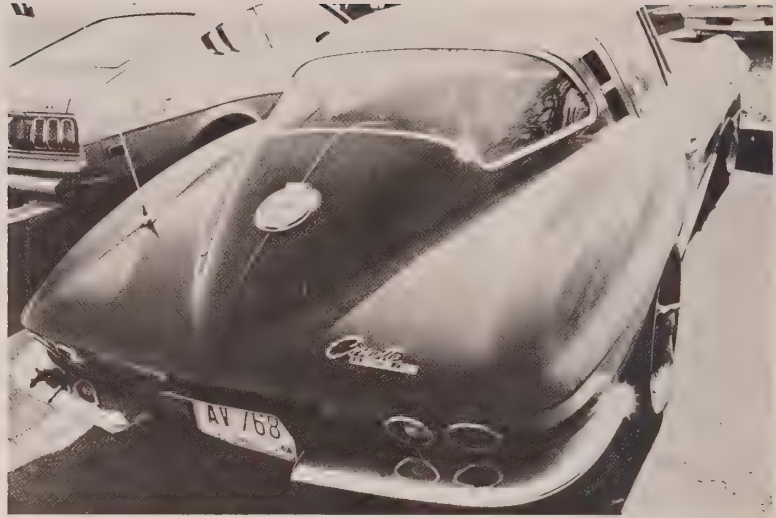
Rob hails from Edgewater Park, NJ. Before coming to the Academy, he took NAPS, and still does every night after dinner (with his book open.) Robby originally came with aspirations of becoming a Varsity soccer player, but found skating easier and wound up coach of the Brigade Championship Soccer Team. If you think that's bad, you should have been around while he was shaving with MAGIC. When asked by his roommate, "Do you mind if I smoke?", he replied, "Do you mind if I shave in the room?" When in his second home, the wardroom, he says, "Just axe me any question, by book is open in my room." He could also be found moving out in his Celica for the beeline to the 'BORO'. Many politicians would desire Robby's gift as a fabricator of invention, but Rob Lee is saving the best for Surface Line!



ROBBY LEE KNIGHT

HORACE MADISON LEAVITT, III

Horace Madison Leavitt III entered this USNA – Disneyland with a smile on his face, a gleam in his eye, and undisguised blue-and-gold gunginess. However, placed in 23rd, he soon straightened out. From the quiet zones of McLean, Virginia, old pumpkin-head started on the right foot by validating plebe, third-, and second-class academics. Tackling a double major, Don Juan quickly gained everybody's confidence and friendship. Despite his lack of taste in civvies, computer-mind established himself well in wrestling, co. fieldball, handball and others. He had several problems, but none that couldn't be removed by switching roommates. Very affable and quiet; didn't say much but when he did he said too much. Fun to talk to but not at great lengths of time (we get bored easily). Although a rebel at heart, tri-lingual and a basic square, at parties and alerts he was a good time. Reliable, book-wizard, Spain-freak, and even at times coordinated. No doubt the Nuke Sub Force is getting a drifty, bizarre, but excellent man. Ahi te veo hermano!

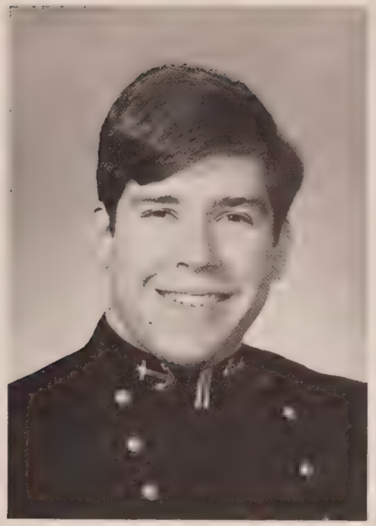


BRUCE ALLEN LORD

We looked to the north toward Brunswick, Maine from whence the "Lord" came spreading his gospel of the Universe to anyone who was gullable enough to listen. He acted like the holder of all knowledge with a transistorized brain between his ears. To the E.E. Wizard we would come seeking answers to the mysteries of electricity. We would leave with his wisdom, but not his answers. With a coffee cup in his hand and a belly over his belt, he soon became the "Chief". Again we looked to the north from whence came his woman bearing a ring for his nose. We've often wondered if Chief ever heard of Common Law. All we know is that he became much happier, and his bank account became much lower. Each morning we were honored by his rack-burned face and his mouth full of silver. Good-luck, Hymen!

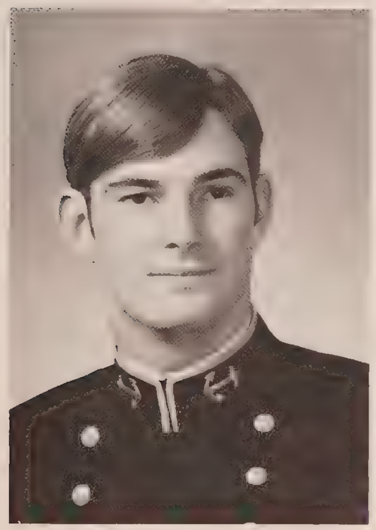
JOHN W. MARTIN

Flying all the way from Iran to join the boys of 23, the "Chinless Wonder" found himself in the Clown Room to start Plebe Summer off on the right foot. Along with the ever present A-A-B 10% Richard Factor, he also practiced his boxing in the room to keep things exciting during Freshman Year. Surviving the perils of Capt. Bligh on the Willie V. Pratt, he and Duggs seemed to find time to keep Charleston alive on youngster cruise. Harangued by the lass with pencils, Juan became a charter member of the Annual Annapolis to Daytona 500, enjoying the fun in the sun at the Holiday Inn. Despite valiant efforts as the benefactor of little J. Rogers, Martin's roomy was still the "Puppy" when 2/c year came to a close. Opening his own Van Christening enterprise, his auto served as the "tailgate" for the home game keg parties. Rousing the roost consistently at the 5 minute call, the "Poker" kept the most irregular hours in the Brigade. A proud O.E. Brother, Juan turned Hymie down for the friendly skies.



PETER FRANCIS MATHEWS

Here on a four year Sabbatical from the shores of Virginia Beach, Pete traded in his Beachcombers and surfboard for a more stable career as co-keeper of the Pood. Undaunted by any obstacle, Mongrel, as he is affectionately known by his friends, was tasked with keeping the rest of 23rd Company in line too. Guided by his infinite wit and proverbial wisdom, Mongrel believed in the purifying powers of dirt and rolled in it regularly. Always a soft touch, Mongrel was a friend to both man and beast – dogs loved him, and drunken derelicts would cross the street just to shake his hand. A steadfast invidivdual by any measure, he shared his thoughts and many talents freely, usually when they were not appreciated. Pete expects to catch some 'trons before his illustrious career ambles to an end, but "round and brown" remains his greatest ambition – just twist his arm, he'll tell you.



DAVID B. MORRISON

Dave came to us from Ridley High School in Morton, Pennsylvania. While at Ridley, he not only distinguished himself as an athlete, winning 12 varsity letters and 2 All-American awards, but also as a favorite of many a girl. Pursuing the same endeavors at Navy, Moe distinguished himself in soccer with 4 varsity letters while also learning the first names of nearly every female in the the Brigade. By his senior year Moe developed three main interests at Navy. While the priorities might be disputed, soccer took up most of his time. He played nearly every position on the field (none any better than the previous) and was nearly ostracized by his fellow teammates when he had the gall to suggest having practice the day before that big test the J.O.K.E. Moe's second big interest was the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, serving as the president his 1/c year. His third and biggest interest was a certain other midship-person, who along with Moe's $9,000 plastic Chevy, kept his weekends extremely busy.

Out of the bustling metropolis of Lovington, New Mexico came M.L. Of a staunch upbringing and a conservative western attitude (GOD, country, football) we wondered plebe summer – "What ails this guy?" Surviving a tough plebe summer, he became a charter member of the "I love it here gang". He had a flare for academics which certainly didn't come from studying and a set of ideals that baffled us and many times left us speechless. A gentle man with a legendary laugh rapidly set him aside as an accredited member of the Co. 23 weirdos. He was an addicted movie-goer (a real terminal case) and spent his off hours mooching cookies from care-packages. The positive attitude towards Navy never left him, in fact it could safely be said that no attitude ever left (or entered) him. In four years, Lafayette was called many things, but nobody could ever call him "Wishy-washy"! The Fleet is receiving a very unusual, overly friendly, very religious and at times drifty officer. We'll drink to you at Buzzy's, Laf.

M. LAFAYETTE NORTON, IV

Otto is rapidly approaching the day when he will be climbing into the cockpit of that high performance aircraft. He will spend most of his time on the ground however, because as of this printing they have not installed wardrooms or TV's in any planes. Nightly, "Old Pod" exhausted his excuses why not to study until 1am upon which time he showed a great combination of being a sweat and a skate (at the same time) in one personality. Steve's budget finances were also good for a laugh. Every Sunday night numerous revisions had to be made for those delightful expenditures welcomed in Baltimore. As for the Orange Flash, that is Otto's pride and joy, sporting around in his shades and racing gloves; he fits the image. The Wiltz climbed to his athletic peak when he and the Boys took the Brigade's in soccer. Being a fierce competitor, there was no better way to end that final season, of that final year. Have no worry though Wiltz, stripes aren't everything.

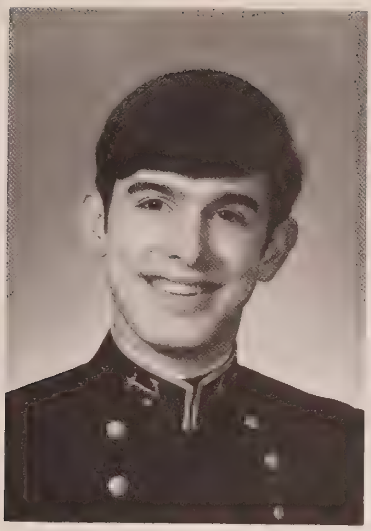
STEVEN G. PODAWILTZ

We don't know where "Rose" came from. He told everyone Sierraville, California plebe year but then kept going home to Virginia. A Navy junior, Clarke came to the Academy very gung ho, that is if you call gung ho shaving your head and telling everyone "I love it here." Plebe summer was no sweat after he found out is was easier to shave before every formation, a practice he has forgotten every summer since. Another resident redneck, Rose has been known to drive a pickup truck with a shotgun rack, but never came into form until CB's hit the market. Captain Nemo led many a convoy to and from parties, which he was only invited to if he brought the blender for Horse's whiskey sours. Never one to worry about grades, the wardroom was his favorite weeknight hangout, though the Supt's list was a semesterly occurrance. It seems Submarines is where he is going if Admiral Rickover doesn't find out how much he really studies. "A Rose by any other name would still be a Rose"

JOHN CLARKE ORZALLI

SCRAPER came to us from the wilds of small town in Pennsylvania. The borough of Plumville to be precise. In his first couple years he maintained a low profile, but was one of the Rangers by the end of his second class year. As one of the members of the 280-Z deal, he became an honorary farmer in Upstate New York for his ability to plow fields. He has been an active participant in company intramurals and other company activities, and was the company expert on the Word. Although not a habitual studier, he managed to maintain his CQPR with no major problems in what he claimed was one of the hardest majors at the Academy. He plans to go Nuclear Power but that rests a great deal on an upcoming interview.

JOHN PAINTER



CHRISTOPHER LEE POWERS

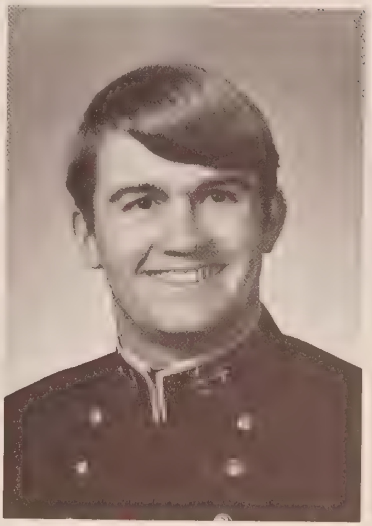
Chris was one of those unfortunate ones who by coming to Navy, left nearly 3,000 miles between U.S.N.A. and his home in Seattle, Washington. He was quick to find a lasting companion however, right here within the confines of these brick walls. This companion was none other than Ward Hall's time sharing computer. Chris was the first to master SI 101 and he was always willing to give anyone a hand with their programs (although one would usually feel really dumb after Chris showed you how easy it was). Chris was a very quiet person around the company, but when it came to extracurricular activities he was always #1. He's an avid mountain climber, snow skier, scuba diver, swimmer and singer. He also spent a lot of his free time with the masqueraders and with Navy's own TV station. We wish Chris all the best of luck for the future, knowing the Academy will miss him.

ALBERT ROBREDO

Albert never was very good at navigating. Somehow, while eavding the Border Patrol, he took a wrong turn halfway across the Rio Grande near El Paso and ended up at USNA instead of Yale on his full scholarship for linguistics. Making the most of his predicament, he quickly familiarized himself with the local female populace. After many a weekend, our Latin Lover crawled back, tired, sore, but still clutching his little black book with more addresses. His other talents included throwing his bayonet with lethal accuracy as well as outfencing all foes and judo flipping anybody stupid enough to get within reach. Despite the major hardships endured by not having much social life, Albert managed to spend many hours with his books, James Bond, the Exorcist, and Ninja's Revenge to name a few. Al is one colorful individual who has class. No task is too great once he sets his mind to accomplish it and there is little doubt that his performance will decline once he hits the fleet.

JOHN GERARD ROGERS

"Narcs never get a good nights sleep," typifies much of the existance of John Rogers at USNA. He even tried some practical Naval Architecture with his hydroplane out on the Severn. Sorry about that first engine . . . but the flywheel did make a good doorstop. I guess the Salty Pup will have to limit his cruising to his Wabbit till the hydro gets underway again. I hear those Wabbits wepwoduce quickly, John? As purveyor of exotic tools and trades, John set up his hydro project workshop in Isherwood, and studied over at "the office," in Rickover. Usually a veritable lightweight as a drinker, John, with wineskin, provided us with many happy moments at company social functions. John's views and horizons were greatly broadened by his many acquaintances at USNA. John tried his hand at many ECA's, from Masqueraders, through crew lights, to the choir, and finally judo. An aspiring Nuke Power jock, I know that Adm. Rickover will get his money's worth out of you. Hope you'll get that puppy and run with it.



HOWARD CARL SEEGER, JR.

Howard Seeger left the beaches of Ocean City Md. to meet the challenges of higher education. Never known for his academic ability, he nonetheless chose the hardest major at the Academy — Oceanography (Applied Engine Math.) His policy of "As long as I graduate and still have 20/20 vision" carried him smoothly through four years of tough academics and into Flight School. If you didn't know him by his nicknames of "Haird" or "Howie Hun", you would surely know him as the guy who always had his hands in his pockets. Howie was the only guy who would rely on "Dear Abby" for advice. In the future, as in the past, the rule of thumb is; if you want to find Howard, check the beaches first and if he's not there, he's sure to be at the Officers Club.

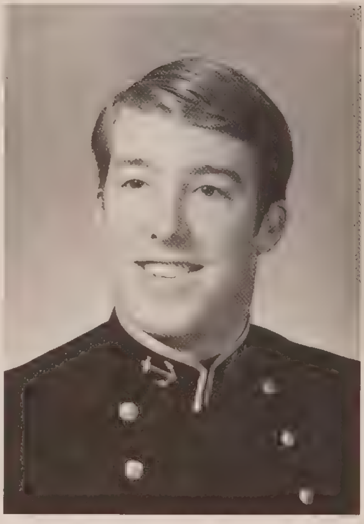
JOHN P. SKOGSBERG

John came to us from Winter Park Junior College, where he was a super jock on the crew circuit. Entering USNA though, he laid down his oar when he went in the first round of the company B-ball draft. Stymie named him "Winter" for his long golden locks and great tan, not because of his guitar wizardry. Exodus I, II, III became reality as his little bungalow became a haven for broken ball players turned lobsters. Bizarre music tastes and "Big Blue" kept Winter from an Eberhard G.P.A. A great smile was his trademark, though, and the biggest ones came from corndogger day, and knowing TED was at the Capital Centre.

Stank was forced to come East when the citizens of Anaheim, California could no longer tolerate his vaudevillian humor, abundance of polysyllabic words, and maniacal passion for trivia. Upon arriving in the Cheapeake State, Joe quickly established himself as the Master of the Miniscule and spent his spare time memorizing almanacs, screen credits, box scores, etc. Since his stay in the hospital Youngster year to repair two ruptured disks, Joe has been healthy and sold on the Corps – Nurse Corps, that is. Joe loved to experiement with a blender to create exotic new cocktails for the benefit of any available guinea pig. Just as Mongo. Stank is eager to try his luck in the Surface Forces, but are the wardrooms of our warships ready for this individual raised within the shadow of the Magic Kingdom.

JOSEPH THOMAS STANIK

Bill came to Annapolis on a California high and it seems he is still there. His first encounter with military discipline came on Induction day when he greeted his squad leader with a cheery "Hi, hows it going?" Although he never took the Academy completely seriously, he almost achieved his goal of becoming the "whole man." Quick to fall for a pretty face, he fell in and out of love more times than Don Juan. Perhaps his most fervid love was for aquatics, with water polo and swimming dominating his time away from the "pad." If the Weasle wasn't in, you could bet the "goose" was. One of Oceanography's outstanding performers, his true love was mathematics. As for the future, if Flight school doesn't get him, PG school certainly will.

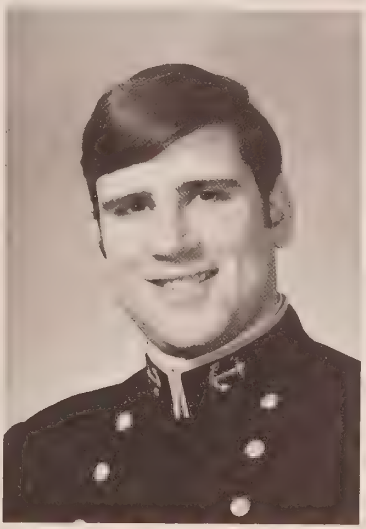


WILLIAM CHARLES THRONE

"Fifi" earned his name plebe year by "barking" at his classmates whenever they interfered with his studies. As a Phoenichan, Richard likes to think of himself as Maud' Dib the desert mouse which he resembles a great deal. "O.A. is OK, but the profs #$%&!" Frustrated with his major (something about an 80-20 split and the needs of the Navy), he often pondered that maybe he should have left with Charlie. With a cup of coffee in one hand and a Salem in the other, he faces the cruel world with vigor. When asked if he wanted to join the Apathy Club, he replied, "I don't care." His weekends bring first the scotch and sodas, then the ruby eyes, and then the morning after hangover in his "womb" sleeping bag. But by the next weekend, he's ready to do it again! Someday, though, Fifi plans to become ambitious and run for President. "If Jimmy can do it, anyone can!" Right Hymen?

Kevin, a natural athlete, came to USNA with high hopes, but after toying with football plebe year he realized there were better ways to spend a weekend. Kevin was never one to pass up a party, and his whiskey sours will be famous in 23rd company for years. Horse, Boom-Boom, Fred, or whatever else you want to call him, was the king of the nickname, not only in having the most, but giving everyone else one. The water chugging contest as well a two Brigade Basketball championships are the trophies Kevin leaves with. Surface Line seems to be the choice of the Horse as tanks don't agree with him, and he doesn't agree with the grades of the AQT — FAR as to where the ground is. Right Standard Rudder!

DONALD E. VANCE, III



KEVIN R. WALTER

JAMES P. WARREN

From Wheatridge, Colorado, the Carnation Capitol of the World, came our very own Alfred E. Worm. His exploits and unique sense of humor will leave us in awe for years to come. As a triple-major; Chemistry-Oceanography-Physical Science (not all at the same time) Shai-Halud proved his infinite wisdom. From hanging on an airplane wheel at 3,000 feet, to drinking hot chocolate with his dates, Jim faces life with a smile. As Company Coors Rep, he was always a welcome sight at parties, and who can forget the inspiring yell from the floor; "When do we choose signs?" In order to better instruct the underclassed in what USNA really is, Jim became involved in Brigade literature. With a dramatic debut as the Log Cover Boy, Worm wrote his first novel, "Chester and Hair" a love story about wayward females. But Hair wrote something on him too.

JOSEPH T. ARCANO

24th Company

Tim came to us from Marion, Connecticut with an undecided viewpoint on the Navy. After resigning three times and changing his major four times he finally settled on ocean engineering. After four years of excuse squad, Tim knew every corpsmen in sickbay and the hospital. He was always a fantastic construction engineer and has been known to block entire sides of the Connecticut interstate along with his cohorts, Wheels and Mac. After deciding on nuke power, Tim will miss the "excitement of a parting span wire" and the sun. One of the smarter members of the company, Tim never refused anyone help in anything, even if it meant rereading last years book for one problem. When he decided he didn't like the shape of his face, he promptly went out for Brigade Boxing. Right now Tim looks forward to a five-year career in the Navy. However, if the past is indicative of anything in the future, Tim will end up a general in the Marine Corps.

Jay came to USNA from the rolling hills of White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. He brought with him a can of Skoal and his accumlated country wisdoms. For 4 years the company was subjected to many of his country sayings. He was known to condemn many of his female acquaintances as being "a bunch of high-schoolers". His solution to a conflict was always "you wanna fight or you wanna sing". After a year of plebe wrestling, Jay felt it was necessary to try out for a manly sport. He chose rugby where he quickly became a star player and never missed a post game rubgy party. Jay's good nature and ability to get along with people will continue to insure his personal success. After graduation Jay will take his "wild hair", can of Skoal, and country preaching to the sunny beaches of Pensacola, Florida and the blue skies of Navy air.

JOHN HARRISON
BOWLING, III

Dave arrived at the academy from the state of "everything's big in" Texas. He immediately settled into a steady routine of bagging it. Spending his youngster cruise in the rack, he did leave it once to join the Olongapo Swim Club. He earned his wardroom quals early in his second class year, earning the title "Wardroom Rat". He has only been discovered studying once, and it took his classmates three weeks to recover from the shock. Maybe his being a Latin American Studies major was the secret. His first class cruise on board the "COMODORO MANUEL AZUETA" convinced him that surface line was not the answer. He now hopes that Admiral Rickover will let him play with some big, expensive toys.

DAVID BRUCKWICKI

DANIEL CANNAN

Dan, known to many as Dads, came to USNA a bit late in life and with only a few good years left in him. After trying a boat school in the Big Apple, Dan lost his senses and headed for Annapolis. Plebe year was spent playing football and after that bruising spring session, Dan decided to enjoy the game on the 150 LB team. The next two seasons Dads caught many a pass at his tight end spot, but his first class year he could not play so he helped coach the team. There have been lots of good times here in four years, The Burns', Nights on the Town with the Boys (not to mention the Girls!!), O-Bow, H-J's, . . . It will not be long now and Dads will be driving out the gate towards Pensacola, and he might remember the first time he drove in the gate, too bad that was plebe year!!!

JOHN MANLY COBB, III

John, a foreign national from Texas, hails from the teeming metropolis of Copperas Cove. The Academy Cowboy, as CBers know him, never saw an AC board, Sup's list, or ED. In fact he seldom saw anything except his eyelids. His amazing propensity to sleep through anything is nothing short of legendary. "Mongo" played many sports, with Co. football being his favorite. He was insane enough to try boxing one set and actually lived to tell about it. His crowning athletic achievement was averaging 6:28 in the mile without failing once. He claims that Texas women are the finest anywhere, using the Cowboy cheerleaders as examples, but doesn't mind the "lesser quality" of Maryland girls as he manages to fall in love about twice a month. John, an oceanography major, intends to fly helos after TBS. John found his identity and purpose in Christ, and all other areas of his life revolved around The Lord. He quotes, "I believe in Christianity like I believe in the sun, not because I see it, but because I see everything else."

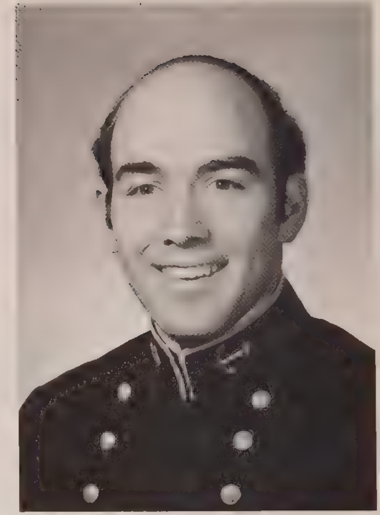
TERRY CRAWFORD

Yes indeed, Terry Crawford has done much here at the "Un-College". Who else do you know has shook the President's hand and won the 150's Heisman best offensive player award all in one month! Not only was Terry an excellent football player and trackman, but he also was a real lover of the aquatic sports – namely sub squad swimming. Known as a quiet individual during the week, pursuing his studies (and trying to keep the AC board from pursuing him), on the weekends he likes to cruise in his big sleek blue cat and admire the ladies with his green eyes (he says it turns them on). This seventh batt card carrying Crawdad from Georgia will definitely make a solid future for himself whether he decides to pound the ground or becomes a driver of the "big rigs". A down to earth, hard working person and a firm believer in the motto "oh well it beats pumping gas at the corner station", Terry bids CIVLINE a final farewell to a military future completing possibly the most successful race he has ever run.

RICHARD NEAL DANIEL

Rick came to the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology from that West Texas cowtown of Amarillo with two objectives. One to split atoms and the other to break hearts. Always proclaiming that "eastern girls don't measure up", Jack never explained those frequent trips to AU. With plebe year came the responsibility of designing the room football poster and Rick met the challenge each week without any creative help from his roommates. Youngster and 2/C year became an endless series of perimeters and occasional nosebleeds via the McDonough lower boxing ring. Never letting his education interfere with his social life, Rick could often be seen zipping down route 50 in a pearl white 'Marc, giving headaches to the Maryland State Police and the fuel economy. Rick always wanted to fly but poor vision directed him toward nuke subs Going down is better than going up any day, right Rick? Rick will always be remembered as a wires EI instructor and after four years of being ICOR, he is ready to meet any challenge the fleet has to offer.

Accustomed to moving around as the son of an army officer, Keith has never been in one place more than four years, and intends to keep it that way. After three years of high school in North Carolina, he spent a year at NAPS, subsequently being accepted to the Severn River Social Club. A tennis player in high school, Keith adapted his racket skills to the squash court, gaining a berth on the varsity squad. Active in OCF, he has found the fellowship to be enjoyable and rewarding. Many times he could be found with guitar in hand, playing and singing for nickles and dimes thrown at his feet (Or occasional bricks). In the midst of all this fun and frolick, he managed to earn his degree in Aerospace Engineering. The education and growth at the Academy should give him a good base on which he can build a military career behind the stick of a USMC helicopter.



KEITH THOMAS DAVIES

PADRAIC KEITH FOX

Padraic "Pat" Fox wandered into the yard from a town deep in the South Dakota hills named Watertown. (Don't worry if you haven't heard of it — we hadn't either, probably because the cows outnumber the people there.) Considering his origin, it can be safely said that Pat didn't come to USNA because of a love of the sea; and he isn't saying how he got here. Why is Pat? During Plebe summer, Pat quickly developed into the company "regs" man, and he has held that position during his four years at USNA; he was the man to see if you needed help or an answer if "regs" trouble came your way. Speaking of answers, academically Pat never passed a test — at least according to Pat. His failures were everyone else's successes, which might be considered unusual for someone who wanted to go Corp from day one. By the way, Pat, what's that application doing on Hyman's desk? Did you finally get a good look at Captain Wood? It looks like Pat's slated for nuke subs and all that good chow. What's Priscilla going to say when you waddle down the gangway, Pat?

JEFFREY GAGNE

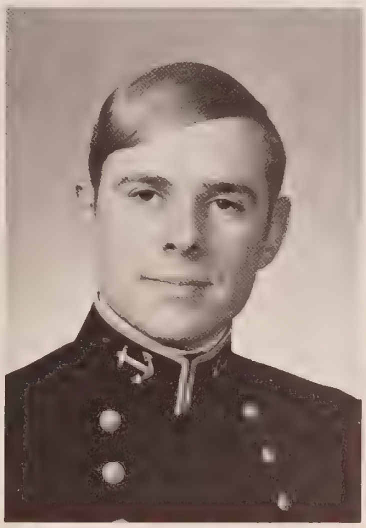
Born the 3rd of April 1955 in Detroit, Michigan; Jeff graduated June 1973 from Detroit's own Finney High. The high points of his four years of high school included two years running track, a year on the Deli Squad, and four years with the Sea Cadets. Following six weeks on a Chrysler engine assembly line, and two weeks of R and R Jeff reported to NAPS. He somehow made it through NAPS and was accepted for and reported to the University of Navy. After a trying year of sub squads, sunrise strolls, and flaming upperclass he hit the fleet on one of the Navy's finest, a FRAM1 destroyer. Still recovering from youngster cruise when a beautiful AACCer skated into his life, changing it forever. The following three years were divided between Arnold, Md., the Navs, the OCF, Detroit, and studying. After four tough years Jeff is ready to hit the fleet with wife in hand, and Jesus Christ ahead. P.T.L.

JOHN GERETY

The Bulldog finally made it. The scholarly young man from Massachusetts (Alabama for tax purposes) bilged his classmates by remaining over 3.0 and picking up three stripes in the process. To add to his 3-striper image he even became a member of the "vette" set — Mr. Cool. But one of his big problems is over; with no more boxing he is free to indulge in one of his favorite pastimes running (into trouble?) The Bulldog made the Hawaiian option famous, up until last year it had been commonly known as the Marine option. John was a good bud, he was always willing to play squash, but seldom able to win. Using the past as a precedent, it will be John's "moral obligation" to strive towards perfection in his future years as a naval officer. But everyone in 24 knows that John won't sweat it, he's bound for success. Keep up the good work.

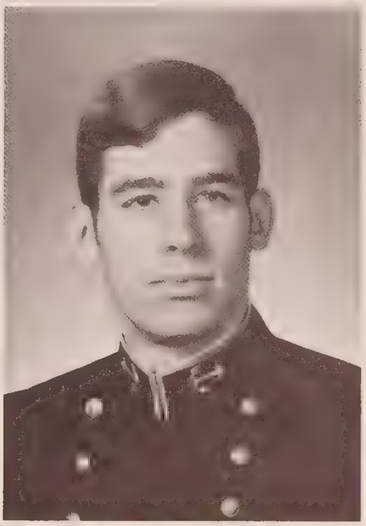
U S NAVY
73-01905

Scotty is now prepared to carry on family tradition in the U.S. Marine Corps. No longer will Scooter need to be pushed through downtown Annapolis in a baby carriage, now he can sit down in the front seat of a Marine jet. Scontay was also Mr. Utility, if you needed something (tools, magazines) the packrat had it. One thing Scooty won't miss is his rack. After 4 years at USNA he still camps out each night in his camouflaged blanket. Scontay was often referred to as Mr. Leisure and should have majored in recreation instead of aero. Rather than buy a $7000 car he inherited an old VW Bug, and bought a motorcycle, a bike trailer, a tent, . . . need we go on? Although Scotty was well liked one thing puzzled us. During each of his first 3 summers here he had to locate his parents' new residence. Do you think they're trying to tell him something? Wherever Scotty goes it won't take long for him to make a good impression, he was always that type of guy here at USNA.

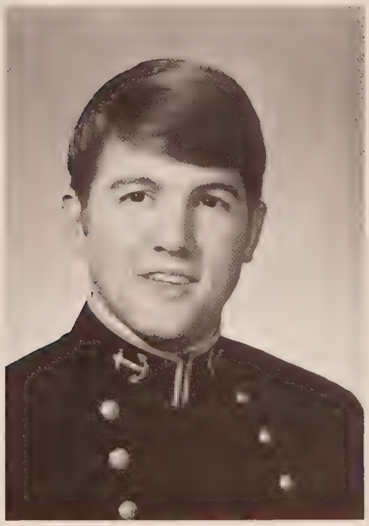


ROBERT SCOTT GODFREY

Hailing from sunny San Mateo, Steve came swinging in on the California high to spend four fun-filled years at the Boat School. If anyone was born with a Squash raquet in his hand it was SRH. After starting on the Plebe team he quickly moved to the Varsity and he spent the last two years as Captain of that notorious bunch. In fact, only one person has ever had the satisfaction of saying he went through two coaches as Captain, yes . . . Steve. Anyway, "SR-50" will probably be remembered not for his winning ways on the courts, but with the ladies and his photographs. We'll never forget Strand's party will we Howell? Hey Steve, how's that new 8 × 10 of your latest? In all seriousness, good luck at Pensacola, whether it be Grunt or Regular; and remember there's no smack factor in the fleet.



STEPHEN R. HOWELL



GORDON HUNEGS

Gordon came out East to the Naval Academy from the backwoods of Oregon. After learning there were no outhouses at USNA, life came fairly easy to the Gord. Always eager to improve himself physically, Gordy could be found devoting his time equally to workouts at the fieldhouse and in his rack. Never one to let schooling interfere with his education, Gordy did the minimum of work necessary towards his interest and major, oceanography, and yielded max results, making the Dean's list every semester. Whatever service selection Gord chooses he should go far.

Mr. "Look Sharp, Feel Sharp" came to Boat School from the thriving metropolis of Broomall, Pa. (Don't worry if you haven't heard of it, we hadn't either.) Recruited for swimming, the Mac was a regular on the Varsity his plebe year. After three years of dedication and hard work he was voted Team Captain. Tommy always had his favorite expressions, "gangster", "awesome", and "Hey Dads how about some backgammon". Ever resourceful, Tom proved his talents in creating a "flowing incident" out the back of an Air Force bus. Combine this with his real world double major of Management and Technology, Tom was destined for the "Big Rigs". Whether he stays in the Navy or splits in his Bahama Blue Bug makes no difference, Mac will do well at anything he takes on; we all wish him Good Luck!

THOMAS F. McELWEE, JR.

Carl Eric Lindstrand, alias "The Strand," comes from the nearby streets of Severna Park, Md. The Academy seemed to be "easy prey" for the Black Belt Karate ace whose expertise earned him the name of "Kung-Fool." Between karate, swimming, drinking, and women. (his preferences reversed during the weekend), he still had time to fly right through the program and enjoy himself at the same time. Let's just hope that Pensacola, Fla. is ready for him and that he can fly through that program also. Pensacola, beware!!!

CARL ERIC LINDSTRAND

From the land of the world's most beautiful beaches, Panama City, Florida, this Valedictorian of Bay County High School came to USNA ready to leave his mark for others to follow. Despite outside and inside pressure, he waved his personal feelings for history and chose Ocean Engineering, maintaining that magic 3.0 level. In other areas, Fred earned the Iron Mike Trophy at Fort Benning Jump School and the Ship's Qualification while aboard a ballistic missile submarine. Known for his quiet demeanor, he holds the philosophy that if there is nothing worthwhile to say it is better to keep quiet. Besides noticing all the young lovelies that walk by second wing on their way to Dahlgren, his biggest hobby is reading. On many occasions, he can be seen enjoying a good book, but somehow just can't seem to keep his eyes open when it comes to reading such bestsellers as SELECTED READINGS FOR NS400. With his ability to stick with and master all obstacles, Fred has a long and prosperous future ahead in the nuclear sub community.

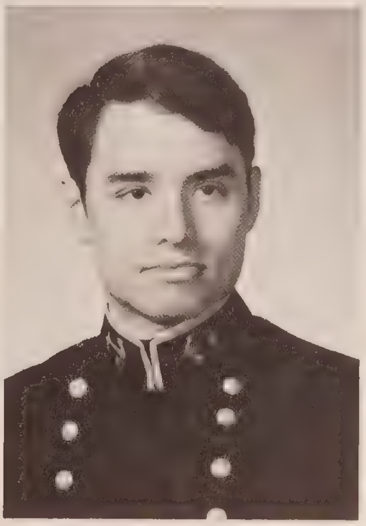
CARL F. LYON

MICHAEL A. McENTEE

Mike McEntee steamed into the arms of Mother B like a dreadnought going into battle. Hailing from Norfolk's Booker T. Washington High School, where he commanded the NJROTC unit, Mike's one goal in life has been to become a naval officer. A Navy Junior, he has never deviated from a desire to go surface line, a desire that will be fulfilled in June. A career man from the word go, Mike chose mechanical engineering as the field most enhancing to his profession. The academics have been rough sailing, but perseverance and late nights have kept him above 2.0 and still in his chosen major. At the same time, Mike has never been one to refuse a green alert or a night on the town entertaining a pretty Maryland lass. Mike's hard work and conscientiousness will stand him in good straights among the greyhounds of the sea, where we his class mates wish him fair winds and following seas.

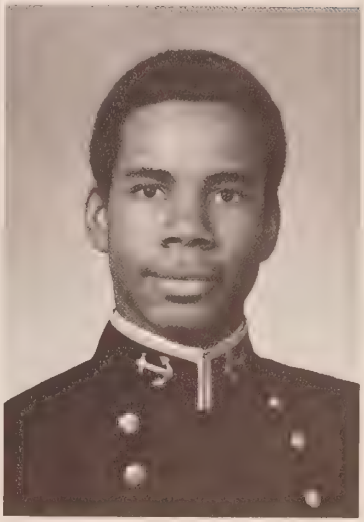
MARK McKEON

Mark came to us from Plantation, Fla. Here he learned how to survive. He had the dear old "Dad" image towards the maniacs in our room, and I remember many a night getting a lecture from "Dad" on our behavior, only to be outdone by "Dad" the next night. Mark played football for the Big Blue for three years until injuries finally took their toll, he then went to a less strenuous sport — rugby. Nerd glasses set off his Burt Reynold's look-alike face, and his air-conditioned SDB's accentuated his Greek God body. He always proclaimed his independent manhood, but most of his Second Class year was spent shuttling from USNA to Tallahassee, with his trusted roomate covering the trail. There were many Sat. nights spent in the school playground, riding back in a laundry cart to press license plates, and partying in the park in D.C., in the worst crime rate district of the city. Mark, a great guy, a man, my friend.



THOMAS G. McNAMEE

The least seen firstie of 24th co., (due to height constraints only), Tom Mcnamee has had a very memorable stay here at "Hotel Bancroft." A member of the green card table society, Tom Thumb was forever in the books after plebe year. However this young fellow was not a book worm and he decided to pursue the manly art of fisticuffs. After a year of dedication and inspiration from seeing the film Rocky (several times at that) Tom dedicated his body to becoming a brigade boxing bag. Yes, Tom has experienced much here: sincerity, hate, affection, friendship, tolerance, put the first letters of the following last 5 words together and you've probably experienced this too. Considering that he was a max bead some lucky CO ship jockey will get a fine ensign for a junior division officer.



FLOYD J. MEADOWS

Floyd, "CrazyO", is known in many circles as the rapper. His style may be a bit crude but he gets the job done, as many young Annapolitan ladies would be quick to admit. Yes indeed Floyd is a regular casanova. It has been said that if Floyd could swim as well as he raps, he'd be a black Mark Spitz. Floyd is now the reigning captain of the varsity sub squad swim team. Floyd wears his varsity squad letter proudly. Having competed as a true champion in the art of drowning, Floyd deserves his letter. No other man has drunk more chlorine water or had more bloodshot eyes than Floyd. So as his career winds its way down, Floyd's name is sure to be placed in the Aqua Rock hall of fame with the caption, "CrazyO, a true lover of his sport".

Phil came to us from the Florida backlands after a year at NAPS sporting a dusty bullridin' hat and a love of clean livin'. A season with Plebe Lax exposed a coach unable to recognize true talent so he began training for marathons. Rumour has it that it was all for the females cheering at the finish line, but after 26 miles can you think of anything besides Gatorade, Deekman? There never seemed to be enough time to do boring homework, but he always found time for Annapolis cuties and was rarely seen with the same one twice. When the right one seemed to come along, a return from first class cruise in Europe found her engaged to another. Well, after such a trauma it was back to a fast paced first class year with the boys. Heavy practice on Saturday nights in Buzzy's were followed in the mature years by Charlie's, Oxbow, the Palomino, and trips to D.C. Phil just calls it warming up for Pensacola and Naval Air. But, he leaves here just as the rest of us do, remembering good friends and good times.

DAVID L. PHILMAN

GUS SAMBRANO

Gus came to Canoe U. from the great state of Texas. He told us that he lived in El Paso and none of us are sure how he evaded the Border Patrol. There was never a dull weekend with Gus around. He always found something funny to say and usually kept the boys laughing. As for women, he was quite the ladies man. How they believed all those sea stories he told no one can tell. Gus could usually be found in the boxing ring during the winter and kept in shape in the off season by playing rugby. Gus had a few problems with academics during plebe year but he never let the books get in his way when it came to learning. Gus a true steamer will hit the high seas after graduation and should have no problems in driving the big rigs.

MITCHELL KEITH SAULS

Mitchell Keith Sauls, better known as Keith to his friends, came to us from that garden spot of the world – Gitmo. After some hesitation on day one due to a slight conflict with the big "M", he decided to grace us with his presence for another four years. Coming already assembled with a ring through his nose, he soon corrected the situation. However, his weakness for Southern Belles, (especially those from La.) soon caused him to fall into the same trap again. As far as academia was concerned, he soon found that Louis and Jack were poor gouge sources. In spite of this, and the fact that his legal residence, complete with fiance, was moved to within 300 yards of gate eight, he still managed to maintain a decent QPR. With service selection just around the corner, Kieth has an application in for nuke power. Although there is little question that he will make it past the "Old Man," there is some question as to whether or not he'll be able to fit through the hatch of his sub after a semester of three stripe libs and good home cookin'.

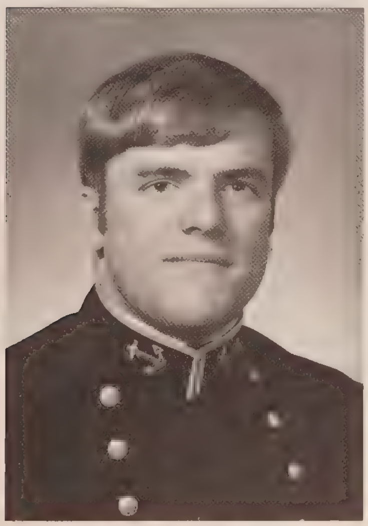
ANTHONY DALE SHADDIX

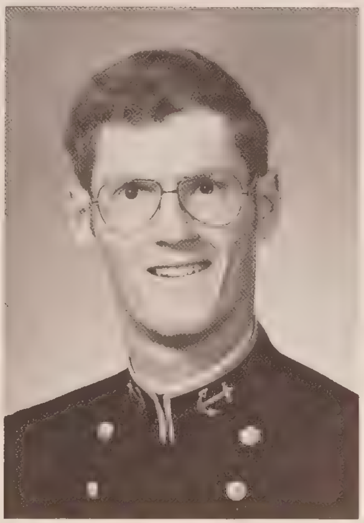
"The Shad" is returning to the sunny South, but this time as an aviator. His businessman presence will be missed at USNA by the lack of T-shirts and belt buckles throughout the brigade. As evidenced by his grades, the Shad was a firm believer of 2.0. But the Shad committed the ultimate sin while at Navy; when that orange corvette pulls out of gate 8 for the last time with the golf clubs hanging out, finally on its way to Pensacola, there'll be a young Philly lady accompanying him. Which reminds us of one of the Shad's favorite movies – Bite The Bullet –.

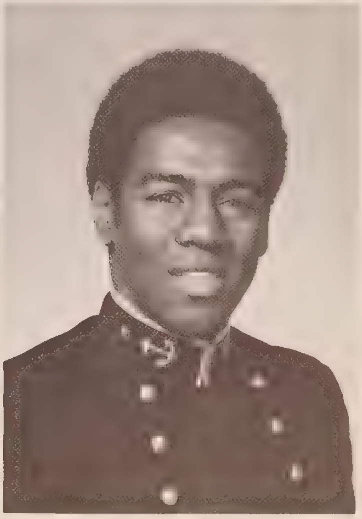
Dave, better known as Pugs, came to the U. of Navy from Taylor, Pa. Plebe year he played on the Navy baseball team until making a play me or trade me ultimatum. He spent the next three years on the 150 lb. football team where he finally got that elusive N-star. Dave's years at the Academy were full of Boss times; Burns', O-Bow, lounging in State Circle, Datum Club (which he never found), Charlies, Phils & Sixers and Disco Dave. June Week of his youngster year he was pricked by that thorny rose and spent a few inebriated nights with the boys. His romances ranged from Scranton to Annapolis, with a stop in Philly. Dave's academic endeavors were sufficient . . . a good choice for a major and some manipulation of the GOD OF 3-5. He had a musical background when he arrived and a stray tambourine got the ball rolling once again. He made a few tours around the country with "JOSE", and if NFO doesn't work out maybe he can sing for his bread.

Glen came to USNA from Clearwater, Fla. as a frustrated pyromaniac and vented his anxieties as the 24th Company demolitions expert. There were many good rocket shots and toothpaste bombs from 4360. He knew every escape route from Mother B and if he was gone for study hour he was in DC watching the Grateful Dead or Southside Johny. Glen always had the knack of finding a good party, either in a DC crime district or with Cowboy and the big T; "go car, Go!" Air Force '76 and jumping out of the cab of a two and a half ton truck "Just like in the movies!" Wheels always took military evolutions seriously, "Sir, cruise started today?" For sports, Glen was always on the defense in soccer or heavy weight football until he tried rugby. Most of our Youngster Saturday nights were spent in the schoolyard with a case of Rolling Rock, a step up from the Bay Bridge and Plebe year. All in all, it was a good four years with never a dull moment and we will have a bar one day! Glen, I wish him the best in life for he is truly a treasured friend.

Andy, alias "The Pimp", comes from the southern city of Jacksonville, Fla. A master in the fields of clothing, music, and women, not necessarily in that order. "Pimp" came north in search of new conquests. Neglecting to use his sharp shooting eye for Navy "hoops", he found a home on the 150's football team second class year. Still searching for new triumphs, he cleared his way for many ECA's with a Black Belt in the Karate Club and the Sup's list. After his victory at the Academy, "the kid" plans to head back to his homeland in pursuit of an NFO billet. "May the force be with him!"


DAVID M. SURGENT


GLEN H. WHELESS


ANTHONY LEE WINNS

25th Company

RAYMOND WILLIAM BRACY

Hailing from Annandale, Virginia, Ray went from a high-achiever in high school to a top achiever at the Naval Academy. Ray has been rather successful druing his stay here – he's succeeded in academics, achieved the rank of company commander, has been an effective leader, succeeded in wrecking his "Z" and succeeded in losing his near-fiancee. Ray was the picture of the whole man. He has shown his maturity through his professional, serious demeanor and sound, rational discretion. Ray has displayed his athletic prowess and is governed by a set of high morals. Rounding off this whole man concept, Ray has been able "to party with the best of 'em" and can amply play his current role of derelict. With his personable, empathic and natural-leader attitude, Ray will be a success in whatever path he chooses to follow

Don came to Navy from Miami, Florida. A great baseball player, his career was cut short by knees that are as sound as rotten wood. Not one to be easily daunted, Don simply moved into the weight room which he affectionately calls the toy box. When not playing with his toys, Don is usually found playing with a young lady. But, there is one young lady who is not a game and who will probably be Mrs. Hercules. Don is known for an unbelievable ability to eat and drink, and on the weekends he is about as subdued as a tornado. Don is as smart as he is strong, so he will probably be a nuke. (For at least five years anyway!) Don, you've been loud, crude, and obnoxious, but a more loyal friend we could not have had.

DONALD R. BRADY

Bill came to the boat school from the sunny beaches of Florida to wear the Navy Blue & Gold. Like many good ball players Bill decided to shuffle his priorities at the suggestion of the Dean and his associates. Being a world champion on the Batt football team is a hell of a lot more fun anyway. On youngster cruise Bill found the bottom of his pocket before the rest of us and spent the rest of his Hawiian vacation in a somewhat intense economy plan. As proprietor of youngster wardroom Bill began developing those nocturnal skills which are necessary to pull through second and first class years. By the third year he was a full fledged heavy weight on both the late late show team and Brigade rack team. By firstie year Bill still had his own wardroom. This one was blue with four wheels and has been known to go all night even in the sixth wing parking lot. Bill is the son of a Navy Chief and the second son to graduate from the Academy

WILLIAM L. BURGER

Norm was raised in Annandale, Va. He had no relations with the military until four years ago and still wonders to this day as to how he got here. After his hopes of becoming an excellent rifle shooter failed he put his mind to the academia. Maybe a little more than he should have though, 'cause it looks like he'll be boring holes in the ocean (at least for five years).

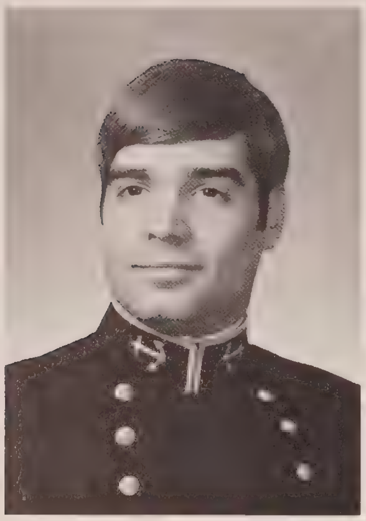
To this man this memorial is made, because he's the best friend I ever had. His talent is immense, and so is his drive, he went to the ring and would not take a dive. There will never be another champ like you Dope, with your combinations they just could not cope. Now he heads for the skies in that terrible green, I tried but he could not resist the mean machine. Oh what havoc we would have reaped, at least there will be one in the corps who does not reak. Never again will we parade in for taps, after another Saturday night of wine and craps. His wit and his cheer are always around, he is ready to help and ready to clown. We have flown in formation wings to the sun and on the way home we've toasted the bun, but now . . . This one is to you Doug, Good Luck!!

"Little Dylan" Don comes from a small roadside stand down in the Bayous of Louisiana where people still think of a night of excitement as one where they sit on their porches and watch the cars pass by. Lord knows that Don was probably kidnapped by a follower of Dr. Sun Myung Moon. The fact that he came to USNA is a definite indication that something went wrong when they deprogrammed him. Don is probably one of the most unlikely characters you'd expect to find here. That's because his idea of heaven is him in a 280Z with a Mich on an infinite highway and no smokies all the way down. To top this off, he has his stereo tuned in on some unknown talent, but is guaranteed to be the next favorite on the country charts. Don's athletic talents include being the shuffleboard champ at Rudi's Tavern. Don will probably feel right at home in Pensacola because he has proved to be more than an adequate weekend flyer while here. We wish him good luck and a 20 year career.

NORMAN DELLINGER

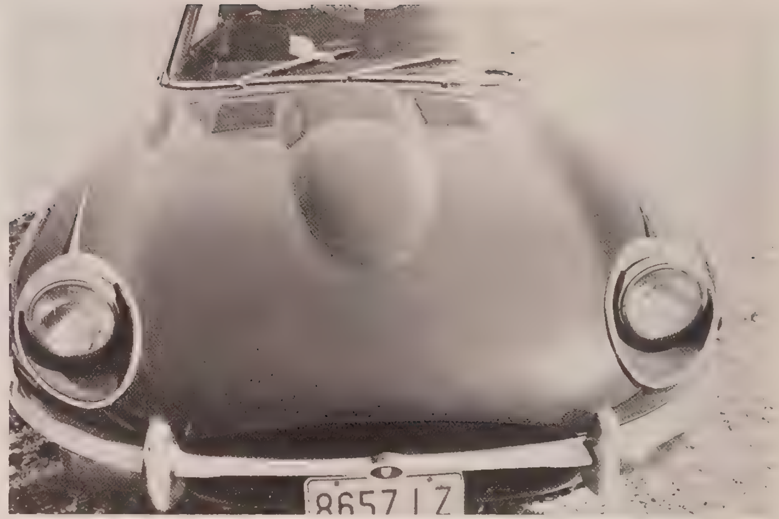
DOUGLAS J. DIEHL

DONALD GATHNEY DIGGS



GEORGE W. GILTZOW

G.G. arrived here from Franklin Park, Illinois via a certain Harlingen, Texas prep school which is known to turn out a few good men on occasion. If his pre Annapolis accomplishments read like a Who's Who, his achievements here are ten times that. With a regimental boxing championship, a varsity letter, successive semesters with grades over 3.5 and a membership in the "astronomy club", the Chicago Kid has also managed to gain the respect of those who have known him. Always one to avoid the inherent dryness in the system, George would not be caught in his room on Saturday night, but would be out enjoying a few of his other talents. Unfortunately the bachelor world loses this devoted disciple to a lady who must have succeeded where others failed. In four years which always seemed just too long the Navy has gained a brilliant officer and a dedicated leader.



Charlie, hailing from Neenah, Wisconsin, quickly established himself as a hard charger rocketing to the top. His one year at the University of Wisconsin more than adequately prepared him for all the social activities of plebe year. He managed even at this early point in his career to distinguish himself by being one of only a "chosen few" to receive their second choice of a major. Charlie's glorious days as a member of the EZ-25 Bachelor's Club were abruptly ended early in youngster year by a certain RN from Reading. His excellent study habits allowed him to have no doubt about being selected for Nuclear Power School, in fact the same was nearly true of being an NFO. Charlie is also famous for his last second term papers, constant all-nighters, and "Buffalo Breath". He is a rare exception in that he is a nice guy who won't finish last.

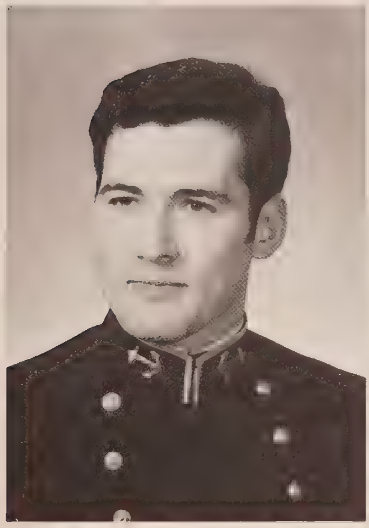
CHARLES M. HARTFELDER

Dave arrived at USNA a soccer jock from Kings Park New York. Like all of us, he became famous for several things during our four years together. Among these were his addiction to mail, his long hair, his disappearing acts during soccer season, his paranoia that everyone was out to hassel him, and finally – his moods were about as predictable as the weather in Annapolis. Dave was one of the first guys to fully embrace the concept of the coeducational system at the Academy. First class year he finally managed to find a girl he didn't have to worry about writing him – he could just walk down the hall! Now Dave's big question is: Will she pin him before or after she graduates? Good luck Dave! All kidding aside, too many things cannot be said about Dave. We have grown to know him as a hard worker, good friend, and responsible person. Dave's service selection will be Navy Air, and rest assured he will excel, as per usual. Good luck and keep in touch!

DAVID G. JENKINS

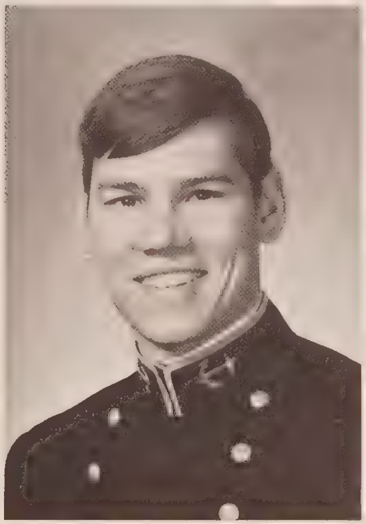
JAMES L. KANTNER

Jimbo came to Navy from Reading, Pa., via NAPS. The only reason Jim goes to class is to catch mistakes made by Profs and to catch z's. The reason for this is Jim's amazing ability to remember everything he has learned since Kindergarden. Jim's genius isn't all natural though, he works hard and has been known to outline entire books. Fortunately, Jimbo is just as dedicated to good times as he is to Physics, and his best time is Monika. Notorious for his tailgate party performances, we shall all remember Jim's bunny hop and elephant scream. Jim is going to be a nuke (what else) but he'll probably be bored. (After all, submarines aren't complicated enough.) Good luck, Jim, and remember it works on gravity.



STEVEN BRUCE LATTA

Bruce, from Maine at the time of his appointment, now has a home in Va. Beach, Va., but no one need tell us where his heart lies when he has $60 phone bills to Long Island, New York. In his years at the Academy, Bruce has been blessed with something that most have struggled without, a guiding angel. With gentle tugs at the ring through his nose, he has been led to achieve academic excellence his eight semesters here. Bruce's accomplishments while at the Academy included being a head chef for the McCheeser operation. While capturing the glory, he failed to pay the price for number one. Hands Latta was also invaluable on the record breaking 5th Batt. football team, dropping as many as he caught but catching alot. Bruce entered USNA to follow his father's footsteps into the friendly skies, but Walter changed his mind with the onset of a new Co. officer. Good luck to Bruce in his future marriage and career.

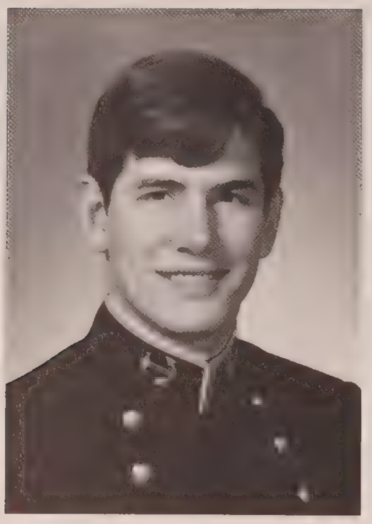


CHARLES LOWTHER

Chuck came to USNA from the Bayou State of Louisiana. After an outstanding swimming career in high school he decided to leave the pool and take to a crew shell for Navy. Spending many hours on the Severn he became one of Navy's most dedicated crew jocks. He managed to keep his body together even after participating in the JFK 50 mile marathon, jump school, and many tailgaters. Chuck was never one to let liquor go to waste. He was always out for a good time even if it meant throwing his own phonograph off from the third deck. He never let academics stand in the way of a good movie, or book. He claims to have earned stars due to his motto, "well rested, well tested". He managed to make two hardship cruises to Hawaii during his stay at USNA. Seeing visions of green since his arrival, he will neglect his classmates advice and become a member of the Green Machine. The Marines have finally found a good man in Chuck.

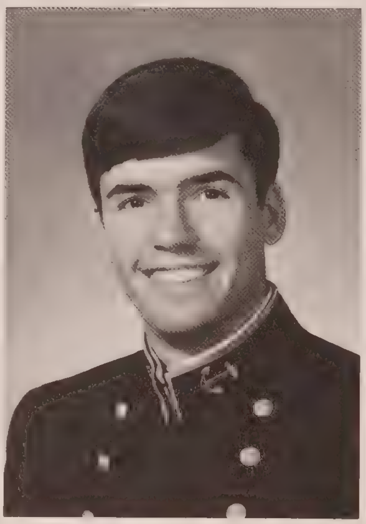
THOMAS MICHAEL McMAHON

After dreaming about getting in for as long as he was later to dream about getting out, Tom left Middletown, Rhode Island for USNA. He proceeded to validate Plebe calculus and chemistry while establishing a reputation for illiteracy and Moon worshipping. Scholastically inconsistent at best, Tom probably spent more time sleeping at the library than exploring outside the walls. But finally, after three Bancroft Hall summers and two Yule seasons as sixth wing custodian, Schrodinger's Wave Equation lost its appeal. Now with his last trip to Philly approaching, even HGR can barely instill in Tom the same desire to excel once fostered by fellow acronyms MHP, PGS, NPS, SSN, PCR, GRE or USN (Act). There are rumors that Tom's thoughts are now focused on Lt. (Ret). Whichever the case, the coming years will undoubtedly find Tom one step ahead of the vengeful football team, either under the waves or pedaling that bicycle of his just a few hundred miles more.



JOHN EDWARD MIESNER

Despite the fact Miesner (sometimes pronounced Meeeezner) mispronounces the word "warm", and is from a dairy fram in Brazeau, Mo., he still manages a double major in physics and math, about twenty-two hours a semester, stands in the top two percent of his class, and still gets to bed by midnight. In fact, John was so squared away that they gave him a job taking care of black lettermen. John, however, in a rebellious fit went straight to the CIC and had all offenders pardoned. This does not mean that John's life is all presidents, academics, and cows, however. He socializes his study hours away, hounds the women (in a socially acceptable manner – usually), ice skates, keeps in shape, and he's never adverse to a beer (or two, or three, or . . .) with a bud. After three months below the waves and away from the sights, sounds, and smells of the animal farm (USNA, not home), John has decided he wants to return for good upon graduation. Wher'er he goes, John's personality and ready smile will be appreciated.



ELMER JAMES NELSON, JR.

Elmo came to us from the little village of Aldan, Pennsylvania after a short vacation at NAPS. An all-around athlete, he was just a bit small for the job as Navys' quarterback, so he made up for it by helping out the intramural program with a flair. "Mo", as he is better known, actually took his four years here seriously. His industry and hard work placed him higher academically than many of his more intelligent classmates. He could always be counted on to help out, whether with a company project or just a classmate. As a result he ended up with more than the normal amount of collateral duties. Despite being so busy, Elmo managed to find more than his share of good looking (and athletic) women. He finally met one that slipped a ring through his nose and it looks like a June Wedding for Mo, after which either the Navy or the Marines will be getting a heck of a helo pilot (it could be the old coin toss on Service Selection Night). Luck, Mo!

LARRY DARNELL NEWBY

Larry hails from the "All American" city of Hampton, Virginia. Turning down such schools as the Univ. of Pennsylvania, Michigan State, UVA, and even MIT (to name a few); Larry showed up at the gates of USNA. You probably saw him crawling along the bottom of the pool during plebe year; an accredited aqua-rock. Avoiding subsquad, Larry toyed with varsity football and track during his first 3 years at the Academy. He finally settled down to the x squad and could be found racking it during Wednesday "P"-rades in the fall of '77. Always a hard worker, electrical engineering kept him burning the midnight oil well into the night. Larry finally determined the meaning of such phrases as "the weekend" and "the tube" during his first class year. A highly respected and rare individual. Should become one of Rickover's finest. Good luck in the future.

KIEL LOWRY NORRIS

Kiel gave up a chance for a successful career as a Virginia Beach beach bum to come to USNA, but while the regs cramped his style, they couldn't exorcise his playboy spirit. He managed to stay hidden most of plebe year but the next year he was not only hidden but gone. He was the only youngster gone more than the firsties as he was in D&B, glee club, pep band, chapel choir, and somehow also took six weekends. From the very first Kiel wanted to fly and this was reflected in his choice of car. As a firstie Kiel could be seen flying low in his gold vet yelling "Yahoo" while attempting barrel rolls around his chase car full of spare parts. The only things that could tear Kiel away from his car were booze and girls and while no one could defeat him in a drinking contest, he has been known to keep a bottle longer than a girl. In a tight situation Kiel will offer this advice "Don't worry about a thing." After graduation, Kiel is looking forward to a long vacation in Pensacola and his own jet.

STEPHEN J. PATERNOSTER

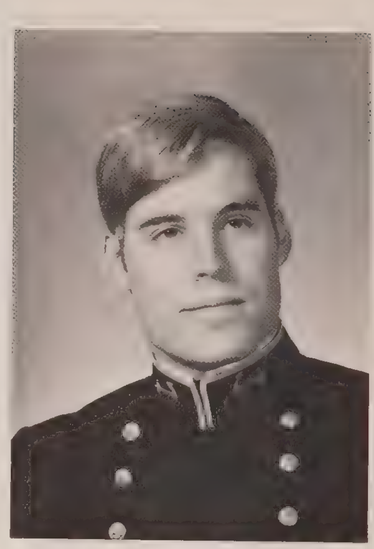
Stephen J came to us from Palm Springs, the So. Calif. desert and beaches, where he developed his knack for creating "sunshine and goodtime" wherever he is. That didn't stop him from achieving rank, however. the The 'dant took one look at his closet and charged him with administration of the battalion. The 'dant was later found in his laundry bag with everything else. Steve's one true love – Sinatra. Girls' one true love – Steve. Steve has been known to receive a composite letter from a whole dorm of girls, on multiple record jackets. Steve was unphased; he sold out his ecology business, his parking concessions, and, pocketing the bucks, borrowed a 750 Honda and headed to Calif. to find the dorm. At the Academy Steve spends his time filing girls' addresses, eating frozen fruit balls, and catchin' Z's. His pre-bedtime line is: "Don't bother waking me, just lay the sword and the diploma on the desk." But when that time arrives, all that a passerby will hear is "Wahooo" as Steve heads for the West Coast on the nearest thing within his reach.

Flip came to twenty five from Newport News, Virginia. Flip decided to display the tennis talents on Navy's courts that made him Virginia's finest in High School. After two years he decided to dedicate himself to the weight room. He's the only guy who can eat 5 helpings every meal, do forty five pull ups, lift weights like Arnold S. and still remain at 152 lbs for four years. Flip's an oceanography major who's main desire is to be a fighter pilot. Well, his eyes went bad and he'll be going NFO. I really think he'd be more at home though with a set of skis, binoculars, a stereo for the MTB and CDB, a tent, and his mountain to live on. He has done more for the cohesiveness of big two five than can be expressed. The most likable, hard working guy I know, Flip's been more than a friend. Good Luck, Flip, and with your fight and desire you'll be in the front seat someday.

RICKOVER HALL

PHILIP LEE RODGERS, JR.

John came to the uncollege all the way from the ski slopes of Utah. He may have left the mountains physically, however, skiing was always on his mind and in his heart. During plebe year, one often heard a nostalgic voice echo such words as powder, moguls, and snow. After being at USNA for some time, John began to acquire the vices which all of us share such as booze, women, and fast cars. He never returned to his hallowed ski grounds, and in fact became a man of the world. During summer leave when others go home to visit those we have left behind, John can be found either diving with the Navy Seal Team, or jumping out of airplanes. As for the woman in his life, well she is a white four-wheeled ghost, a sleek athletic machine, the mirror image of himself. Where will John go from here? It's anyone's guess. One thing for sure though, wherever there is adventure and challenge, there are very good odds that old John will be near by.



JOHN RUDZIS

DOUGLAS L. SCHULTZ

Doug's four years at the Academy have been anything but dull. Interested in music, he was active in the D&B, Pep Band and Glee Club during plebe year. Being a German major, he joined the German Club 3/C year. It was also this year that Doug discovered Hood girls and sailing. 2/C year found him crewing yawls in the fall and by the time spring rolled around he was busy helping to break in the new 82 foot schooner Mistral. Skipping the big gray boats usually offered for 1/C cruise, Doug chose to sail to Europe and back on the Mistral. During 1/C year Doug was entrusted with a squad, but kept even busier with skippering the yawl Intrepid. And still trying to learn some German, he was elected V.P. of the German Club. Since the Santa Maria is decommissioned, Doug will settle for a Spruance or FF. But if he gets bored, he'll leave his options open for flying, possibly making the Navy a career. "But I'd rather be sailing."

MARK DONALD SOHA

Mark came to us from the sunny city of Miami, Fla. It only took him three years on USNA's red beach to realize he wasn't in the South anymore. This year he spends most of his nights dumping water or throwing fruit in 1/c rooms. He hasn't changed, he just doesn't get caught. But Mark does spend some time at the library, to enhance his chances at going nuke power. He's an amiable and good natured person who will do well in whatever field he chooses, because he's a winner all the way

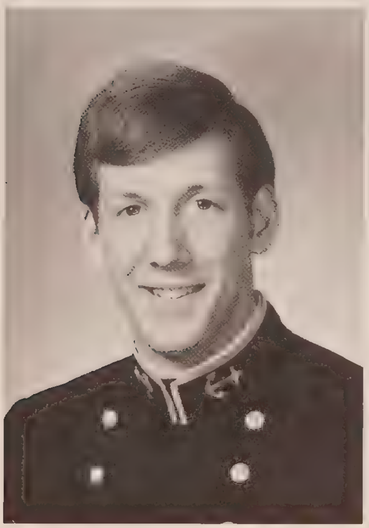
ROBERT JOSEPH STOLLE

Currently from Va. Beach, Va., no one can figure out what aspirations the Fole had for coming to USNA except that his father had made the same mistake years before. While at USNA, Bob spent many hours trying to perfect his skills as a master gymnast. He finally perfected them one Saturday by doing a double somersault in his brand new 280Z. So proud was Bob that he went out and bought a new one just to prove what a stud he really was. We really think that it was because the Z is one of a few cars that he can drive without sitting on telephone books. Bob's other activities include nightly educational T.V., operating a cheezer machine, and being one of a few reliable barbers left in the company. In due fairness, when not doing one of the above he can usually be found in the rack. Bob's service selection will be Navy Air because of a strange love for height. By the time he reaches Pensacola, we hope that he will be able to handle his liquor and local establishments will accept him without reservations.

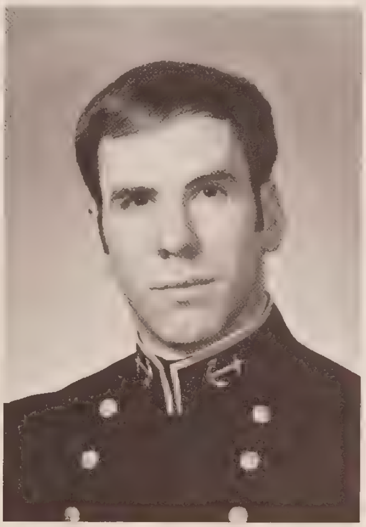
Todd hails from Colorado Springs, Colo. He referred to his major as the Science of Engineering Politics. However his real interest has been South African relations, particularly relations with the daughter of a South African diplomat. Todd never allowed academic pressures to bother him. His philosophy was; why sweat classes when liberty calls? This is not to say that Todd was a liberty hound although he has been known to spend more time over the wall than behind it! His first to leave last to return liberty policy explains why he holds the land speed record from USNA to D.C. When not on liberty Todd can be found in the rack. The only person who spends more time in the rack than Todd is John Paul Jones. Upon graduation he will join Navy's friendly skies. His only problem will be finding a cockpit that takes a size extra long. But seriously, Todd is known to all of us as a great friend and someone upon whom we may always depend. He's the type of guy we are all proud to have as a friend.

Ken came to USNA from Austin, Texas via NAPS. After two years as a quartermiler, he spent the rest of his athletic time as a winger on the rugby team. The remainder of his time is spent in the wardroom. He's the one who carries the TV guide to class to schedule his night time events. He does study when he has to though; like from midnight to 3:00am. Ken came to USNA for one reason only — to be a fighter pilot. It's not like he's dedicated about it either with 3.2 in Aerospace Engineering and a couple hundred hours flight time. He even pranged his Vette on a barrel roll during 1/c summer. Not quite done yet; he gave up 2 weeks leave to fly with the Tomcats at Pax. River. All in all, Ken's done quite a job here. He's got those unique qualities in leadership that has kept Easy 25 tops in performance. Pull chocks Ken and easy on those Foxbat pilots.

It was rough! But with the grace of God, alot of prayer and a little perseverance this Alabama boy made it.



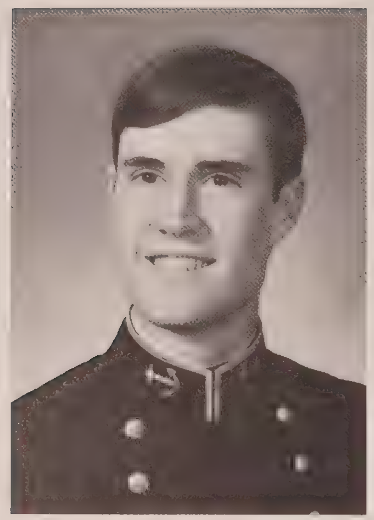
TODD DOUGLAS TRACY



KENNETH M. WALLACE JR.

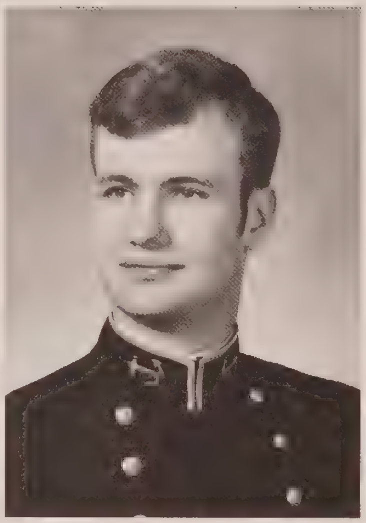
ROBERT GRADY WILSON JR.

26th Company



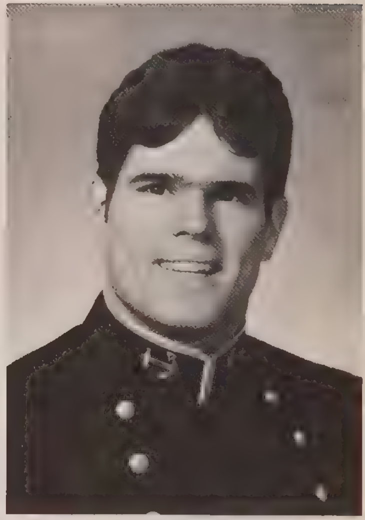
WILLIAM J. BEARY

Bill arrived from the great skiing state of Colorado only to be severely disappointed. When his brother told him about the great snow job the recruiters had done on him, he thought he was talking about the white, powdery stuff. He managed to take his athletic frustrations out on the local cross country course, however, and could be seen each day struggling his way up hill and down dale, only to find out too late that the real way to go was on four wheels! In his youngster year he somehow managed to come out of that great fog to find and be found by the Lord, and then to find the next best thing: Kristy. He finally found those four wheels by ripping them off from some poor, unknowing soul (Class '77) and proceeded to watch the miles whip by and "Take 'em!" Come June he plans to trade those four wheels for two wings and finally find out what "Take 'em" really means! "Part the clouds · and let me walk through!"



DIRK BERRY

All the way from the Pennsylvania mountains, breaking one nine at 120 MPH, Dirk's done his share of sliding into formation "less than five." A daredevil at heart, Dirk already lived about six of his nine lives. He's been in situations where the only thing between life and death was a rubber raft in a raging rapid or a bit of air in a "four second gravy" free fall with a 25 kt. landing. Starred in Varsity ED Plebe yr. only to redirect his energies to a life of crime in the Good, Bad and the Ugly gang. The gang was harmless; used bananas as their weapons. Later became hatchet man in the Beno family, not so harmless anymore, used a real hatchet. By lack of study he pulled his B's and dreamed of flying submarines. His favorite sport was "hunting", among the female populace that is! Quality and Quantity was his challenge and he won quite often. Though active in Co. sports the only trophies he has to show are a knee injury and a broken head. Dirk looks on the bright side, the antenna may come in handy as an NFO.



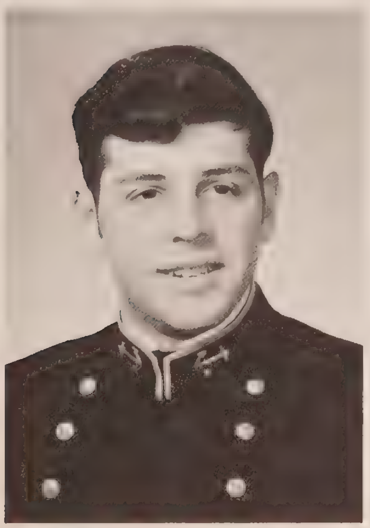
TOBY JON BUTTLE

Toby stepped right off the sunny beaches of Margate, N.J. and into USNA with a healthy body and football on his mind. He quickly learned that this place was more than what his father had led him to believe. He established early his regard for USNA regulations by ignoring as many as possible. Plebe year saw him suffer from a knee injury which hampered his playing ability throughout his 4 years. But nothing could stop him. A determined individual with more self discipline than most; he never let a girl get between him and his work. Except on Saturday nights of course! We know Toby will miss all of the great friends that he has made. He only hopes that Corn can get up enough strength to crawl out of his pad to say goodbye. It is clear that Toby is one of the few good men that the marines have been looking for.

A diehard Yankee fan, "Dog" came from Cresskill, N.J. to tackle USNA. Unfortunately, Batt football tackled him once too often. Alex took over as coach and led the team to Brigade champs three years in a row. Loving the academic challenge, Lex would sometimes feel so "lucky" with a course he would take it twice (V = IR right?). Active in Brigade activities, the Greek was President of the Art and Print Phone Club as well as being the Brigade auto sales representative. An avid nature lover, it was not uncommon to find Lex "putting" food in Goat Court for the birds (at one in the morning). Leader of the Three Musketeers, Lex was always there to help, like rearranging books late one evening, or writing a "memo" that the stereo was too loud. On the social side, who could forget North Carolina, Louisiana shrimp from Guatemala, or the Army nurse. Above all else, Alex was the best of friends, a great partyer, and a hell of a lot of fun. Bay-Bay! Yeah! Come-on! Dig-it!!

Steve came to Annapolis straight from J. R.'s tobacco farm in Tenn. with high hopes of becoming a professionally well-rounded individual. After getting off to a blazing start his Plebe year he made a fatal mistake. He switched roommates his Youngster year. He then began to spend more time in his rack with his homemade quilt while learning how to perfect the B.P. Never one to sweat finals, Steve could always be found whittling away on a piece of cedar with Uncle Henry. Steve anchored the Batt football teams' defense and led them to three championships in consecutive years. He made a lot of friends here. He was seen most often with his best friend Bo driving off into the sunset in his 442 every Fri. afternoon his first class year. We're sure that both of them will become lifetime friends. Being the "good ole boy" that he is, Steve's future in aviation will be a very productive and rewarding career.

Although Clint has seen "stars" lately, he has never been accused of allowing his studies to interfere with partying. Derelict that he is, though, Clint has set his standards high. During the week he sharpens his neck to a delicate point, but this must be expected, since he plans to get radiation poisoning. He has built a reputation as a quiet scholar, one who doesn't flaunt his ability. However, the weekend is when Clint is like Dr. Jekyll's Mr. Hyde. Friday afternoon he can be found with "stormin", since both are regulars at Happy Hour at the O-Club. When Happy Hour ends, Clint gets into his '64 Corvette and cruises until he comes across another party. If this should fail, he and his companions start their own. He doesn't limit his activities to the Annapolis area, either. Many's the time Stormin's party van has been combat loaded, with Clint in the rear



ALEXANDER CALLAS

STEVE CORNWELL

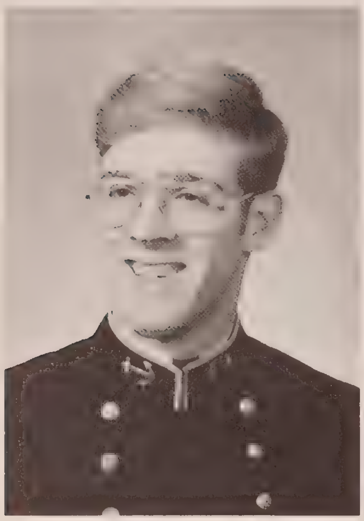
CLINTON CRAGG

STANLEY B. CRAIR

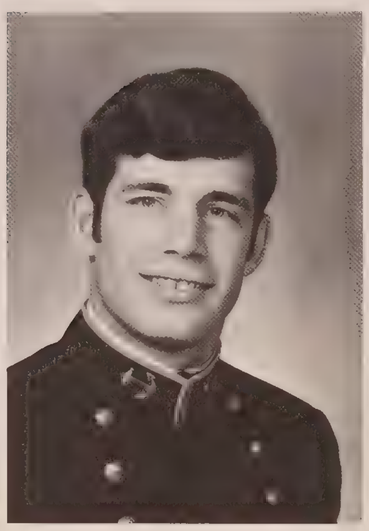
From the moment he took the oath, Bruce took on the endless challenge of making changes at the bote skool. He envisioned white sandy beaches, wall to wall girls, and an endless supply of your favorite drink. He began making plans to move the number-one party academy to Southern California. Well Bruce, there is still red-beach and Congress got you the girls (not quite what you had in mind, is it?). Since his dream was still a dream, Bruce had to use the extra time to study (Yes Bruce, that's s-t-u-d-y). They told him it was going to be "physiques." Another good deal! Sorry, Bruce. The Physics folks did let you study heavenly bodies. His athletic ability could be seen on the varsity soccer field for the first three years. Then he traded in his soccer career for company support and a pair of crutches. Bruce was hooked into nuke powered subs. Get that California tan NOW!

From out of the shadows they appeared, in long black overcoats, and carrying sawed-off shotguns. It's the BENO family! They stop and from the center comes the man from "The Island", Daddy Beno himself. He had avenged the class of 78 in platoon drill and taken the colors . . . Not satisfied with our pay, Vinny set up his own T-shirt company to remedy the situation. In quieter moments Vinny spent his time trying to sneak "feet" (and other parts of the anatomy) past the censors. If the "Horny One" hadn't missed that exit, he'd probably be an artist now. Even with the rigors of a double major he found time to help design the class crest and paint Tecumseh. A firm believer in the "BOLT" theory, Vinny could usually be found in the arms of one of the local beauties. Always looking on the bright side, he lived by his motto, "You don't stop laughing because you grow old, you grow old because you stop laughing." Come June, he'll be Pensacola bound with his wife (and kids?) at his side and never will there "BE-NO . . . " again!

Mike came from Saudi Arabia, and even though he wasn't a foreign national, he was treated like one till we got to know him. Plebe year we saw little of him as he was always out sailing on the Severn, down in the rifle range, or over at the ice rink. And when we did see him, he always had something pleasant to say, even to his steam prof! Youngster year saw more sailing with competition in the North American Championships. Then second class year, Barney gave up varsity sports to join intramural championship teams to squash and tennis. He moved to Mt. Vernon, Virginia and discovered a taste for good wine and expensive living! Ring Dance saw him with a beautiful girl and a gleam in his eye but West Point got the nod. First class year Barney joined the ranks of the Toyota owners and what USAA doesn't know won't hurt them. Mike is a hard working Physics major and should be seen driving submarines around for a long time provided he never tells Rickover where to go!



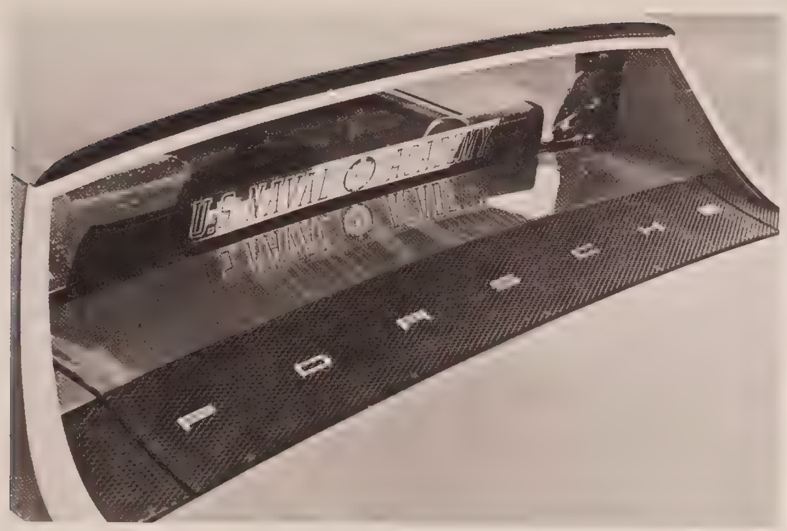
CHRISTOPHER J. DAVIDSON



VINNY diGIROLAMO

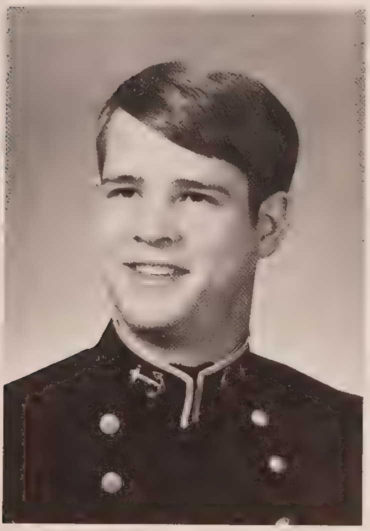
MICHAEL OWEN FIFER

The third member of the Three Musketeers, Duke arrived via crew shell from Ballwin, Missouri, but learned that if you take a "Boomer" you get there seven days late (right, Dog?). The quiet, dedicated member of the trio, Duke was quickly changed for the better when he learned to sip a few "cold ones." His roommates found they couldn't live without him and in appreciation made him permanent ICOR. The only man in the Brigade to possess a Harvard crew shirt and Rowbutt, Duke still managed to put "max time" into his easy major. Even so, Duke always felt he didn't know "Jack . . . ". Besides his major he could always be found rooting for the Cards, scribbling on his Trident calendar, or driving Dog up the wall with his "Archaic" music. The Xmas holidays were always Duke's favorite, in fact he loved them so much he once put on a one-man Goat Court Xmas show. Never a dull moment for the Three Musketeers, the Duke was a perfect compliment. However, he must always remember, "The gouge is, no gouge!"



BYRON J. B. FINK

"Nothing in the world can take the place of persistance;
Talent will not;
Nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent
Genius will not;
Unrewarded genius is almost a proverb
Education will not;
The world is full of educated derelicts.
Persistance and determination alone are omnipotent."
Track records are history
Life is so short, there is no time to look back and cry or rest on your laurals.
When you stop learning, you stop growing.
So it's off to Quantico for me
Good luck and farewell to those I leave behind.



NORMAN T. HANSEN

Welcome, Rodeo Fans! Norm came to us from the great state of Wyoming where a Saturday night is a total loss if the cowboys don't get into a fight. One may ask, "How can a cowpuck get interested in the Navy?" Good Question. Norm still asks himself that one. Seriously though, Norm wanted to come here so bad that he left his application lying around so that his mother had to fill it out. (True story). Norm's first impressions of the Academy were different. Although his two roomates fought the Arab-Israeli War every day, Norm remained neutral. As Plebe year started, Norm's study habits deteriorated to what they are today, nothing. This was probably stimulated by his marching which occurred because a "classmate" thought his duty to God and Country was greater than Norm's duty to patronize the American liquor industry. In any case this did not affect the Saturday nights of the next two years. Through these rare moments Stormin Norman developed his philosophy on life – Eat, Drink, and be Merry for tomorrow . . .

MARK WARREN HONECK

Dear Mark,
Well, our time together has finally come to an end. Four years ago we started as roommates and today we're leaving as brothers. In between the two, a lot had to happen to make it all possible. Together, we had our good times and our bad times, our rowdy times in the 4-1 rumbles (get the MOOW), and our cool times convoying (break 19 for that number one wise man). When you first got here, you had a lot of ideas and goals for yourself but these started to change almost immediately. Your service selection went from nukes to air to corps. Now, following Jeremiah 29:11-13, you're headed out to San Diego to become that one special person on an LGB (for awhile anyway), and I know that you'll do your best for Him. Thanks to the Holy Spirit, our time together isn't really ending, it's just starting.

Your Bro,
Greg

P.S. – You owe me ten bucks!

Mark got his career off to a quick start with a pillow on the desk. Youngster year, when he could resort to the rack, he proved himself unable to join the submarine service; he could run deeply but not silently! Second Class year added the challenge of TV but "SLOPPY" never let studies or women get in the way of it or his rack time (except for side trips to get a piece of the rock, Slippery Rock that is). First Class year saw Mark with a zipper in his knee but also with a TR6 in the lot (and a ticket on the windshield), but HOPPS didn't spend all his time in the rack, he was out long enough to make his mark on the H2O Polo team. And even his comic books didn't prevent his graduating as a physics major. Mark's most exciting summer was highlighted by a raid on West Point's Supt. and 15 Woop jeeps. Mark has followed in his father's ('49) footsteps thus far, but now Mark will stick with Navy blue.

Dear Greg,
It seems difficult to believe that it was four years ago that we got thrown together by what we thought to be one of the world's circumstances. Since that time we've come to know that nothing happens by accident. At first we relied on each other through necessity, but since then Ecclesiastes 4:9-10 has come to life through you. The guys (Doc, Bear, Nuts, and the Truns) meant alot, but it was together that we had our rowdy times (4-3 and still rising), our times of confusion (What am I gonna do?!), and our times of prayerful concern (it didn't take long with YP668's help). We've come a long way since that time and you can be sure I appreciate my almost constant roommate (not even a coffee-break). Seriously, though, you are a brother to me and no earthly distance will separate us thanks to His Holy Spirit. God Speed . . .

—Mark

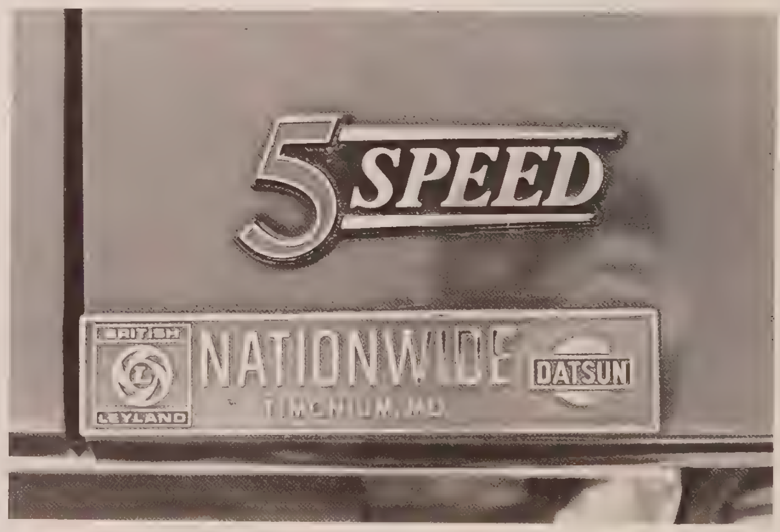
P.S. You owe me ten bucks.

MARK E. HOPPE

GREG LONG

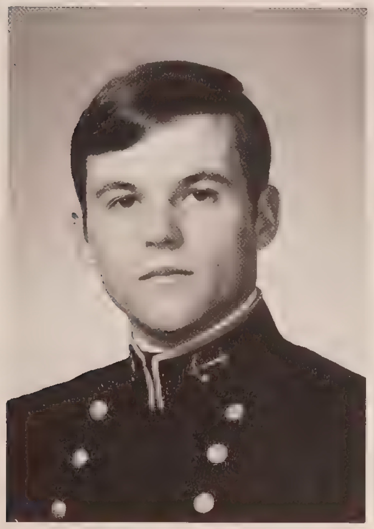
Kevin E. Lynch, midshipman, USNA. Simply amazing! After a year at UCONN, Kevin's big question at the Academy was, "What is a "REG?" The GRINCH, as he preferred to call himself, promulgated "Riotous activities" as the directive of the year. EVERY YEAR! During his time at USNA, people wondered what he majored in. Some said "English." Most of us said "P.E." Every morning of the week, the GRINCH was dressed for P.E. What a monster! Known as Dr. J on the courts, Fred Astaire on the dance floor, and the J. Carson of conversation, the GRINCH refused to let things get him down. No one but he could be called "King of the Form-2 Statement." This young man out of Putnam, Conn. is a credit to our class. With his Irish charisma, the GRINCH now takes on his next assignment, the U.S. Navy. And to his future children, the "B" says, "Hi Kids!!!"

KEVIN E. LYNCH



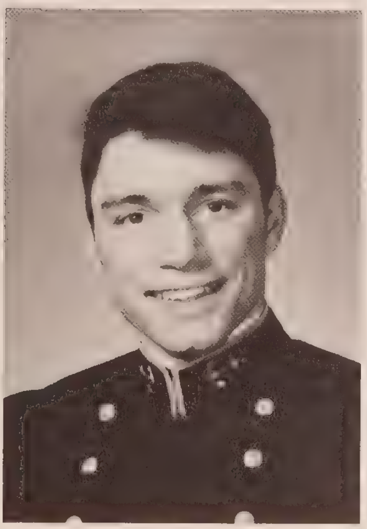
BYRON FRANK MARCHANT

He came to USNA as Byron F. Marchant and is now universally known as "B." He tried every sport Navy had to offer before deciding to do what he did best; run for the Big Blue. Since then our little stud has run away from Maryland, Penn., N.Y.U., and Cornell as well as Jane, Mary and Rosa (and here she is!!). "B" was uptight before he discovered the Art of Rembranting. His four year job as ICOR turned out well, he only got fried twice for Grinch's junk. These questions have been posed to him many times: 1) Did you ever eat everything you bought? 2) Did you ever go to bed before one o'clock? 3) Did you ever strip your rack? On the real side, "B's" honesty and deep feeling for human nature makes him invaluable to the Navy and all who know him. Thanks "B" for a great four years!



MARK McNAIR

Mark McNair was one of those guys that nobody saw for the first three years. He remained in the background, only to be seen excelling on the sports field. After two of his former roommates retired from the Academy in favor of the Realistic Civilian Environment, Mark settled into a rigid academic routine, and his unique study habits (ZZZ . . .) have moved him up to the top. Third Class year brought about some major changes in Mark's life. He discovered a wonderful girl and a steady relationship with the Lord. Then First Class year, as if waiting for a cue, Mark bloomed into a roudy three-striper who led his compnay to a victorious first semester. His all-around athletic ability could be witnessed on any sport field, tennis court, or even on the slopes. Mark has traded in his "Stars and Stripes Forever" for a pair of "Green Sleeves" and Marine Air.



CHARLES AUGUSTUS MILLER III

Chuck alias: the tall Oklahoman, CAMIII, CDMI, 77 polar expedition member, and Chuckles the Clown, came to USNA to learn new things, to go to exciting places, and to meet new people. Chuck is best remembered for his amazing ability to talk his way out of anything (4ac boards); thus earning him the title "The Man with the Golden Tongue!" He is also gifted with Chuck Luck" – who else could have received a "C" in naval law summer school, have his records lost, and five months later be retested and receive an "A" for the course. Although Chuck is a selfprofessed radical, he is really a practical down-to-earth romantic who was born twenty years too late. Chuck is famed for his notorious love life with a string of broken hearts ranging from Oklahoma, San Diego, Annapolis, and all the girl mids on his YP cruise who fell in love with him for his exemplary leadership, charm, and "E" boat performance as their skipper. He is engaged, will marry upon graduation, and pursue a career in the surface Navy.

DAVID W. MORRIS

Dave began his career at USNA on the right foot, by arriving three days late for Plebe Summer. Masqueraders had to take a back seat to Academics for three years, but "One More Morris" always found time for Donatelli's when he had the money, and Disco Dahlgren when he didn't. Between parties, Dave actually managed to learn something during his four years at the Academy. From the Friday night Risk marathons he learned: he is good at something. From wires he learned: suicide is painless Batt. . From his Supply job he learned: how to count rifles. From the 77 Polar Expedition he learned: good things come to those who wait. From the Academy's delay in allowing him to be an English major he learned: NON ILLEGITIMANDUM CARBORUNDUM. The list is endless. I guess the best way to sum up his total experience at USNA is his quote: "It's been real . . . it's been nice . . . but, it ain't been real nice."

Kevin came to hysterical Annapolis from historical Fairfax, Va. A man of many talents, he consistently applied himself in the realm of academics, as his QPR remained at zenith. As a seeker of gouge yet a master of exams, Kevin found his International Security Affairs major quite trivial. A modest soccer player, Kev declined a varsity career at Navy and instead supported the company and battalion level soccer teams. For one who never really strove for stripes, he continually wore a uniform accentuated by King Midas himself. Yes, who was this enigma, Kevin O'Keefe? Well a description of sorts was finally submitted as he was selected a member of Who's Who in American colleges. And so as another Naval Academy career ends, with this personification of "Stars and Stripes Forever", we find Kevin Peter O'Keefe, an unblemished apple to the Navy and especially, true to the Corps.

KEVIN PETER O'KEEFE

LARRY B. OLSEN

3.9 Cum, Physics major, Sups list; what a nerd, right? Wrong again, Buffalo breath! Beach came to Hotel Bancroft via Los Altos, California. A natural leader, Larry showed all that he was ready to take charge, like the time he rearranged a classmate's room (an Army prank?), or the time he put the stink berries in the 4-1 head, or how about those Marine haircuts?? If that wasn't enough, he traveled to Air Force second class year and showed the Zoomies how to do it the Navy way. A member of the Three Musketeers, a two time PDA offender, Beach teamed up with an old Dog and raised more hell on liberty than the Devil. Remember the Xmas party at Buzzy's and that weekend at the Academy Motel? Those Southern Belles never had it so good . . . Many good times, but what the Boys will remember Larry for is that he was a great buddy and that he showed USNA that you can still get a 4.0 and have one helluva good time. BAY! BAY!!

THOMAS L. REHRIG

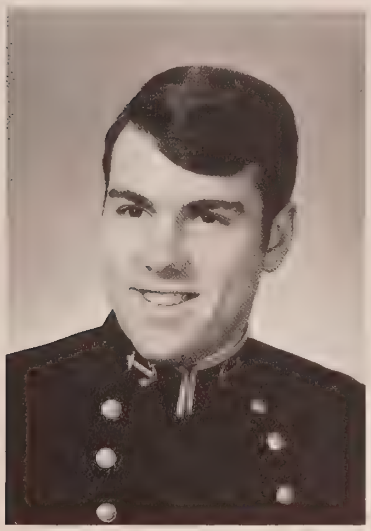
Tom is a man of many talents. For three years, between Risk marathons, football games, and runs to Lake Chataugua, he found time to be the senior partner in the following enterprises: "Tom's Barber Shoppe"; "Tom's Press Shoppe"; "Thomas' Restaurant" (Eat at Tom's, best food west of Steerage); and of course, Rehrig's Chinese Theater. However, there was a brief period Youngster year when he had to close down his whole operation because he blew his cover in front of the "DEKE". Despite his many varied and imaginative collateral duties, Tom managed to find time to study occasionally. Tom knows how to take care of his friends, too. He was Company Gouge Rep for WIRES, very liberal with his father's scotch, and instrumental in the Great Debauchery of Homecoming 76 and the 77 Polar Expedition to Chataugua. His plans include TAD, TBS, and a seat in an OV-10.

CRAIG R. SAVANT

Dear Doc,

You have come a long way since you arrived at USNA with your Florida tan, southern drawl, and quiet disposition from Ski Town USA. You came to Navy to become a Naval Officer but Christ had another purpose, a complimentary purpose, for you also. He sent you here so that guys like Mark, Greg, Bill, Mark M., and me could get to know Him too. You impressed people with your honesty and sincerity as well as a great deal of athletic ability. Your hands on the football field and arm on the baseball field will be long remembered in 26. Unlike most of us you were hooked from the start. Every time Ops Info came up we knew that you would be on it trying to spend a little more time with Lisa who will become your bride on June 17th. Wherever Christ leads you in life may His Blessing and presence go with you.

"Dave will develop into a fine Naval Officer." So ended many a grease chit written about Dave. But we all knew he'd never be happy unless he ended up in a green flying machine. If one word could characterize Dave, it would be change. Before he got to Navy, he changed states once a year whether he needed it or not. He began, wanting to fly fighters for the A.F. switched to Navy fighters, and ended up wanting to fly Cobras. He never could make up his mind! But Dave was really serious about USNA, how many other guys brassoed their spiffies. Dave decided to change from Tech to Bull. He loved sailing, but changed to less aggressive sports like soccer and football. The girls of his life changed until he found a cute Wyoming cowgirl. However, it took the Lord to change the most important things in Dave's life, his heart and outlook on life.



DAVE TRUNDY

Hailing from that bustling metropolis of Suitland, Md., Mel hit the shores of Crabtown after a year's layover at NAPS. At one time a key member of the Varsity Swimming Squad (sub), Aqua-Rock swam his way into the heart of many a swimming instructor. Though not one to hoard his 'libs,' he has been known on occasion to wear an SD'B' home "in the event I am somewhat tardy in my return." We all know you love that uniform! Speaking of which, after knocking heads with the lightweights for two years, this defensive back finally earned the privilege of wearing the casual, almost civilian, letter sweater to class (but Mel, where's your star?). Academically a budding mathematician, Mel has found that breaking the 3.0 barrier was almost as hard as deriving the proof for the Cauch-Buniakovskii-Schwarz Inequality in two minutes. But, any way you look at him, as evidenced by his Plebe Detail exploits as Color Company Commander, Uncle Sam's Navy is getting one of Annapolis' finest in Mel Williams.

MELVIN GENE WILLIAMS, JR.

Hailing from Colorado, Brad came to the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology never forgetting his Coors and Golden Buffaloes (one in particular). B.T. was always a Navy sports fan . . . "You can make me go to the game, but you can't make me like the team." But Brad did play for Navy, both as a baseball pitcher and on the pistol team. However it didn't take him long to discover the joys of intramural sports. He starred on both Fastpitch and Batt Tennis, though we never heard much about the Heavies quarterback. Ever the jock, B.T. consistently was the pace man for the 6:29 mile club. Keeping up the fast pace, B.T. was fond of the O'Club (any O'Club), and liquor and women made a tremendous combination for him. The only thing that ever slowed him down were his Chem labs (Except the labs where he made his own) and his crippled Vega. If Brad ever decides to like the Navy, he'll be an asset.

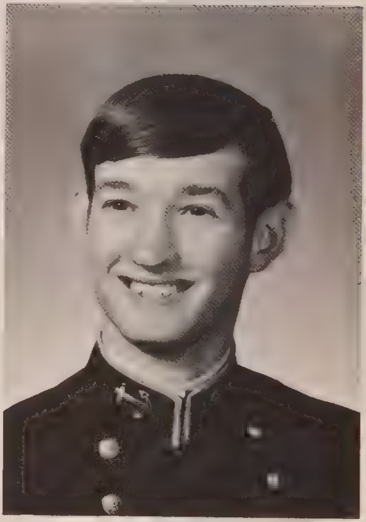
BRADLEY TARR WILSON

27th Company

JOHN JOSEPH ACLIN, JR.

When John came to us from Lowell, Mass., it was a week before we realized that he wasn't on his knees. He rapidly remedied this situation by using his volume to become Company mouth rep, with "Burgers, sir" as his battle cry. Purporting to be studying, J.J. actually logged more hours of sleep in his chair than in his rack. John's major ECA was acting as the leader of the Penguin Patrol. When out for a wild night on the town, John could usually be found in Miss B's with a glass of milk and brownies. Being a Systems Engineer, his First Class project was to put his Second Class Celica back together. John's common law marriage of three years to Dave received an anullment by the Striper Board when they named him Deputy Brigade Commander. Nuclear Power claims this man, and we're certain he'll do well, since he's already built to fit into small submarine spaces.

Dave, the loquacious Sooner, came from Oklahoma with an identical stranger. During his early years the only thing that drew him away from his pencil necking was checking out the cars in the Mercedes lot. As a member of the Miss B squad, Dave always had a home away from home in downtown Annapolis. Many of his nights in the past three years were spent playing Perry Mason as the Company honor rep. With Surface Line claiming this man, may his seas be calm and his dramamine always close at hand.



DAVID BENNETT

27th company's Archie Bunker came to us from Staten Island, N.Y., with a beer in one hand and a diet plan in the other. Immediately dubbed "Aqua-Rock," "Bey-Man" has many fond memories of the pool. It always seemed as if Glen was losing weight, but he did manage to play some good ball with 150's team. The mile run was a major milestone in "Bey-Man's" semester, but he always made the mark. Glen chose the tough road of E.E. but rolled right along with few problems and very little sleep. Somehow he found time to give E.I. to half of the company and still keep his grades up. The sleep Glen lost at night was often made up in class the next day. "Bey-Man" was one of those guys who could fix anything but his major accomplishment was grease, the company heard with relief, "It works!" No one will ever forget Glen's last ditch effort for NPQ, but whatever the result, CEC or Surface Line, the Navy's getting a good man.

GLEN ROBERT BEYER

RICHARD KENNETH BOCH

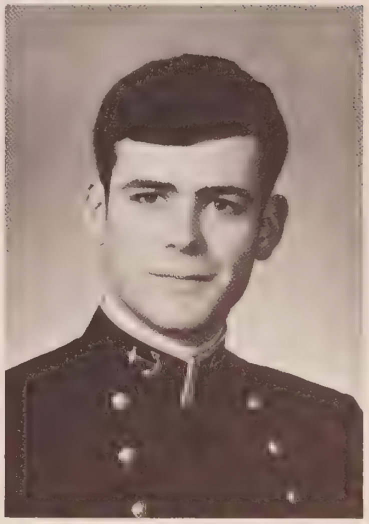
WANTED: Richard Kenneth Boch
DATE OF BIRTH: 11 March 1978
BIRTH PLACE: Smoky Cit. Pa.
ALIASES: Mongo, R.K., Sargent Rock
ASSOCIATES: Often seen in cheap bars caressing small furry animals
DESCRIPTION: Fancies himself a Robert Redford look alike; comes closer to a muscular bullfrog
BACKGROUND: Boch is accused of extreme sarcasm; he may be considered armed and fully loaded, though not in possession of a full deck. His BIZARRE behavior is attributed to abusive consumption of Rolling Rock and SKOAL. In addition to cheap bars he frequents coal mines – where he is said to fondle large quantities of bituminous lumps. If found contact duck or your local USMC.

JAMES EDWARD BOWDOIN

Jebber undoubtedly turned a few heads when he put on his first class shoulderboards, although he knew he would make it as soon as he figured out what x squared over x was plebe year. Known mainly for his academic achievements "Prince Henry" managed to navigate his way back to his room after Saturday nite libs third class year. Never letting academics interfere with his education Jebber became almost as expert as "Grinch" at finding the gouge and managed to pass almost every course while double majoring in management and technology. He became a member of the Brotherhood of the Resistors first class year gaining access to information very few mids will ever know about. First class year Jebber could be found logging quite a few flight hours at altitude preparing for Pensacola.

BOB ALLAN BRAUER

Bob came sailing into our little haven of bliss on a TWA flight from Kansas City, Mo., and hasn't stopped sailing since. A devoted Yachtsman, Bob even gave up his summer leave to sail. Bob has been heard to mention how fond he was of P-rades; having marched all of them from the deck of a sailboat. Sailing for the first time on Patriot, Bam Bam went boom-boom down an open hatch and landed with a few cracked ribs. Undaunted he pressed on and is now her skipper. Bob's love of Jaguars, sailing, and Deb is only exceeded by his love of sleep. He was a four year letterman on the varsity rack team and winner of the Z star for the last three seasons. Bob was Vice-President of Sigma Iota Epsilon. A Management major, Bob has skated through the last four years with relative ease. A class A guy and good friend, we wish Bob fair winds and following seas for the rest of his career.



TIMOTHY P. CALLAHAN

Callawoop, coming to the Academy from Woo-Poo-U territory, Monroe, New York, remains the sole survivor of The Great Potatoe Incident. He was quickly named a Roommate All-American as he lost three roommates to the Axe-Board and two others to CivLant, trading ships for tanks, Tim spent the first semester of second class year learning how to march on an academic vacation at West Point. Tim's academic major was physics with minors in Human Relations and CAO. A perfect life is like that of a ship of war which has its own place in the fleet and can share in its strength and discipline, but can also go forth alone in the solitude of the infinite sea. We ought to belong to society, to have our own place in it, and yet be capable of a complete individual existence outside of it.

– Hamerton –

JOHN CANADAY

John hails from Cambridge, Ohio.
He went to Bullis Naval Prep School before coming here.
That first summer was pretty easy.
He just had to teach his roomie how to make a rack.
The next four years, he had to teach himself how to pass.
With such things as Wires, Calc and Physics, it wasn't easy.
In the afternoons, he could always be found at the boat house.
In his spare time, he would make polar expeditions to Buffalo.
Or, he would go to a friend's house in town.
His summers were spent in beautiful Naples or Norfolk.
Or, training plebes how to be mids.
He plans to go Surf Line.

Jerry came to the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology after a year of prepping at Penn State. His response to Plebe Year was the invention of the patented "Wall Theory" which allowed him to skate through freshman and sophomore years without ever appearing on the Form-1. However his luck ran out junior year when "Bombs Away" earned his Black N at Army. Senior year "Crash Chasko" found out why you shouldn't try to do barrel rolls in your car. An M.E. major who was always in search of the Gouge, Jerry should do well as one of Rickover's reactor runners.

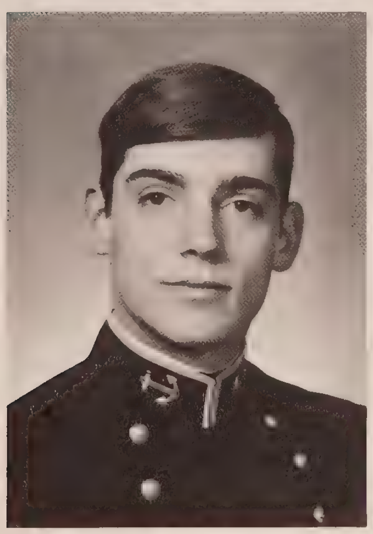
GERALD CHASKO

Fitz may have drifted into us by accident and no one is quite sure if he intended to land at USNA or not, but he finally did let go the anchor and settle down for four years. You couldn't miss Fitz on induction day, he was the only one in our class that reported with golf clubs, a tennis racket, bowling ball and an accordion under one arm and John Denver's Rocky Mountain High under the other. There were four loves in Fitz's life: Mary, Colorado, flying and an Irish Setter named Shaulie; not necessarily in that order. Fitz came to boat school intending to major in auto mechanics, but when he found it wasn't offered he decided that EE was the next best thing. After many hours of E.I. with "Bey-Man" he ended up a general engineer. Maybe auto mechanics was the way to go after all. If anything was ever missing from anyone's room they immediately went to Fitz. Lost pens, erasers, rulers, etc. had an uncanny ability to show up in his drawer, but he never knew how they got there. All taken in, here comes one good officer and pilot.

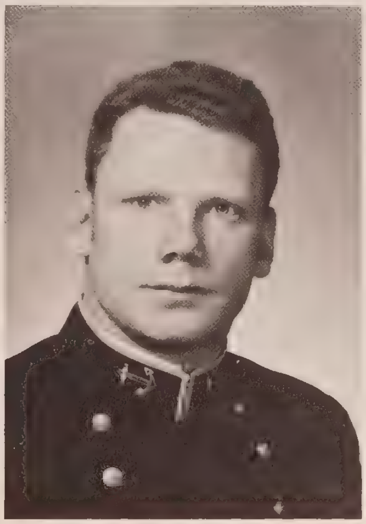
DONALD D. FITZSIMMONS

Legs is still not sure exactly whey he came to the Academy. He often wishes he were making candles at some real co-ed dorm in Boulder. Nevertheless he skated through a major in Physics, somehow cramming in 10 hours a week of study. They say he once stayed awake through an entire class. As the elected squadron commander, he had many followers academically. Lee, the resident Polack, had his striper potential and his week old car both come to an abrupt halt when he picked up the habit of drinking through telephone poles. He made many new acquaintances from this, most of them carried swords and worked in Main (O) however. Being from Denver, Lee always enjoyed a good Rocky Mountain High. He could always be counted on to be the life of a party or concert, because everybody always had a lot of fun carrying him out. After giving up the demolition derby, "Crash" plans to get married to his high school sweetheart, and becoming editor of National Lampoon.

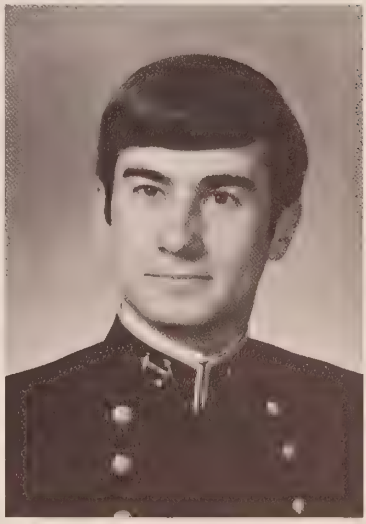
Originally from Garfield Heights, Ohio, Ken will be remembered by many people for his amiable, outgoing personality. His ability to laugh at himself as easily as laughing at others helped keep company morale at its' peak. Although not fond of academics, Ken managed (somehow) to keep his grades and wardroom T.V. time well above average. Undaunted by personal tragedy, Ken's strong character proved to be a valuable asset during the many trying moments at the Academy. A tough athlete on the football field, but a romanticist at heart, Ken holds friendship as the most important possession a person can have. He realizes the brevity of life and will not let the simple and beautiful things in life escape from him. But most importantly, Ken will be sharing life's simple pleasures with Cheryl. "I have alot of living yet to do and I am glad Cher is going to be sharing it with me."



LEE A. GARD



KENNETH JERRY PATRICK HALEK

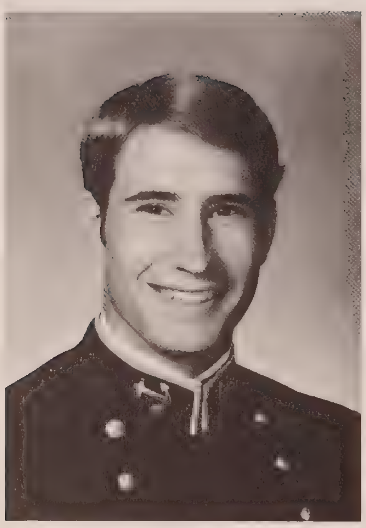


DON HAMBLEN

Ramblin Don Hamblen entered the Naval Academy in 1974 with two things on his mind: his hangover and the quickest way back to Indiana. As the prospect of IU became more distant Don developed a distinctive flow for balancing serious pencil-necking with severe partying. In preparation for Navy Air Don NFOed the ghetto cruiser through many a hazardous trip, finally breaking the Ripple barrier on a wintry night about 3 feet above the Pa. turnpike. The Olympic summer marked Don's fall into lust. The affair exploded abruptly, resulting in the return of the Pinto and the loss of a rabbit, and a valuable experience gained. Footloose and fancy free Don determined he would spend the rest of his Naval career riding the eye of the hurricane. First class year netted Don some of the "good girls" while he stayed small enough not to care. He will undoubtedly give five good years to the Navy, maybe more.

Dan has been on the run ever since he came here from the "SHADE" And Sun of the Garden State. It only took Dan until October of his Plebe year to meet the Commandant and receive his Black N. This did not slow Dan down and he went on to earn his varsity letter in track. Dan could always be found in Mitcher Hall working on his QPR. With a name like Holloway, Dan could not help but to get his three stripes. NO relation! Dan was always ready to help someone out, and you could see him setting up class parties and picnics if he was not busy with one of Mrs. M's blind dates. After graduation, Dan hopes to be chasing after his water wings.

DANIEL P. HOLLOWAY



JOHN ALEXANDER HUESEMAN

Johnny Weezman, the original "Mr. Good Morning Sunshine", was one of those who became a Physics major not for the curriculum, but because it had the fewest hours. He spent the last 3 years using his nose to sniff out the gouge for every physics assignment and test. Hue's nose almost got him in big trouble 2/c year when he got hit during a hockey game. After his tour at USNA hospital, be became known as "Dr. Death." Realizing early in the game that he couldn't get a letter playing for the ice hockey team, Hues decided that a Black N was better than no letter at all. Never one to overwork, Hues could be seen driving out the gate with a carload of firsties to celebrate being over the hump every Wednesday evening. John, who brought his sarcastic wit with him from St. Louis, will be "driving one of those big rigs" after graduation.

STEPHEN JONES

Steve Jones (Jonesy) hails from Brooklyn New York. Soon after arriving here he joined that musical organization known as the Drum and Bugle Corps. After playing in shows for a year with D&B, he decided to turn to detail drumming, to have more time to work on his grades. Steve's grades were his biggest problem here, but by God's Grace, and a little work, he made it.

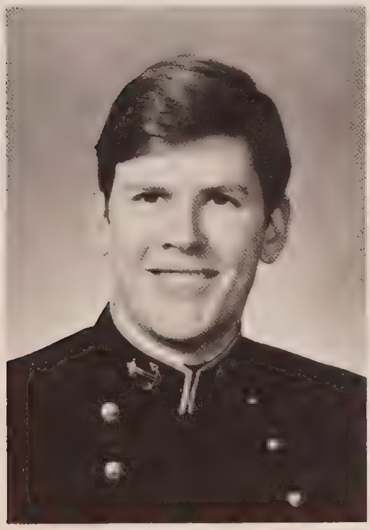
ANDREW THOMAS KARAKOS

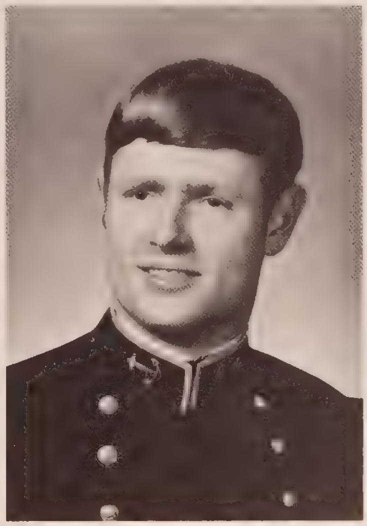
Being a navy junior, Andy found it difficult to give a name for his home town. Andy graduated from Maury High School in Norfolk, Va., joined the Navy, and ended up a "white hat" at the Naval Academy Preparatory School in Bainbridge, Md. While at Navy he found the academics to be rough for him and after many coins had failed, he began to flip other things at Tecumseh. Andy is a driver of a 280-Z, member of the Antiphonal Choir, Varsity 150 lb football team, and a 5th Batt. Lacrosse player. Following in his father's footsteps Andy joined the Navy and made his service selection that of Pensacola, Fla. and Navy Air.

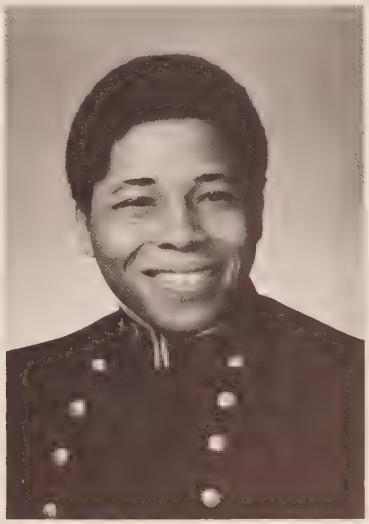
"Kirk-you woman!" How about calling a player who scored 33 pts in the last game of plebe year " a woman"? But then again, that coach wasn't very NEER to his heart. Brian had some super moments in his b-ball career at Navy even though he opted for the dime seats with Doc in his last year. Brian saw humor in any situation, whether it be in a wires class or sitting on the bench and doing the play by play. Brian even thought it was funny to march off those 75 demerits from the Buzzy inquisition. Brian had high goals to become an engineer, but his interest in girls, b-ball and sleep soon wore any hopes away. Brian perfected a new study method, which no one has yet to figure out. He passed without even buying the books. Second class year brought a new distraction into the hall, and Brian quickly knew every plebette. Brian will be missed by those close to him, but the Navy is getting a fine man. What we'll really miss is the best dunker Navy has seen in many years!

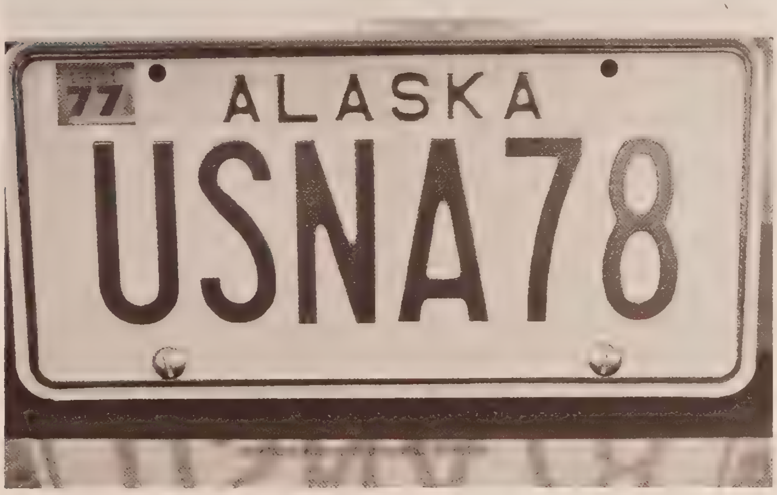
"Tootin' Tom" has the distinction of being the only surviving Texan left of the 3 originals from plebe year. Proud of his Odessa heritage, he was often found clad in his blue jeans, boots, Skoal T-shirt, beaver skin 10-gallon hat, with a Lone Star beer in one hand, the wheel of his pick-up in the other, listening to Jerry Jeff sing "Redneck Mother". T.L. always knew when to change horses. He traded his Trans Am before it was due to fall apart, and in a brilliant strategic move he abandoned his Physics major to become a Phy-Sci man. Now his semester QPR is higher than he can count. He was voted honorary pencil neck for his efforts. "Weatherman Lawson" was the company authority on meteorology, which came in handy because people planned for the opposite of what he predicted. Upon graduating, Redneck Tom has no plans for a Rhodes Scholarship, but instead plans on devoting his time to his equally Texan wife-to-be and flying F-14s.

LEM was born in Fort Lauderdale, Florida on April 1, 1955, the last of his father's April Fool's jokes. Growing up, LEM walked both sides of the street until he decided to take the road that led to USNA, by way of NAPS and his old Guidance Counselor. Leon's fall semesters were spent as the resident stud running back on Navy's big blue. A tougher, hardier player with more guts, courage, and class hardly could be found anywhere. Everyone who knew him was proud that they did. LEM's orange vette has hosted many a young woman, but as yet all he wears is his class ring. After graduation, LEM will actively seek employment with the United States Navy.


BRIAN EUGENE KIRK


C. TOM LAWSON

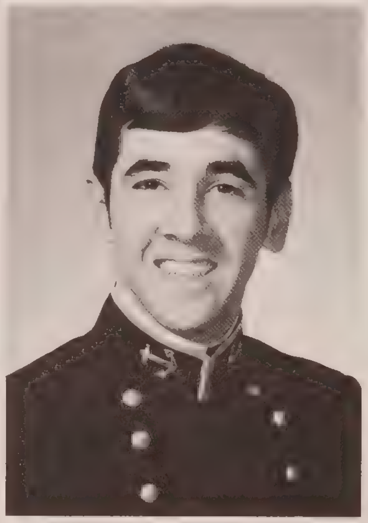

LEON EMMANUEL MILLER



It is Schmit, isn't it? Between cross country and international adventures, Joe had been trying to establish some semblance of creditability within the Division of US & International Studies. Mr. NAFAC had been known, on more than one occasion, to fly Space "A" to California for a date, returning Space "A" the next morning, never spending a dime. After the demise of "Joe Schmitz Liberty", when he was forced to conform to normal standards, a strange metamorphosis occurred and THE DOCTOR was created. Dr. Bizarre was a strange fellow indeed, and nobody will ever know the true cause for his existence. Could it have been 3 weeks with the SEALS in Coronado? Could it have been 4 years with Coach Peery in McDonough? Could it have been hours of German marching music? Or could it have been sweet Football — Head? Whatever it was, San Diego can expect more than the average Academy Ensign when THE DOCTOR reports to SWOS. He's had about enough of the East Coast and plans to resettle and stay awhile in Southern California.

JOSEPH E. SCHMITZ

Roids, better known as "The Wandering Jew" was hand picked by Jim to represent the Chosen People in 27th company's first class. Realizing the importance of this responsibility to the salvation of all concerned he was quick to set an example for his classmates, threading his way around the various regulations along the Holy Path to graduation. He became especially religious whenever there was any Hebrew Libs to be had. People will remember him for many things — "A.J., did you get any?", R.K. for the "Before and After", Tom for guest lecture in etiquette that he gave in Odessa, and LEM for the lessons in animal husbandry which he gladly received. Among the many awards he received while at Navy, the most numerable citations were for illegally parking his car and other small game violation offenses. Marc plans to fly for Navy after graduation, or fly to Canada and become a lumberjack.



MARC SHERMAN

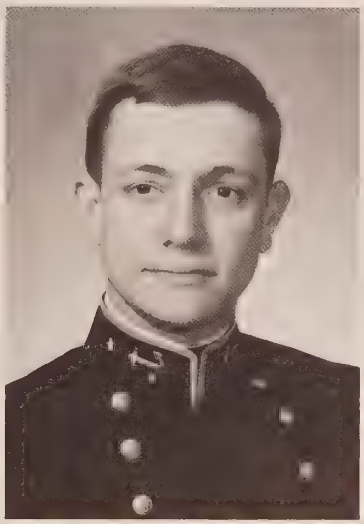
Scott comes to us from Buffalo Mills, a small town in Pa. After being selected as All American in high school basketball, Stones came to USNA and lettered in golf. At the outset Scott had some academic trouble, but he quickly arrested the problem youngster year and has pulled SAT ever since. Now scott subsides on a diet of his stereo sounds, the company wardroom, studies, and plenty of rack. Always ready with a big smile and a friendly word for anyone.

ROBERT SCOTT STONER

This is a man of many nicknames, the most common of which is "Hall". He hails from a place in Pennsylvania that is not quite Norristown, not quite Ambler and, thank heaven, not quite Bluebell. Plebe Summer he was heard to remark that "this is not the enlightening experience I thought it would be". Since then he has been victorious over the swimming sub-squad and has won a losing battle with the Electrical Engineering Department. Youngster cruise took Hall across the Atlantic in one LPD and back in another, with one hour in Rota in between. At a mixer that year he met Debbie. One Saturday night Second Class Year he drove in Gate 8. He did not use a car until next Christmas. Hall has been an active member of the Antiphonal Choir, and its vice-president First Class Year. If his four years here at USNA are any indiciation, Hall should have a very interesting career.

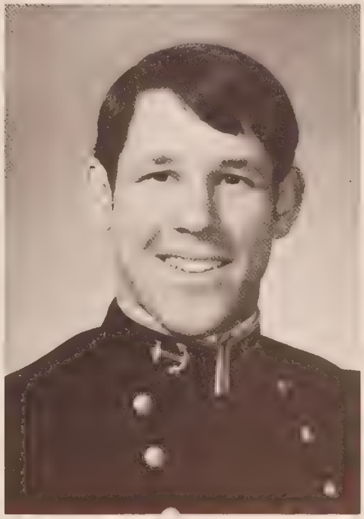
HALL G. VAN VLACK

Guido was a well traveled man. Having lived in such hot spots as Rio de Janero, Tegucigalpa, and East Granby, he was not impressed by the exciting life in Crabtown and remained cool in the hottest situations of plebe year. Paw quickly mastered his Naval Ettiquitte book and soared to great heights of professionalism in the YP Squadron. There were no Yips for Paw to take youngstar cruise, so he took the next best thing, namely the FRAM 1 ORLICK. Although reported sunk he returned to USNA to become a Nark under the formitable Dr. B. To justify his short hair and shining combat boots Paw went Airborne and took morning strolls around the yard. He survived at Fort Benning to win his wings even though he often had trouble finding the ground. The LONG BEACH was Paw's Firsty cruise ship. They had to drag him back to USNA before he could have relieved the skipper. He must have learned something there because he returned to take the J.O.K.E. and busted the curve.



PAUL ANTON WIEDORN

Arnett James Wise is a unique (if not bizzare) individual. Upon being exiled from Subic Bay in 1973, A.J. was interned at the NAPS correctional institute. After it was determined that he had no redeeming qualities, he was sentenced to 4 years of little or no labor at USNA. By that time A.J. was a SKOAL addict; his only respite was an occasional STROHS. While under influence A.J. served as Company Commando of the Olympic Summer. Second class year, his life took an abrupt change; so he escaped the degenerate life of Batt Sub-Commando and with a sarcastic smile accepted the honor of the CAO billet. A.J. went on to work with a band of handicapped malcontents known as the Gay Gold, leading them to 3 Brigade routs. Alas, A.J.'s life took another twist. He has been sentenced by the Parole Board to remedial rehabilitation in Nuke Power. Our hope is that his good hair, pretty eyes, and dashing devil may care attitude pulls him through.



ARNETT JAMES WISE

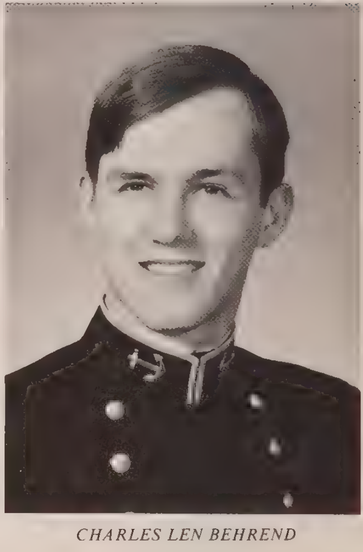
HOWARD SHELEY BAYES, JR.

28th Company

Stop fooling yourselves. If you count yourself above average in intelligence, as judged by this world's standards, you had better put this all aside and be a fool rather than let it hold you back from the true wisdom from above. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness to God. As it says in the book of Job God uses man's own brilliance to trap him; he stumbles over his own "wisdom" and falls. And again, in the book of Psalms; we are told that the Lord knows full well how the human mind reasons, and how foolish and futile it is. So don't be proud of following the wise men of this world. For God has already given you everything you need.
1 CORINTHIANS 3:18-21

DANIEL BEARSS

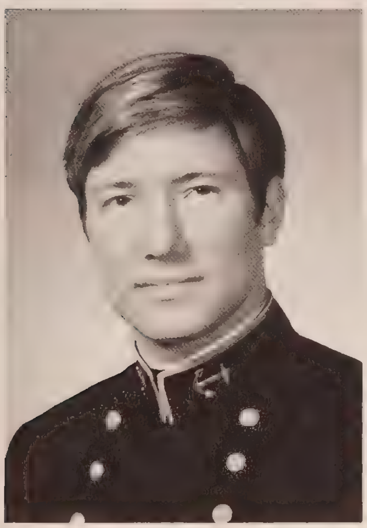
. . . though people today are becoming more content with easy satisfactions, man should remain demanding — he should ask much of himself, for he cannot love the kind of peace which is merely the absence of life and vitality. To be idle is to become a stranger unto the seasons, and to step out of life's procession, that marches in majesty and proud submission towards the infinite. "It is not enough for man to exist, he must live." — Gaston Ruebaffat



CHARLES LEN BEHREND

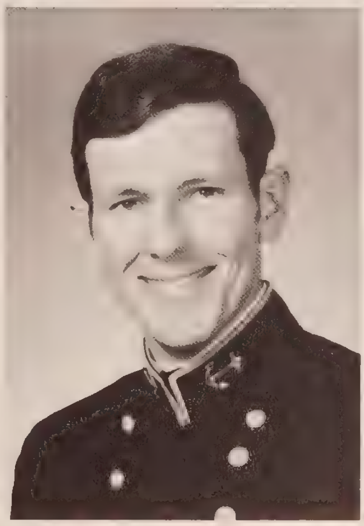
Chuck Behrend comes to Crabtown from the thriving metropolis of Menominee Michigan. "Wierd Chuck" as he affectionately became known by his classmates established himself plebe year as one who would stand out with such famous Naval sayings as "Pass the toast, please," "wud" and "eh." Chuck spent most of his free time working on his homework by osmosis. He logged more rack hours his first two years at USNA than anyone else. Many of his weekends were spent in Philly and upon returning he would tell us the fun he had dodging tennis shoes. Nice try Chuck!! He is now olympic-trained to be an Acapulco cliff diver after 5 tries at the infamous tower. He also qualified expert with his bionic nose when, during the evening hours, he'd burst into an unsuspecting room and ask "Where's the corn." Finally the story is known far and wide about how Chuck, after spending a few hours in Timme's, attacked a bush and won. Good Luck Chuck and remember "They all want it."

Coming from Dallas, Texas, Tom unhitched his horse and set on the road to USNA. His dreams of winning the Heisman were soon dashed by Big Blue and Tom set his mind on becoming the 'Model Midshipman' – as exhibited by his marching ability 2/c year. His real talent lay in his ability to imitate people . . . all 56 of them. To mention just a few, Tom entertained us with Jimmy Carter, "Cookie", and Leon Redbone. Wearing stars plebe year, Tom soon found other pursuits and threw his stars out the window, never to see them return. (By the way Tom, did you claim those on your insurance too?) Tom's good humor enabled him and the rest of his classmates through the tough times. Pugsly should be a welcomed addition to nuclear power and is sure to do well. We wish him only the best and to enjoy that periscope liberty.



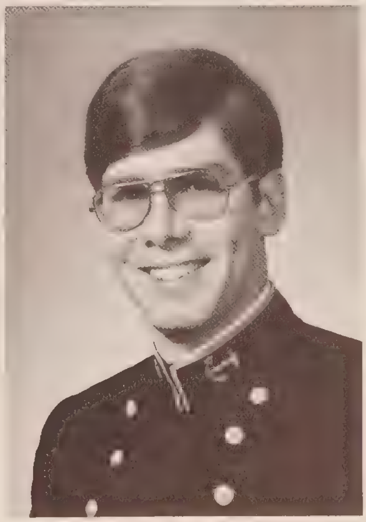
THOMAS H. BOND

The "old man" came to Navy with two years of prior duty at the University of Florida. Casting aside the wine, women and song of his youth he settled down to meet the demands of Bancroft Hall. With the academics squared away he broadened his horizons in the form of a fiancee' who taught school in Balitmore. No lonely weekends for this Mid! As a nuclear power hopeful Russ proved his dedication to the Silent Service by spending two months underwater on a ballistic missile submarine. Back on the surface (and looking a bit pale) he found time to hit the squash courts and run the music department at WRNV radio. Russ, "old man", here's the best of luck in your future endeavors. The fleet will benefit from your conscientious efforts just as we have benefited from your friendship.

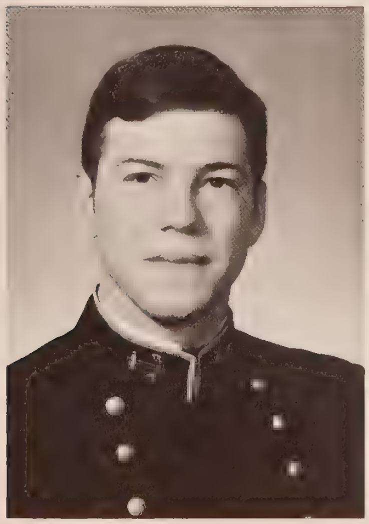


DWIGHT RUSSELL BREWER

Give it to "Mikey", – he eats anything, but don't step on the decal, and wait until the passengers are off before you wake him up! Yea, Mike always gets up in the morning at least an hour before he wakes up. Mike has become quite an expert in the martial arts in his four years here. His accuracy was easily seen when he tossed one roommate out on his left ear! Don't look around the hall for Mike on the weekends – he's bound to be at Tammy's Boarding House; where he was gracefully "picked up" 2/c summer (I thought the guy was supposed to be the agressive one!). Mike never rushes into anything – that's why he's waiting at least a week after graduation until he gets married! Mike does have it easy though; a Mechanical Engineering Major and the Medical Department even chose his service selection for him – URRAAGH!!!



MICHAEL LINDEN COMBS



KEVIN R. CHEEZUM

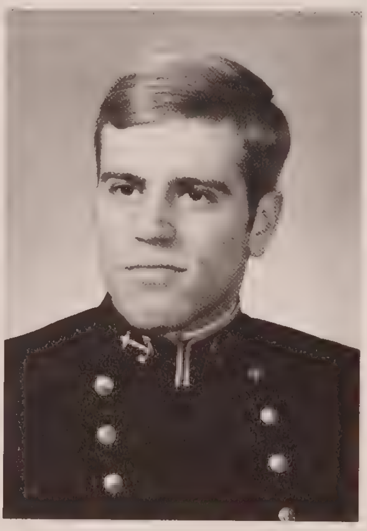
Though this space be small
And its contents be terse,
It holds more love
Than in the universe,
For my mother and brother
Are precious to me
And in my memory, they'll always be,
For they helped me touch Reality.

Kevin

On Friday night Tim, better known as Cureye, polishes his Dingo boots and gets out his fancy cowboy hat for a big night on the town. On these occasions he usually can be found engaging in his favorite pastimes of drinking beer and chasing women. However, Cureye does not spend all of his time partying, he has made several positive contributions to the Brigade. He has expanded our vocabulary with such cureyeisms as "rawly pawly", "rootland", and "scrab goat". He has made Curry seeds hats a part of every well dressed mids wardrobe. He has increased our knowledge of such controversial topics as determining whether corn is male or female corn. A biography of Tim would not be complete without mentioning his bagging it for four years in the Drum and Bugle Corps. He seems to be a little sensitive in this area and often ends the discussion with a Cureye grin and a "case closed" or a quick gesture which is only detected by the trained eye.

TIMOTHY J. CURRY

Casey joined our Country Club after attending NAPS. He showed us all up plebe summer with his knowledge of all things Navy. Actually, plebe year was a rather easy one for him, especially "come-around" with Cavalli. During youngster year his toughest courses were mononucleosis I and Army project II. He tried tonsilitis and strep throat also, but dropped these courses after four weeks. Second class year brought many changes to his life, especially weekends spent with a certain young lady in Alexandria. After the Marine option cruise in Hawaii during first class summer, Casey opted for Surface Line.



KEVIN CHARLES DONLON

Pennsauken, N.J. made the map when Dan joined the ranks at USNA. Commonly known as the "Finagler", Dan could talk his way into or out of anything. "Jimmy-Dan" often entertained us with his personal situation-comedies and with his ability to turn the hall into a wrestling pit. Having a weakness for women, Dan went from dating one girl for 12 months a year to dating 12 girls in one month. The "Finagler" majored in Economics, a major which suited "John Paul Getty, Jr." well. Dan made wise investments with his loan and was last seen reading the "Wall Street Journal." Heading off to Pensacola after graduation, Dan will once again challenge the Dilbert Dunker to a death struggle after almost ending it all 2/c summer. Never a fine swimmer, Dan came a long way and managed to pass every "sink or swim" situation. We're sure Dan's looking forward to the warm water of Florida, and know Dan will make a fine contribution to the Air community.

DANIEL ROY FANELLI

Stefan came to Navy with a year of college behind him and proceeded to try to skip over plebe year. He did not do it but he made a lot of "friends," which he kept for his stay at the zoo. Starting EE plebe year put him academically ahead and behind the eight ball right away. Finishing EE by First class year let him get his bad grades early in life and allowed him to take his last year easy. One often found him First class year doing one sort of project or another. From doing critical analysis on the compression of the horizontal pad to wiring his research projects to WRNV to studying applications of the cathode ray tube he soon identified himself as the company's engineer. Knowing Stefan is a unique and memorable experience where we all benefit one way or another. Best of luck, Stefan, in all your future endeavors. — one man's magic is another man's engineering — Heinlein

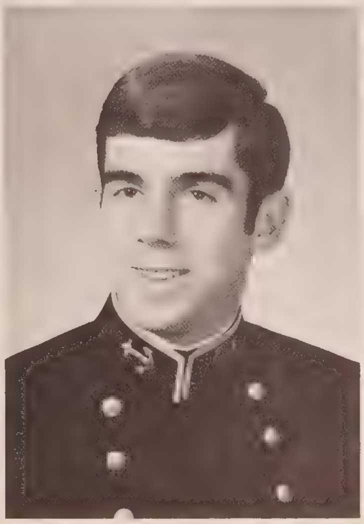
STEFAN A. FEDYSCHYN

MICHAEL CHARLES GASAPO

Gas, originally from the test center of the world, Solvay, N.Y. spent a year at U-Conn. before succumbing to the lure of the sea. Mike was prepared for the rigors of plebe year, but lost the battle of the majors with the Dean. Enriching our lives with Gasapoisms, I.E. the ability to make nonsensical contradictions in the same breath, Mike often told stories that usually ended with the audience rolling on the floor in hysterical laughter. Lines such as "I thought . . . I didn't think," and "that big, little hill" soon made Mike a legend in his own time. Never confusing priorities, Gas was always up for a good time and always went by the book . . . his own. Mike will be a welcomed addition to the Marine Corps, and should make a fine grunt. We will truly miss the 'spo and the good times he gave us all. ARRRUUGH, Mike!

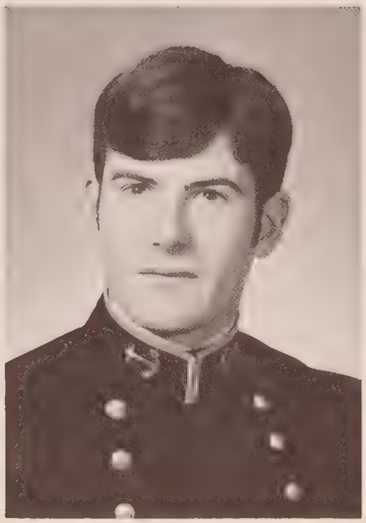
ROBERT J. GILLESPIE

Perception of a friend
One can not base decisions on fact alone.
He must also have the peace of mind that grows from knowledge, understanding, and trust.
Avoiding the narrow-mindedness of the crowd,
till the fruits of his venture bear a leader of men
– One by his own right.
C&B



CHARLES H. GODDARD

Chuck Goddard is known to many as "No-gouge," whose popularity is only challenged by "Cut-throat." Chuck is trying to live up to the old Navy tradition of having a girl in every port. Prospective candidates range from Connecticut to Hawaii. It's a good thing that "Chuckles" is not a baseball player, since striking out seems to be a common event. Chuck is the Brigade's honorary president of the Mickey Mouse Club, due to the likeness in appearance. "Check those ears out!" Chuck defying the laws of engineering, has added several amendments to Murphy's laws. His First class belief is "a happy mid is a partying mid." Disclaiming his own company and joining a company of drunkards, Chuck is rarely seen during the evening hours. Perhaps it was the "Sauce" that convinced Chuck that Nukes are pukes.

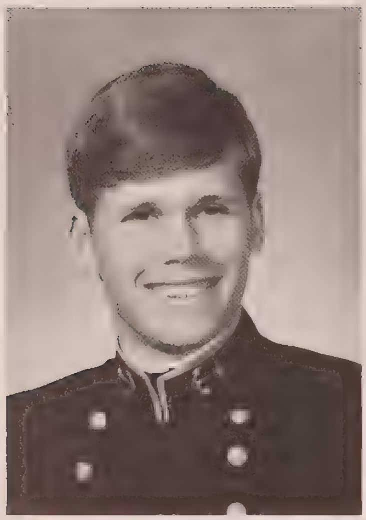


JOHN THOMAS HAMILTON

After a year of partying at Ohio State, Tom decided to continue his desire for the good life by coming to Navy. He never was too bright. Who would have ever thought that he would become Company Commander when we were plebes? Tom's academic prowess was rather unique, many a semester passed when we thought that Tom would become a "road" as in "hit-the-road," scholar. But Tom managed to fight his way through with the rest of us despite many handicaps – most notably his height. Throughout his brief Navy career, Tom managed to leave constant reminders of his presence at Navy: hotel night, hump day, and the Company Commander's piano concert series, the latter being designed as a replacement for the distinguished officer seminar. Tom has opted for the Marines. If he is as good a Marine Officer as he was Company Commander and classmate, the marines will be getting one of the few good men they're looking for.

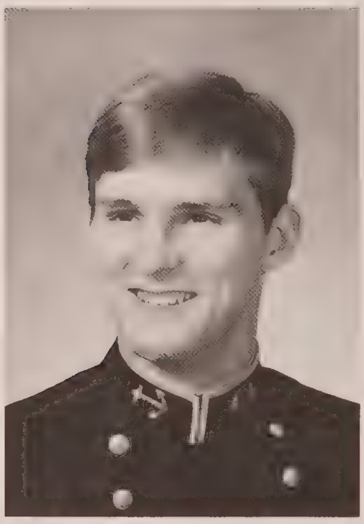
Coming from Blackwood, N.J., Hamps jogged into the Naval Academy in his track warm up suit not knowing whether to stop at Halsey Field House or to keep on going. Four years later, Dave is still here, and has become known as "The Company Instigator." Hampster could always be seen burning the midnight oil, not for studying but to referee the rumble he just caused. His love for baseball was exemplified by turning 6-3 into a pitcher's mound, and using the window as a strike zone. (After strike 1 was called, the MAA cancelled the game). During weekends, Dave could be seen heading north on 301 to see his high-school sweetheart, who is now awaiting post-graduation ceremonies. Whatever field he chooses for his career, (all five years), we wish all the best for Dave because his happy outlook has helped many of us to laugh at the trials of Navy. "Hey Dave, J'eet?" "No, J'u?"

DAVID JAMES HAMPSHIRE



TIMOTHY R. HANLEY

As a small child the Commodore's favorite things were ships, as he grew older this favorite things were still ships, as a Mid — yes, you guess it — ships were still first in his heart. From the day he first arrived at Navy — just a young innocent with a boyish grin — he made it known that the Surface Navy was to be his calling. He quickly established himself as gouge contral for NS, Nav, and plebe pro questions. Serious (occasionally), hard-working (almost always), and conscientious (always) Tim had a YP command as a second class, was Commodore of the YP Squadron during first class year, and even once spent his summer leave on a tug boat bound for Homer, Alaska. To say of his future such things as "fine officer" or "promising career" would be trite. Let's just say he will have a lot to offer the Navy for a long time.



JAMES ERNEST HARBISON

James Ernest Harbison came to Annapolis with hayseed in his hair and gunge in his heart. As the Lone Ranger, he and the black Tonto took the Plebe regiment by storm. Early on, Jim exhibited tremendous potential academically, professionally and athletically. Fortunately for his wayward friends, he left these resources untapped and devoted his time to intense partying. Repeated attempts to perfect the technique of sleeping while driving earned Jim some neat scars, a punctured lung and max rack time. In company softball, he proved that the ankle was not meant to be rotated 360 degrees; once again the surgeon sharpened his scalpel. More luck with cars landed Jim a jeep that rejected engines like heart transplants. Luckily for Jim (or the Navy?), he sees only black and white and so will remain on terra firma. With such tremendous assets and resources, Jim can not fail to slip the surly bonds and attain new heights of success as an officer.

MICHAEL R. JOHNSON

Mike Johnson came to Canoe U one warm July day still wet behind the ears after four typically uneventful years in high school. After a short period of adjustment to the Navy way of life and a wipe it off that left his plebe summer squad leader speechless, we knew the transition was complete. Ho, as he affectionately become known, was an avid sports enthusiast. I recall those cold winter days when his classmates were nestled warmly in their racks, Mike was working for an N* in varsity swimming sub squad, thus the nickname aqua-rock. Taking pride in his appearance, every Thursday Mike could be heard saying "The pack is back kid." Could it be Mike was a Green Bay fan? Mike's weekends were spent at home or with a certain D.C. woman whose initials were Y.W. Mike was always pulling on deck at 1829, suitcases in hand, inquiring as to where formation was. If you're ever looking for Mike in a crowd, look for the guy driving a silver Celica and wearing a brown, full length leather, G.D.

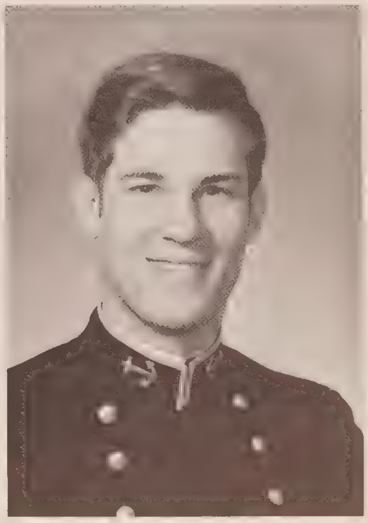
Greg Kolodziejczak came to the Academy because he thought it offered more of a challenge than MIT. Kojak, or the guru, is the company's intellectual jock. Despite his troubles managing his phone bill, he has managed to maintain a 4.0 since youngster year. As a plebe, Kojak went on more weekends than all second and third class put together. This feat is attributed to his devoted membership to the debate team. As a member of the team, Kojak has travelled to many a state and left behind many a broken heart. Greg's greatest attribute is his ability to produce sonic waves with increasing turbulent flow. One dares to say that there is not a wind tunnel in existence that can match his power. Greg will always be remembered by the fourth class for his warm and cheerful attitude during the summer. Otherwise known as Rollo, Jr., Greg carried this warm personality into Ac year to keep the room free from moths during the hot summer nights.

Al Kuntz, alias Plural, has been known throughout the Brigade for his fine horn-blowing ability. He can be found with his favorite companion at many a pep rally and team send-off. His companion is always quick to respond to his whistle, like one of our fine furry friends. Al's outstanidng feature is his proboscis, closely resembling the Macedonian monument. His flaming red hair is not indicative of his temperament, for he calmly informed the major that his name was not Doug. "Doug" at present is anxiously awaiting his chance to "grip the stick."

Coming straight from Steel City, Pa. Wayne has endeared us with his off-beat humor and sarcasm. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Lachowicz never had a dull moment. Although Pittsburgh may go out of business, we're sure Wayne never will. Lurch's snaps kept many a dull night lively and everybody on their toes. Wayne also has a flair for imitations, but claims he only imitates one person – his roommate. The untimely death of his idol, Elvis Presley, caused Wayne to wear a funny black mourning uniform all year and wear out his 8-track tape. However, Wayne did find three new loves at USNA: Navy Air, Bess, and his Camero. Wayne has yet to establish his priorities, but we're sure they will be straightened out after graduation. Good luck at Pensacola and we'll be sure to miss his numerous comical moments he brought to us all.

GREG CONRAD KOLODZIEJCZAK

DONALD A. KUNTZ

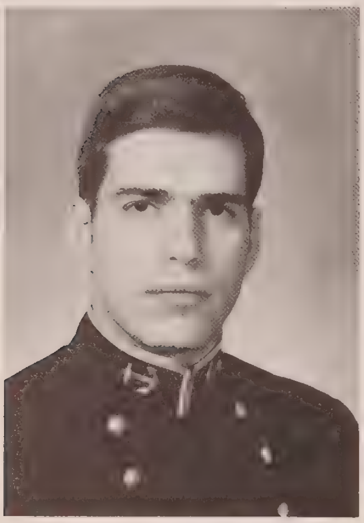


WAYNE LACHOWICZ

JEFFREY T. McCABE

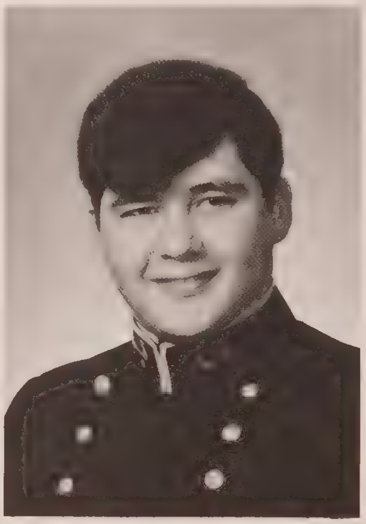
Since touching down at Halsey Field House early one morning in July, Jeff has bewildered many, endeared a few and provoked everyone. From the start, Jeff's goal was to graduate with his Karma intact; he quickly learned to ignore the system, but was slower to learn how to get away with it, as he lead the dawn patrol across the red beach to the tune of "I did it my way." As commander of the ghetto cruiser, the Spaceman rocketed across the country, stopping long enough for the lovely September woman to recharge his batteries and collect the deposit on his ripple empties. The "close to the edge" experiences of the Olympic summer and the absurdity of 2/C year earmarked the zenith of Jeff's legendary exploits. His long-haired friend transferred from Indiana to Annapolis to keep him company and temper his devil-may-care attitude. Naturally Jeff is going Navy Air, but one question remains to be answered: Is Jeff the first person to graduate from the Naval Academy without ever having been there?

Having spent two years in the Marines prior to coming to U.S.N.A., Mack was one of the most motivated among us. He knew what he wanted and he got it. Mack found life here to be challenging, but he met it head on, and emerged victorious. His wit, graciousness, and charm will be remembered by all of us. Mack's uncanny ability to always say the right thing at the right time as well as his tact and diplomacy are his most outstanding attributes.



MICHAEL SCOTT McKINNEY

Danny came to USNA from El Paso, Texas in prime physical condition. He was a state wrestling champ, but left the wrestling mat in order to pick up the legendary "Samurai" sword at Navy. Dan was often mimicked for his "high keyed wolfman voice" and jested about using an electric eggbeater to comb his hair everymorning. To his classmates in 28, he is known as an inventor of sophisticated games; eg., "Flinch", "Numbers", and the advanced "50 No Numbers" games. Choosing Electrical engineering as a major, Dan passed his courses by grounding his "live wire" body to the "grounded" horizontal rack. Dan will best be remembered as youngster year Midshipman Inspector of Uniforms, eg.: "Come here so I can rip (inspect) your T-shirt." "Give me Ten Knots" Dan will be a definite bonus to the Naval Officer Corp.



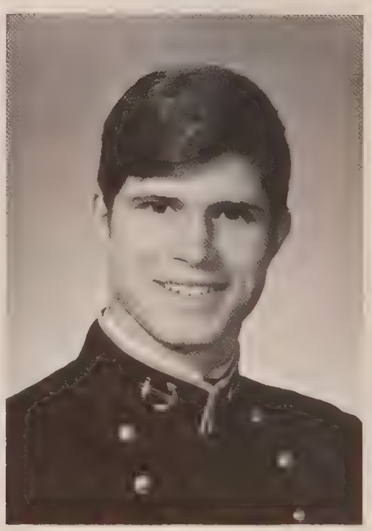
DANIEL J. MORI

Mark's life cannot be properly described as a fledgling naval officer or Systems Analysis major, although he became both. Culture and the Arts are the driving forces behind his activities and dreams. To dance as Baryshnikov, photograph as Sterns, and write as Emerson exhibits the perfection he strives to attain. Mark has never been blind to the needs of his friends as they have been to his at times. He is always willing to devote hours to help them achieve knowledge and understanding. From the roommate who perhaps best relates to him, his is eternalized by the following quote in the words of his ancestors.

> Ej maa taeltas aa skeep, Ej maa sovasi has inom sals doe rr blott fienden staa. Viking sover pass skoeld med svaerelet i hand och till taket har han himelen, det blaa.
>
> —Tengner

MARK PETERSON

Barry Pochron, a reject from Salisbury High School, come to Chesapeak U. to us from Allentown, Pa. A three letterman in High school, Barry put his hands to good use and stroked . . . for the crew team. Receiving his letter for managing 2/c year, he put himself to better use on weekends at his fiance's house which he acquired on some spare weekend June Week. Barry will be missed and remembered for his shy and quiet mouth and his long term engagement — along with his high CQPR.



BARRY J. POCHRON

ROBERT JOSEPH RICHARDS

Robert J. Richards decided to make the transition from a Bayside Marlin to an Annapolis Midshipman to gain expertise in the area of social diplomacy. After a natural progression of antics and the nicknames they precipitated, it seems only fair to conclude that he has succeeded. Rob was first known as "ROTC" due to his Jr. NROTC high school days. He later became known as "Romeo Rob" as stories of a new found "Miss Right" emerged after every weekend. An interesting combination of ankle-weights and horizontal workouts brought about the nickname, "The Big Gun". Later so as to be first, he sent flowers to a smiling space down the hall. Graduation will present to the world, a gouge seeking, fancy firebird driving, future Naval Aviator who will someday become known worldwide as the original "Sau-Seege".

DAVID BRIAN RIGDON

On the bridge of my ship, the wind talked to me,
Of duty and honor and life that is free
To confront Titans and Jaybirds in fallacy of song,
To be vocal when right and silent when wrong
To be constant to friends, though they may go astray,
To steady and guide them, and show them the way
Morn's early cold traces of waxing wan light,
Now shines brightly before us in plain lucid sight
Life's trouble and worry is soon left in our track;
Sprint, Run, Be every moment,
For we may never come back.

***

If you love something, you must let it go free.
And after it is free,
if it comes back to you, it is yours forever — if it doesn't,
it never was.

PATRICK A. WITT

Pat Witt came to the academy from land-locked Memphis, but he quickly grew to love, such nautical activities as swimming, in which his masterful talents gained him the title "Aqua Rock". When not trying to repair his 1970 gross-mobile or hunting for aero gouge (perhaps giving it out would be more appropriate, right Rob?), Pat spent much time developing terminal rack scars. In line with this duty, he developed a new naval saying that will stand amongst those of Farragut, Jones, and Dewey: "You may get me up at 9, Greg." A future naval aviator, Pat has already qualified as an ace mothfighter with the basic Mk 1 Mod O Rubber band. On the serious side, Pat's the smart but easy-going type. He's a good bowler and very helpful to those in search of academic aide. Dwarf will long be remembered for his eagle-eye shooting, his superb coordination of gouge central, his high speed to weight chugging ration, and his gratitude to those who risked their lives to rescue him from the clutches of the pad monster.

THOMAS L. WRIGHT

The last of the free thinkers, T.L. has been something of curiosity during his stay at Navy. T.L. has consistently refused to be associated with even the slightest vestiges of normality; who else would insist on using a can opener on lift-tab soda cans? Being a connoisseur of bananas, T.L. has always had a deep appreciation of and a devout reverence for the intricacies of the Naval Academy Administration. During the few hours that T.L. was awake at Navy he managed to make it through his Steam, Boats, and Wires classes armed only with a crude instrument called a "slide rule" (only because the Mid Store didn't carry abacuses). Continuing to play the game of life without a full deck T.L. is returning to the Marine Corps, it can only be said that they deserve each other.

29th Company

RICHARD ANDERSON

RICKY, RICKER, sprouting from the corn fields of Illinois, passed and punted his way through high school but soon found he couldn't do that at Canoe U. Instead he hopped, skipped, and jumped his way to 5 N letters and 4 individual victories against Army. He was recruited to the Three Stooges for his weekly chow packages and stereo. His chief contribution to the group was the introduction of Harvey Wallbangers in various forms. RICK's greatest claim to fame is that he owns the most expensive and unique paperweight in Bancroft Hall. Don't ask him how he got it though! Since Induction Day, he has changed his service selection with variations in the weather and as of right now we still don't know what the weather will be like on 8 DEC 1977.

"The Yotte," no stranger to Maryland, hails from Gaithersburg, a harbor for many festive but weary Mids. An Ocean Engineering major, Brett is distracted from his desire to drive a strange steel denizen of the deep only by a longstanding urge to become a Latin speaking ski bum. Though gruff of voice, he has wielded a mean guitar and captured the hearts (if not the curiosity) of many a fair maiden. No doubt, some years hence, one will find this old salt still singing odd songs about a devilish pastime from which groweth brawling, homicide, and a great effusion of blood — Rugby.

BRETT DAVID AYOTTE

For the last four years, Alvin has shown the guys what dedication and hard work will accomplish. Though he had high aspirations of becoming a NUKE PUKE, fate decided that he would drive boats. Knowing that you could always find a friend in Al at 0300 was a prime reason for taking a break while burning some midnight oil. His love for Analog computation was outdone only by his love to party, and we will always remember Al as a warm and true friend. Here's to wishing him the best in whatever he does (besides playing the drums).

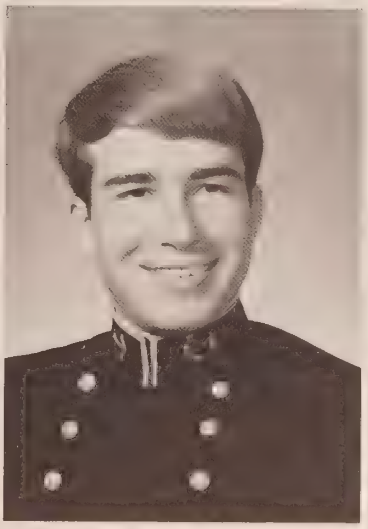
THOMAS A. BENNETT

BILL BONWIT

Bill is the second of three people in his family to come to the hallowed halls of USNA as a student of the Naval Service. As one of the premier drummers in the Drum and Bugle Corps, he is known as the commanding officer of "P's TROOPS" (which included the whole Corps during the second set). Bonbo has never been known to turn down a blind date, or for that matter, he is always ready to go with a new girl. As the founder of THE company Army party, he gives his classmates beer and chow, more beer and chow, ad infinitum. Bill is interested in deep-sea diving and utilizing his background in ocean engineering. A member of the craziest room in 29th co., (one black, one white, and one Boop??), Bill kept his sanity by keeping his sense of humor (even with shoes that were too tight). As for service selection, Bonbo could still make the wrong decision. Even if he does, he will always be a Marine at heart.

JAMES R. BUCKLEY III

Ralph Willard Basil Rathbone Poindexter III. Alias Muttley. Buck is from some place in Jersey that nobody ever heard of, which is probably the reason no one could ever figure out what to call him. From day one at the Big Banana, Buck's adventuresome spirit began to assert itself, and he became known as the "Eternal Protector of the Floor." His career in the field of academics can only be described as original, as a wing-man he always had a negative life coefficient. Even after 4 years of burgers and dogs, his mighty torso hasn't altered at all (meaning that he can still turn sideways to the sun and not cast a shadow). Buck's interest are GIRLS, bikes, GIRLS, parachuting, GIRLS, beer, GIRLS, ect. Needless to say, Buck is going MARINES.



JOHN R. CAPCARPENTER

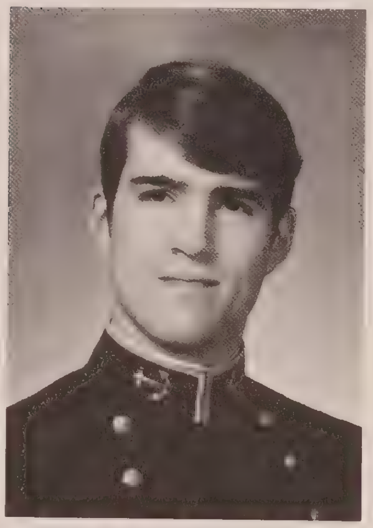
Carp came to Navy orginially from Virginia, but now claims residence in Albuquerque, N.M. A basic man with simple goals in mind, Carp is a great lover of the outdoors and easy living. Known for his ability to find his way home and stand on his own, Carp never gets down and always managed to pull through. Whether it is jumping out of an airplane, booking it until three in the morning, or having a good time at the P-Bar, Carp does it his way. A true adventurer at heart, Carp is destined to be a man of the sea and do well in whatever he undertakes.

DAVID K. DAILY

D.K. Daily follows his grandfather from the class of 1922 portraying similarly noted sheet-lizardly tendencies. "Pinpoint" was not an exceptional navigator on land or sea, hopefully TBS will be able to cope with a truly misguided marine, D.K. miraculously managed to hurtle his three main obstacles to graduation; swimming, wires, and intramural sports (two by work, one by rack). Professionally Dave was a noted historian, his conduct all but irreproachable (he *never* got caught!), but his extemporaneous romantic narratives were truly stimulating, D.K. works hard, has many friends, and is the funniest drunk you've ever seen ("shoot me like a lame horse"). He's sure to succeed on an avacado farm or ultimately with stars on his shoulders

JAY, JAYBO, is a Navy brat who hails from just about everywhere. His latest Podunk can be guessed from the sombrero he wore to pep rallies. A confirmed nuke submariner, he was the only Marine Engineer Extraordinaire who loved Rocket Read so much that he went back for seconds. JAYBO had a very poignant personality and was attired in more plaster while at Canoe U. than the 6th wing walls. He was the founding father of the Three Stooges and the only member to obtain the covetted honor of subsquader. He managed to hold down this position only one week though. Much to his roommates discontent, JAY logged more hours studying after midnight than before but hid the fact in his QPR. He was an undefeated Battalion squash player (1-0) and will soon meet his ultimate match in the "squash" court of Admiral Reactor.

Russ entered Canoe U. after opting to skip a dull senior year at Annapolis High in order to enjoy Navy with '78. He set his standards high from the start, and never failed to exceed that goal of 2.00, despite such interesting study habits as polishing shoes as a review for the Z-power final. Russ was tackled off the field at the '75 U.Va. game and has been with Sue ever since. They were always a welcome asset at those 1/c parties. Though she is definitely his O.A.O. Sue shares his heart with "Z" and the ring. Russ' ultimate triumph at USNA was his ability as a short order chef which, along with the phone, will go down in Academy history. As he leaves us to enter Rickover's realm, we say aloha to a man we will always be proud to count as a true friend whose integrity and intelligence will carry him far, wherever he goes.



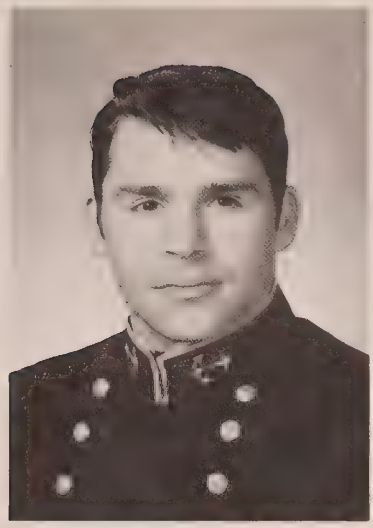
JAY A. DeLOACH

CHARLES RUSSELL DEDRICKSON

From the land of sunsets and cacti, Lee arrived at USNA. From the beginning, his only complaint was "the weeks are too short to recuperate from the weekends." However, his CQPR did not substantiate his complaint. On those weekends, he could be found cruising in a hunk on Dodge, checking out the local sights. His ramblings took him far and wide. Sometimes almost too far — then he became a combination of Bob Petty and Jim Ryan. To the dismay of the local skiers, he tried to be the world's greatest Hot Dogger — on his first day out. Between it all, he grew to love sailing and drinking Severn River punch. Thus it is no surprise to us,that he goes down to the sea in ships when this is all done. So, as the sun sets over the swells — "LONG LIVE LONESTAR BEER AND CHARLIE DANIELS."

LEE DUVAL DELONY

LeMANS
Sport

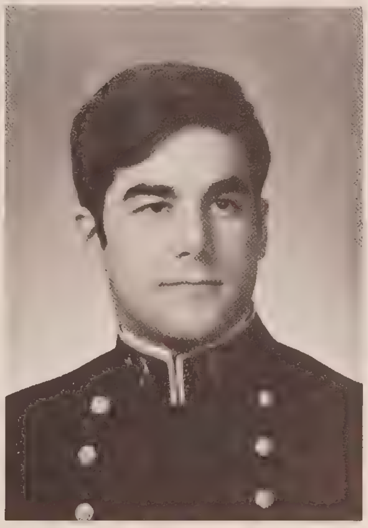


CALVIN RAY DIXON

Fidget, Dix, The Human Stump. The old man made his way from sunny California to Severn River Day Camp via a hitch in the Corps. When he won the plebe summer boxing smoker, the firsties started letting him do whatever he wanted. Dix had a problem finding roommates. They didn't mind his swinging from the rafters, but they refused to clean up his banana peels. A study in academic fortitude, one could always find a light burning in Cal's room after midnight. Usually because he forgot to shut it off when he went to the wardroom. A biker at heart, Dix tried driving a car one Saturday segundo year, in civies and at 10 AM. He didn't drive one after that for a whole semester (or anything else either). Dix has tried everything from parachuting to talking to plants. With his contacts, Cal will probably find his future running guns from Mexico, but for now he's heading back to the green, and there's this gleam in his eye whenever he sees a helicopter.

JEFFERSON MARK EWIN

Jeff arrived from New Jersey on a sunny day in July and was soon inducted into Naval Academy life. Having always been a happy carefree civilian, Jeff didn't quite know what to expect from old Canoe U. He's still trying to find out! Getting a great start as a plebe, Jeff maxed out on grades and grease only to find out that he didn't know all the answers at the Striper Board. Jeff decided that he would be much more proficient as an athlete and soon began grappling in the loft and vaulting over the old bar. A broken foot hampered his track career however he is still one of Navy's prime contenders on the wrestling team. Even with all of these activities, Jeff always had a weekend to see Kim and the Cellar Dwellers in Ohio or to party it up at the bars of Georgetown. Late nights will see Jeff humming a tune with Foot, getting the late night gouge, or reading manuals on how to fix his FIAT 124. Wherever Jeff goes he will have a bright future.

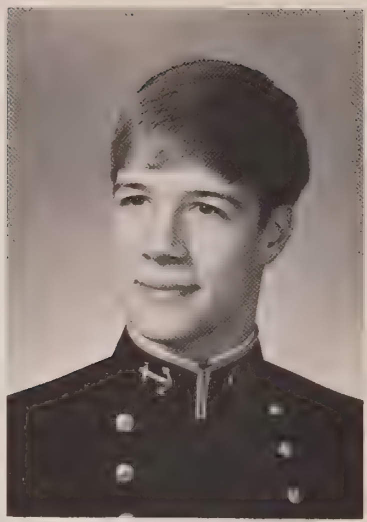


FARIS T. FARWELL

"Hi, how are you?" ... Foot, alias SOMF, drove the porcelean bus many a tortuos heave during his devoted drinking career. Faris has sometimes been termed a "smack", but only those of us who really know him know that its true. Being a nocturnal animal, F.T. kept his QPR high by studying all night and sleeping all day – every day! Always a flashy dresser, Faris was found at parties in his coat, tie, and wash-khaki trou ... fixing his car. We'll always remember Foot for his love of coffee, Australia, Ta-Ta's, a broken-down Spitfire (w/C.B.), surface-line and loose lady lovers. In spite of himself, Faris is one of those few popular winners everyone calls his friend. "He's a great guy ... a splendid individual.

MICHAEL CLIFFORD FRALEN

Mike delights in surprising people. His father, a West Point grad, found out early that Mike was not your ordinary Army Brat, and reminds him of it every Thanksgiving. True to form, Mike tired of the image of the New England crew jock and turned in his Navy oars for a beer mug early Youngster year. He has been one of 29's partying elite ever since, and weekends are rarely with the same drink, or the same girl, for long. Mike breezed through an Oceanography major, but his fascination with waves and tides led him to Naval Aviation. Flying came as easily to him as everything else, and when all of us are scurrying about with our daily errands, Mike will be far above, just having a good time.



DONALD S. FREE

When Don first reported to Canoe U. the Duke was his idol, he didn't need a razor, and he was fascinated by big grey boats. The man has always been a loyal Vermonter, a diehard tailgate partier, and a semi-enthusiastic Oceanography major. Four years after I-Day, Ron Ree still doesn't shave much and he continues to claim that Surface Line is mighty fine . . . no doubt it will be with this happy New Englander out there.

ALFRED HECTOR GONZALEZ, JR.

Alfred Hector Gonzalez Jr. (*** **** ** that's spelled with a "Z" mate!) Jr.! There's two of these guys? One consolation, the first wears wings while the second plans to wear dolphins. At least he will be out of the way down there. Al, a Math-Physics major (no less) could be found necking it far into the night. That was until his friends got him hooked on war gameing! Now he can be found every Friday night killing thousands of people. No wonder he wants to get on a Boomer! He'll press the wrong button on purpose! Thought old Ricky would lose him when he had to stay under water 70 days. (leave? What's leave) But Al's not easily swayed. In the true Blue Nose tradition he actually likes the cold. Would you go to a tailgater in the snow? And he's from Jacksonville, Fla! I think a couple of girls chased him under water saying things like "ring" and "Marriage". Al keeps threatening to become a Zin Buddhist Priest!

CECIL EUGENE DIGGS HANEY

Known to most people as simply the Big "C", he is someone who does not like to be called a leg and is known for getting involved in any and everything, particularly "Chest Wars". For four years he has pondered over the dilemma of service selection managing to rule out only Navy Air. Who knows where he will eventually end up – probably married with 29 kids. During his tour at this institution you could find him at the conn of a YP, spinning records at Disco Dalghren or on WRNV, polishing his boots in preparation for some Airborne activities, practicing drowning in swim class, or asleep under a huge pile of books in the library.

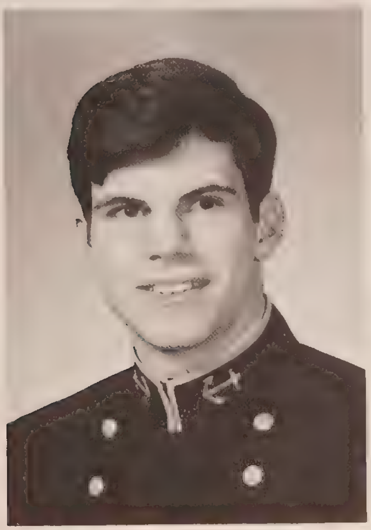
RICHARD J. HIEL

Rick comes to Canoe U from that big western Navy town, San Diego. He is a true airedale as he could always be found flying his rack through much of Maryland's "inhuman helping of east coast weather." Being a history major didn't seem to affect his schedule one bit, as he often found it necessary to pass the time of day by working on models or washing his car. "You have got to keep your priorities straight," he was often heard to say between naps and parties, and for this Californian Pensacola is number one.

Kool came to Navy from Middle Earth, New Jersey. After being shorn of his Rapunzel-length hair, he was ready for his new adventure. It seems the University of Chicago and Harvard did not have English Engineering, the major which John founded and excelled in. Athletically, Kool is a Jack-of-all-Trades, being the only mid to compete for at least part of a season in each intramural sport and winning a Black "N" for intramural rack. John's main distraction came spring of youngster year and has been a distraction ever since. A pre-commissioning physical found John allergic to the front seats of aircraft, but his diversified talent and ability will take him far in a successful career.

Daryl hails from the land of moonshine and southern belles: Orangeburg, South Carolina. Coming to USNA via the fleet and NAPS, he was fondly labled the "old man" by his classmates. Although he showed great potential as a major league partier, a certain young blonde proved to have a permanent attraction and he retired from the ciruit during second class year. Despite the propaganda, D.A. knew that engineering was not for him. Trading in his jug for a bottle of vodka and his calculator for a Russian dictionary, he braved the field of Soviet Studies and excelled. While he can be found on the lax field during the week and long gone at other times, graduation finds him going into Naval Intelligence, leaving many good friends who wish him smooth sailing.

"Hi, I'm Coy and I'm from Texas!" A natural athlete, Coy won his weight class in the plebe summer boxing smoker and led on the company football, B-ball, and slo-pitch teams. A ring thru his nose killed any wild flings, but give Wayne a dark night and a bottle in a brown paper bag and he was ready to party. When he did go out strange things often happened. "Six cases of reckless driving and no tickets!" First class year brought 3 stripes, libs, and green alerts. Coy didn't know which one he liked second best but Monday night football just couldn' be beat. June Week 78 brought the appearance of his one and only Laura Jo and Coy justified his four year wait. They tie the knot in June and then it's off to Quantico for the Coy.



JOHN KULESZ

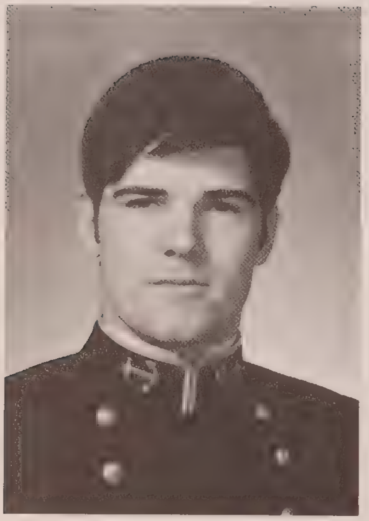
DARYL LENGEL

LAWRENCE WAYNE LONGCOY

VIRGINIA 78
KSS · 891

Joe arrived at USNA after making the long trek from Bethesda, Maryland. Routes 495 and 50 became well known to Joe long before many of us knew they existed, and was caught only once in his many attempts. One enticement Navy had for Joe was its baseball team but he gave in to the coaching staff to become 29's party co ordinator senior year. Starting out as a Systems Major it soon became obvious to Joe that General Engineering had so much to offer. Joe plans to marry his long time partner in crime come June Week and then go and take the Surface and Air communities on. Good Luck Joe, its been fun.

JOSEPH M. LYNCH



BRIAN J. McCORMACK

Mac hitched a ride to Annapolis via a Stroh's truck from Long Island, New York. Always known for his academic prowess, he managed to improve his performance when he learned to talk proper English, instead of his Island dialect. Although Wheaties is the Breakfast of Champions, Mac trained with creamed chipped beef on toast. Despite these epicurean eccentricities, he hustled his way to four N-stars in LaCrosse and was team captain as a senior. A leader both on and off the field, Brian was a permanent fixture at happy hour and company parties, attaining 'all pro' status. Being the strong silent type, he was approached by many young ladies, but he always remained true to his first love: Budweiser. Mac's sights are set on Wings of Gold, and he carries the wishes of many friends for continued success in the fleet.

JONAS R. PALIN

Between time in the rack and keeping a highly active lovelife straight it was amazing that J.P. was able to get any time at all in with the books. But right from the beginning of younster year when he joined us in 29 it was obvious that he wasn't just another mid. J.P. is a friend in the truest sense of the word to classmates and company-mates alike – the kind of friendship that will surely endure after graduation. No entangling alliances yet, but if Pele' doesn't take some of the "Variations" out of his life and stop singing to his women, he may find himself being reeled in sooner than he had expected. As for service selection, pride, spirit, enthusiasm and Brigade Boxing experience will assure him of success as a member of the "Mean Green Machine".

JONATHAN EARL SEARS

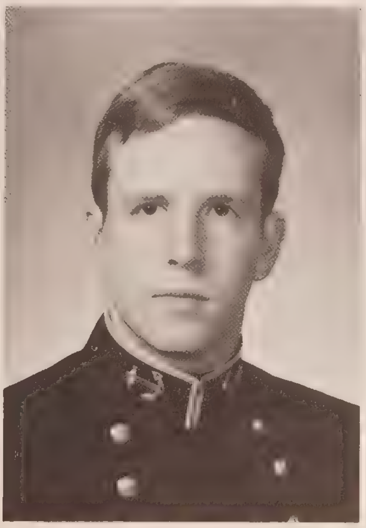
Jon made his .traumatic entrance as a freak from a civilian college and four years at USNA hasn't changed that. Being on medication for an injury, he "flew" through plebe summer. When materials prove a little tough, he saw a more rewarding path in Fish I and Sand Castles II as an Oceanography major (but it didn't help on the PCR). Dedicating himself to crew, Wally still found time to host Air Force Keggers, party it up at Tombs, and plenty of time with Barb. But never did we suspect him of being so intimate with crew as to "kiss" a boat. Fried for hair at the Army-Navy game, 8 ½ hour Wally, looking for gouge and good deals. He was a continual source of amazement to his classmates. Jon is sure to find success in life and we hope he and Barb share it forever.

On July 4, 1974, Gary Shaw left Plainfield, New Jersey and drove to somewhere in Maryland called Annapolis. Four years later, he is most ready to graduate. During those four years, the "Gipper" proved himself academically, athletically, and extracurricularly. In the world of academics he squirmed, scrimped and studied his way to a high QPR efficiency rating. Athletically, his small stature did not handicap him in the boxing ring where he turned in bruised but undefeated seasons. Extracurricularly, the "Gip" will party anytime, anywhere and in any weather winning Rookie-of-the-Year honors in '76. Now that four years are over, Gary is off to fly the friendly skies.

Colby "C.B." Smith hails from Harrisburg Pa. He was sent to Mother B because no other academy wanted such a hell raiser. He could often be found partying with Miss, Fluids, Madame Weapons, and many other of his weekend favorites, until the wee hours of the morning. He is not always a partier; he sometimes relaxes with a 20 mile run, 200 sit-ups, and 400 pushups. Once he has warmed up, he then begins his work out. Being the penny pincher he is, he once ran 26 miles to get a free t-shirt. But "enough frivolity", Colby is one of the few real men here at the academy and has decided to go CORPS.

John, "Nake", is one of 29's more colorful characters, whether it be for his exploits in company sports, in class, or on the roads of Maryland. Coming to us from Nappanee, Indiana, via NAPS, John had his priorities set by the time he arrived, and has been true to them ever since. Never one to sweat the grades, Nake found outlets for his enthusiasm in other places, particularly as a member of the "Wrecking Crew" in intramural soccer and football, or as one of the hard-core beer drinkers and hell raisers at tailgaters. In between Form 2's and traffic tickets, John also managed a love life, which has occupied most of his last two years here. John is heading for the surface fleet, and his naturally bouyant spirit will serve him well.

GARY P. SHAW



COLBY B. SMITH

JOHN D. STALNAKER

The Late Great Midshipman Dirk Stanley henceforth to be issued in only the new improved Naval Officer model hails from Shallotte, N.C. Coming from a military family, he has found numerous ways at USNA to release his tension. Among his most favorite were fencing (later to become Co. hwywt. ftbl.), carrying the Company guideon, and swatting cobals. Dirk's most prized achievements were his ability to throw a fourteen die fireball and his ability to need only one hour of study time to prepare for a week of classes. (Consequently his friends saw a lot of Dirk.) When Dirk became a First Class, he learned a new word: delegation. From then on all his duties were delegated. Given Dirk's deceitfulness, cunning, slyness, and secretive nature, trusting him will insure the accomplishment of the impossible task. Besides, he believes in magic

DIRK L. STANLEY

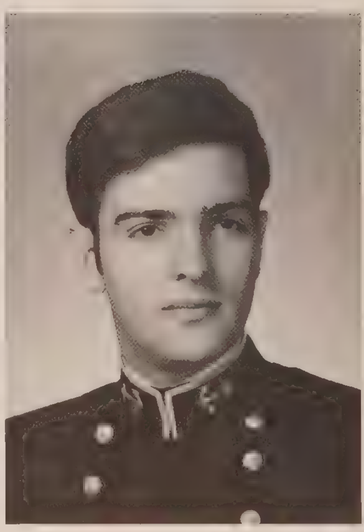
"Sad Sam" unbraced after an interesting plebe year and began to enjoy life at Navy, especially boxing and those Youngster pep rally rumbles. Segundo year found SR at West Point for a semester of fun and games which left a lasting impression on both him and his beanheads. Though always working to improve himself both academically and professionaly, Scott often took time off for Carol "O.A.O." Ann and "the squad leaders". Early 1/c year Scott decided to give up the possibility of early retirement with the CEC to become a member of the mean green machine. His many friends here will always remember and respect Scott as a man of principle who always acted with a free conscience and put others ahead of himself.

SCOTT ROLAND THOMAS

BARRY, B.M., TILT, condensed from the stills of East Tennessee, came to the uncollege wanting to practice medicine but ended up differentiating Greek symbols. In sports, he sustained a perfect losing record in Battalion X-Country, led the Wombat's backfield to defeat after defeat, but showed true potential as an outfielder in Company softball. He's the only mid who gets A's in Nav but gets lost traveling down a spiral staircase or could lose three water pumps on a 400 mile trip. B.M. holds the Naval Academy record of living through 22 blind dates with only one brick. He sustained his Three Stooges' membership by becoming the only elected 4-striper in the Brigade and rating a telephone in his room. His ultimate blind date will be with Uncle Hymie.

BARRY M. TILDEN

Dr. Gravity (G for short), Latin lover extraordinaire, mystic, traveller of many lands and world renown science fiction reader, made it into the academy through a rather dubious route. Born in Cuba he was raised in Puerto Rico he became an American citizen legally and by heart, although many still look at him funny when told of his birthplace. Headstrong, unyielding and obstinate Jose made it through plebe year and so far 2.5 years as an EE major proving himself a true Masochist and founding member of the asylum. This year has brought many a challenge and change to Dr. G's life he has become deeply involved in proving the airworthiness and combat maneuverability of the VW Scirrocco and establishing new intercept courses to Hood just recently discovered by his navigator Wrongway Wright. Prevented by the Academy from paying a visit to Admiral Reactor it seems Jose won't get his Nukie so Dec. 8 might prove quite a surprise.



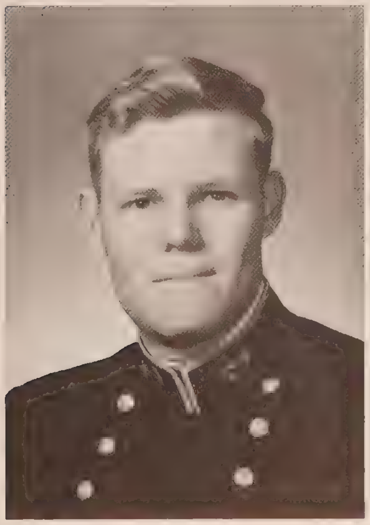
JOSE RAMON VAZQUEZ
FENANDEZISLA

DAVID WHITTLESEY

Known to many as "Whit", among other things, Dave came to the Naval Academy from Orlando, Florida. One of the more controversial members of the company, Dave has maintained an individuality reinforced by a self-reliant personality. Whit's natural affinity for water saw him spending many afternoons crawling along the bottom of the pool in an effort to pass swimming; nevertheless, he did contribute to company athletics as a damn good butt-kicker in intramurals. Whit has probably burned more midnight oil than anyone in the company, though not always in academic pursuits; however, he did occasionally take time out for studies in order to graduate as a math major. Dave's only abiding interest, outside of professionalism, is military history, and he devoted quite a lot of time reading military history and playing wargames. Dave's future holds bright promise and a commission in the United States Marine Corps.

CHRISTOPHER GERARD WRIGHT

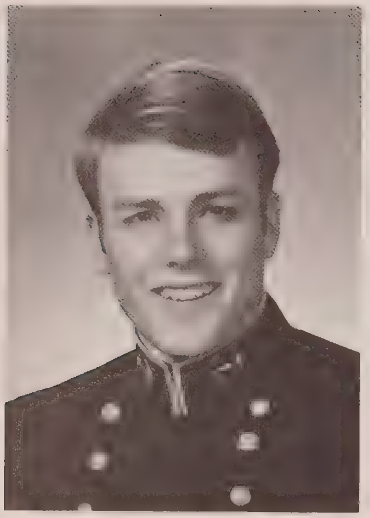
Arriving an unpretending "lightweight" from a conservatively ascetic religious background, Wrongway was quickly transformed to wine, women and the other pleasures of midshiplife. Youngster year witnessed his rise to power as ringleader of the dreaded Asylum and his containment in the woods of Severna Park, where he spent most of his days as a segundo. Becoming an excellent co-pilot, navigator and R.I.O. he has crewed many a mission with Dr. G. in establishing new speed records, under 2.0 liter class, to HOOD, suffering only one interception in repeated missions. Future plans include a master in History and a minor in survival. One question still unanswered is whether the Corps is ready for a literate Marine?



MARTIN W. ZIMMERMAN

Born October 10, 1955 and raised in Cincinnati, "The Padre" came to Navy after a year of seminary school. The hardest working and most dedicated English major at the academy, Marty's interests included weekends in Washington, D.C., running the hills at the cemetery, and plain just relaxing while listening to his Reds and Bengals. Marty came to be friends with everyone at the academy except the Midshipmen and maybe the third shift guard at gate one. Well liked by everyone, Marty became a new man First Class year with a change in identity, but still remained the same old Marty. A person highly motivated and well adjusted, Marty is one of those few good men the Marines will be lucky to get.

30th Company



BRADFORD BAYLOR

During the summer of 74 the Baylor's received a note from Bob Bayliss that Brad was on a Movement Order to Navy to play tennis and occasionally study. Brad had other assets besides athletics, he had among the highest grades in 30th company. These were received with the help of Mo's brain, which was stored in manila folders on the second shelf of his locker. First class year Mo surprised the entire company by winning the ship-handling award for cruise. Upon receiving the award from the Dant. Brad was heard to say, "I thought I was good, but I didn't think I was that good." Brad was the other half of the Dancing Machine and a devout southern gentleman. He'll make the Navy a fine NFO.

RICHARD BOEHME

Dick emigrated from the jungles of prehistoric Huntsville, Alabama to settle in the equally underdeveloped coastal lowlands of Annapolis. Not accustomed to the rules and regulations imposed by civilization, he would try anything once. Starting at the end of plebe year he began to gain fame for his skill with a pair of scissors and clippers. He proudly held the title of 30th Company Barber for the remainder of his tenure at the Academy. Dick participated in some less successful capers as evidenced by his membership in the company's "plumber" organization. He is still debating whether a semester worth of free long distance phone calls was worth an unsat conduct grade and half a dozen weekends. Dick will graduate with a major in Errorspace Engineering and a minor in Business for which credits were accumulated through his partnership with Navy's underground T-shirt selling corporations. Destined to be a Nuke, Dick's legend will live on in the 30th Company archives.

MARK FAIRMAN BUNTING

Next to Narragansette Beer, Mark is Newport's sole claim to fame. During Plebe year Mark realized his marching was below the average expected of a Mid. Never one to settle for poor performance Mark developed his skills by duck-hunting 35 hours first semester. During Youngster year Ma became an active member of Klub 30. During this period Mark developed his affection for the idiot box, which he and Leonard (see Easton) would spend long hours making love to in the Company Wardroom. Never one to let academics interfere with professional development, Mark chose a warfare specialty early, Rack line, he pursued this option as often as possible but mostly for fifty minute intervals seperated by ten minute periods of physical exertion. Mark was one of the first members of Klub 30 to get a car. He also was the first to rearrange his front end while trying to negotiate a difficult straight-away on the Newport Bridge. Mark has choosen Navy Air as his service selection. Thank heaven there are no bridges in the sky.

Hailing from Oklahoma or should I say Bolivia, our fine upstanding double bull major will never be forgotten for his brush-off, and infamous 'tucky-wucky', nor shall we ever forget those times we were granted carry on when he entered our rooms . . . Senior Brutu shall excell on his tin-can squad with a daily sword manual ensemble with his faber #2. Besides a certain foreign national that could never hear him in the shower, he was never at a loss for words or failed to make his opinion known. I don't think we've ever known anyone who could wake himself up with his own snoring. All in all we bid you smooth sailing and square corners.

ERIC CALDWELL

Anthony 'Arnold' Cardoza came to the banks of the Severn from his stomping grounds of Tulare, California. Anthony was affectionately known as muscles, schwartz, or the portugeese kid for his upper body and stubby for his lower body. Although he preferred his rack to the books he still managed good grades in mechanical engineering. Anthony's idea of a good time was going out with boys for a few frosty mugs of milk. Never tight with his money, Anthony managed to save every other paycheck (squek,sk). Anthony, being the lover he was, was known for holding his own when it came to women. Anthony spent many afternoons investigating the practical aspect of wires employing the ZAP method of physical therapy on his knees. Physical therapy did not seem to work so now Doza keeps his knees in a jar. Doza was always popular among his classmates. Before each holiday we'd shake off to see who had to take him home.

ANTHONY CARDOZA

Tony could be described as a rapper, suave, debonair, & sophisticated. Those who knew him know these things are untrue. The Blood hails from Boston, the cradle of democracy, where he excelled in basketball and streetfighting. After doing time at NAPS Tony was sentenced to 4 years of hard labor at USNA. By the end of the first year he reached the limit of both his sanity & the the plebe demerit allowance. Cool, loyal friend. Tony is known for his persistence. "When he is knocked down, he struggles to get up again and again. There is but one thing to say for one such as he ....
RIGHT ON FOR THE BLOOD!!!!!!!!!"

ANTHONY CATO

LARRY EASTON

Larry has acquired an assortment of nicknames since floating into USNA Including WOW, slasher, Leonerd and others which are unmentionable. Lar is the epitomy of the saying 'max CQPR with min effort'. Lar always managed to slide through the various demands of the academy, like the struggle, sometimes with a little help from his friends. Lar kept a low academic profile after a token attempt at Ocean Engineering, but managed to amaze everyone in KLUB 30 with the highest grade on the PCR. Lar could always be depended upon for a crazy laugh and a Lew Wolfrom joke. Larry's academy highlight was the night he set poor Wolf's 1 wood ablaze along with his temper. WOW's own second attempt at golf turned into an electric golf cart demolition derby. As Duanesburg, N.Y.'s first Academy grad, Larry is sure to be as big a hit in the fleet as he was with the women at Hood college. GOOD luck in the future.

The mad Ukraine of Parma Hts. set out to work for the Siberian Power Company and wound up studying wires at USNA. After an excelling Plebe year, his capacitors discharged. Not to say our comrade short-circuited but it seems he completely destroyed a perfectly good pair of glasses and mutilated his white shirt just for a Halloween getup. Then there were times his low tolerance and stray brain capacitance found Foo Foo clopping around the hall in fins, snorkel, and mask. Al became noted in his athletic ability, particularly the 0200 room wrestling matches, not to mention his attempt to add the orange throw to the applied strength test. His excellence in EE342 provided him with a one shot opportunity for an operationally amplified grade. Although Admiral Hyman was not impressed with our electronic genius, his second choice of director of the Siberian power plant seems to be a good possibility. We'll catch him on the flip-flop.

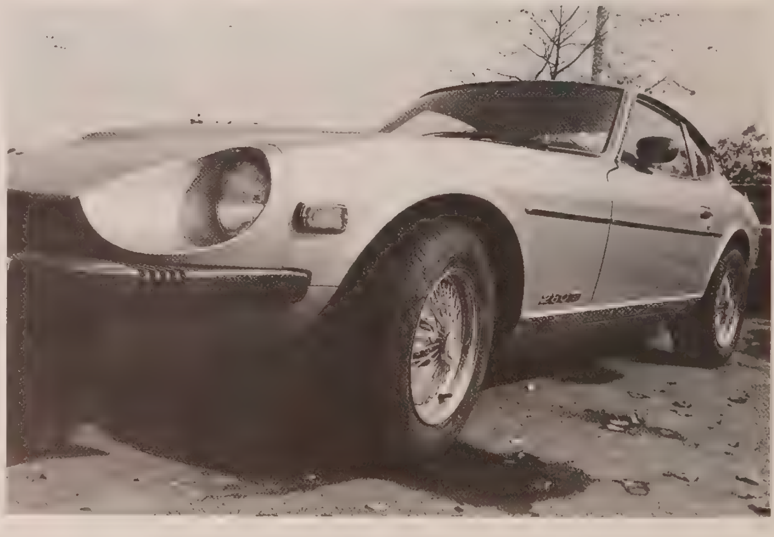
Bruce came to KLUB 30 from Camp Hill, a small town in 'Cow Valley' Penn. A golfer his first two years Bruce enjoyed T-Tables and listening to 21 gun salutes from the 14th green. Bruce retired from the varsity 2/c year but kept in practice by taking an occasional shot at the Commander-in-Chief's trophy. Bruce was famous for lines like. 'Don't confuse me with facts, my minds made up'. and for bouncing his Midget off guard rails. Never one to party (much!) Bruce was ever popular at the 'O-Club' and Hood. Although a good converstaionalist many argue that Bruce did some of his best talking in his sleep. Bruce's biggest academic challenge came 1/c year when he had to take his first afternoon class . . . ever! Bruce's many short lived romances indicate that he just can't seem to find a girl that is good enough for him. We're not sure there are any. Bruce has been a great friend and is sure to be an asset to our surface fleet.

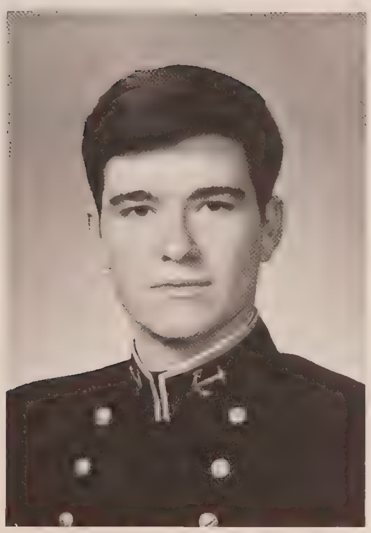
GLENN AARON FOGG

ALEXANDER FYLAK

BRUCE GEAREY

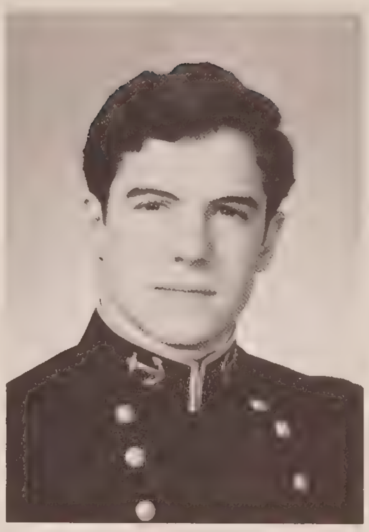
Glenn arrived at USNA from Clearwater, Florida tired of the beautiful weather. He soon fell in love with the climate of Annapolis and decided to take an extended vacation while attending the boat school. Glenn was of the relatively quiet type during plebe year; many people called him a pencil neck (in fact, many still do). Youngster year a noted change occured in Glenn; he learned the attributes of the demon rum. He then became secretary and assistant mixologist for Klub 30. From here his military career took a drastic turn upward. He felt the way to a career in the CIA was to learn their techniques of wiretapping. However, he was about as successful as Watergate and obtained an excessive prison term for his "federal offense." Academically Glenn was orginally an ocean engineer. He then decided not to sweat the load and switched to General Engineering at which time his cum dropped .5 (Figure it out!). Glenn is still undecided about his service selection, but whatever he does, we all wish him the best of luck in the future.





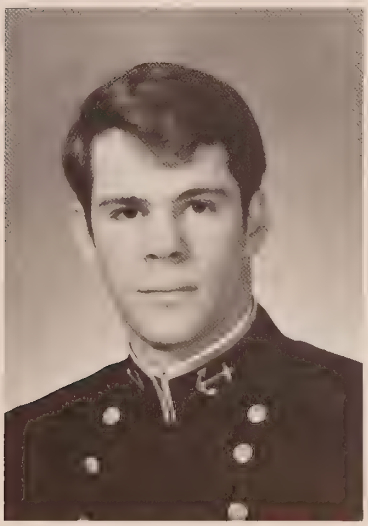
JAMES A. JONES

Jim strolled into USNA from somewhere in the back woods of North Carolina and Pespi Cola. Never being an athletic wonder, Jim amazed all by his prowess at pole vaulting. However no one realized it was fairly simple to jump over an inch diameter bar. Jim's real talent surfaced with academics. By putting in many late nights with the books, Jim rarely saw the low side of a 3.4 cum. After finishing with the books, Jim moved on to broader horizons, women. Unfortunately he looked on them as women while they looked upon him as a brother. A man of the world Jim missed his calling as a professional gambler. His forte was spades where he was often heard to say 'hell I can get eight' while being set by four. The neck-err-red neck in Jim surfaced in the glee club where he was a member of the secundo-skivies fifties group. To the embarassment of all, however, Jim used to dress in his fifties garb when going on liberty. Jim is looking toward a career in navy air. He hopes to be a fighter pilot where he can say 'hell I can get eight kills'. Good luck in the future.



CHRISTOPHER JEFFREY GROGAN

Jeff "Clint" Grogan came to the Naval Academy from Wellesley Hills, Mass., and Harvard. Plebe year his social upbringing was put to good use by several First Class as he was made maitre-d' of the Thirtieth Company. Jeff's strong points were always in the technical fields as he found himself comfortable in subjects ranging from Calculus to Steam. Always looking ahead, and politically minded as he was, he decided that International Security Affairs was the way to go. Jeff's social life truly came into bloom when he returned to Annapolis after plebe year with his rainbow of alligator shirts and khaki pants. First class year, Jeff was often in his Georgetown home — "Clyde's". If he isn't in an embassy somewhere half-way across the globe, or in Washington, Jeff will surely be fulfilling his dream in life: standing on the bridge of one of the big rigs with a mug of steaming coffee in his hand. Good luck in all you do Ted — ah, I mean Jeff. Oh yeah! Ted in '84.

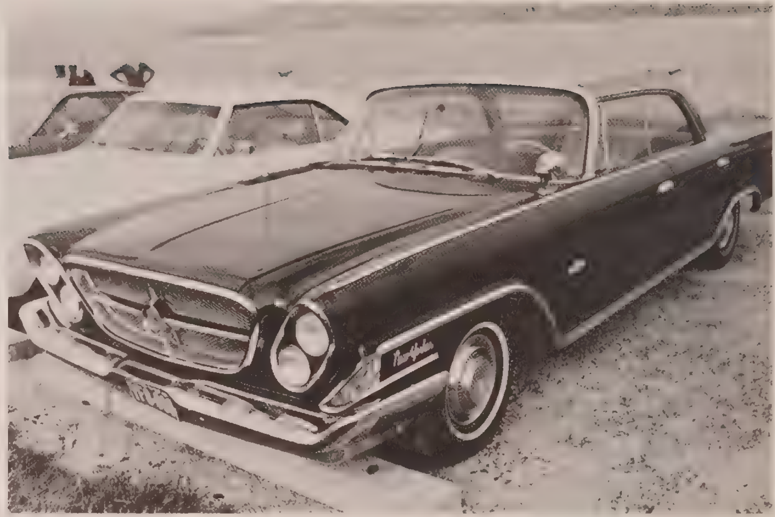


GARY RICHARD LEAMAN

Gary came to the Academy from Virginia Beach, Va., and having experienced the carefree, easy life which that city has to offer, saw no need to change his lifestyle. Plebe year, Gary decided that his first priority was to spend as much time asleep as possible. To date, he has logged more hours of rack time than anyone else in the Brigade. Everyone suspected that Gary was a natural partier, but his true talents weren't displayed until the Company Picnic that year when he exceeded all expectations. Third and second class years saw Gary either in Dahlgren Hall or at some fancy ski resort showing off his skiing talents. He also showed us how well he could drive by crashing his car into a guard rail after Army second class year. As a firstie, Gary's true character came through when he delegated all of his authority as CAO and then spent all of his free time with the young lovelies of Hood College. Best of luck to a great classmate and friend. Let's hope he flies better than he drives.

TOM MANOBIANCO

Mano came to Annapolis four years ago a skinny kid from Franklin, Lakes, New Jersey. The attention he received plebe summer was not the same as he was used to on his state champion tennis and fencing teams. However, Tom quickly learned to parry the abusive thrusts of the first class. As captain of the fencing team, Mano practiced his moves in front of the mirror. Being the middle member of the company 'OR' team youngster year, Tom quickly developed his well known sense of humor. A good sense of humor was just what he needed when he found out is girl friends nickname was 'Hercules'. Before he met 'Herc' Tom's idea of a heavy date was spending saturday night with his OPS books. It was diligence that lead Tom to success these past four years. Mano has been a good friend and we're sure that whatever service he decides to enter will be lucky to get him.



Steve was known by his friends as Minni for a variety of reasons. Plebe year Steve was the only Plebe caught drinking by the Deke and not get fried for it. Mostly because he was drinking at Deke's house. Youngster year Steve undertook a vigorous study of Probs and Stats. Many late nights were spent simply trying to prove that he and Scala were virtually unbeatable at spades. Never one to leave a vice untried Steve's next major project was entitled "The Effects of Alcohol on the Blood Stream." He is still compiling research on this topic. First class year, Steve always managed to pull pretty good grades while studying from the company wardroom or between the sheets. First class year Steve undertook a vigorous physical fitness program which enabled him to do as many pushups as it takes. Steve was a devout southerner and a founding member of the Virginians. Navy Air will benefit greatly when Steve gets commissioned. Good luck in the future.

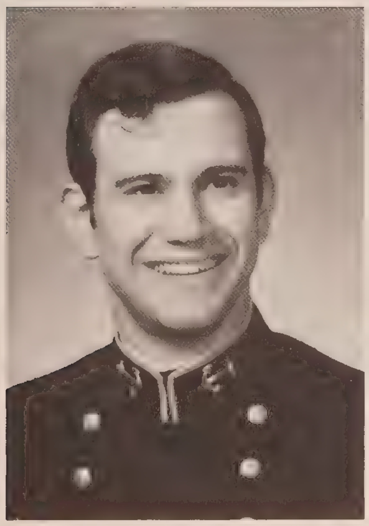
STEVEN MINNIS

Rick took a wrong turn on the way to the bathroom one morning in July 1974 and ended up a half mile from USNA. Vigorously assaulting the challenges offered by the academy, he became an EE Major and accomplished the heretofore impossible task of graduating with that major (with out taking more than four years). Despite his heavy workload he managed to live at home every weekend and became famous for the gorgeous girls he escorted to every social function imaginable, with out being forced into a June Week wedding. In fact he only surrendered his heart once, yes to JESUS. The company soon discovered the advantages of having an Annapolitan as a class mate. Rick was volunteered for all the good watches (Christmas leave) and provided parking for many mids, making the neighbors complain about the new car dealership his father was running. Rick should make a fine naval officer and may one day his dream come true and return to USNA as a company officer.

RICHARD PAULSEN

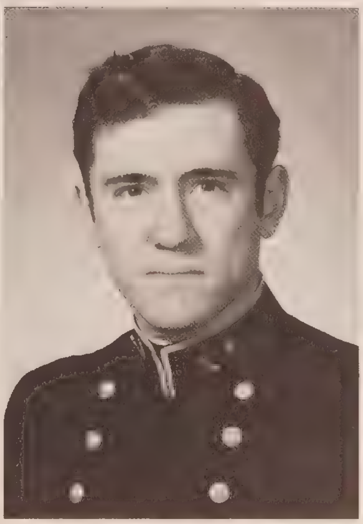
RENE JOSEPH REY

While on a routine flight to Colorado Springs, Rene J. (Jet Jockey) Rey strayed off course and drifted into Annapolis. A former drill team commander, he enthusiastically practiced his infantry drill early every morning for several weeks during Plebe year before deciding that he was good enough. He then decided to concentrate on the social aspects of life at USNA by dating more often than anyone else in the Brigade. He slept in his classes to prepare for his weekend adventures. He will also always be remembered for his refusal to memorize anything having to do with football while he was a Plebe. An Aerospace Engineering major, he found a new love, and flying became the center of his social life. The Navy would not let him be a pilot so he became a fine one on his own and founded an "airline" with non-stop service all over the East Coast. When he wasn't "pumping iron" or racking, he was planning a flight or designing an airplane. Executive Jet International, here he comes.



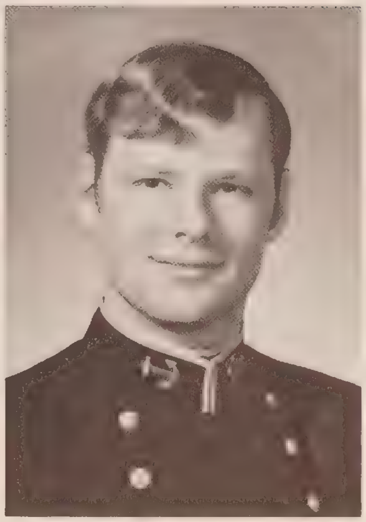
THOMAS G. RUBENSTEIN

Rube, or Wube as he is known by all his friends, has been an instrumental part of 30th Company. At first we thought Tom had a speech impediment, but now we know it's not true. Third class year found Tom joining Klub 30 as supply officer. Besides weekend chow, chow, chow, Stein's greatest achievement was his discovery of the Michelson ABC store which led, in turn, to the Michelson Maitai. Rube and Wuss (see Wuestner), between the two of them, became the primary investors in the now famous Thrift Inn. Second class nights found Tom hitting the books hard and days hitting his desk hard with his head. Never one to let a good deal pass by. Tom unsuccessfully tried for Yon Kipper leave three years in a row. He kept saying; "But my name is Wubenstein!" Tom was also noted for his agility on the B-ball court. The only problem was that his feet never followed his body. Two seasons he was out as sideline coach. Tom has chosen Nuc Power as his future career. Just be glad they don't have B-ball courts on subs.



ROBERT W. RYAN

Bob came to us from New Egypt, N.J. and has often been called "Hotlips" from his association with the "Big L". With his casual lifestyle, Bob has been able to find time aside from his studies to be a member of the Varsity Rifle Team, a very active member in the Radio Club, and the MVP of the Varsity Rack Team. Academically, the gouge has always seemed to flow his way. However, this Aerospace Engineer has always felt that anything over a 2.0 is overkill. The first time Bob saw Red Court was 2/c year after he started his own South Central Bell System – otherwise known as the 30th Co. Plumbers. Bob also bought a special edition Trans-Am that year and has been known to chase black cadillacs in open fields going in reverse. As far as service selection goes, well, if he could march, he'd go Corps, if he could study, he'd go Nuc, and if he could, he'd get out. But Bob is going Navy Air and he will make an excellent pilot. Good luck to a great guy.

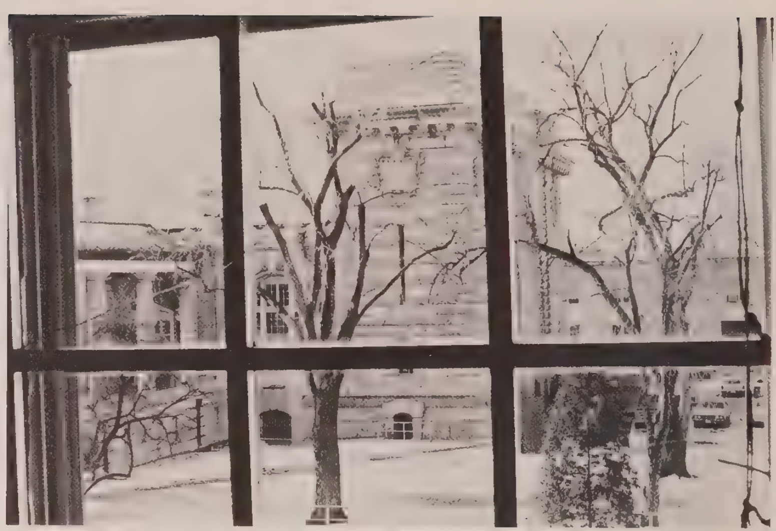


ROY RANDOLPH SCHLEIDEN

Roy came to USNA via Valencia via Mars, Pa. Coming from a family with a definite inclination towards sports & the military. At Mars he got letters in football & baseball and did the same while attending Staunton Military Academy. But at Navy he decided to concentrate on baseball and for three years was a starter – reliever while playing for the infamous Duffer. Roy showed great wizardry with grades and more than once went C-B-A but decided just the same to major in Eng. Mgmt. Another academic first was his unprecedented P-work in Nav. Youd figure someone who goes to Mars could navigate! Plebe year was no picnic in 30th, still Roy would be out with Rube, Tho, Doza and Wues at midnite raising hell with recon raids. Most still can't figure out how Roy never marched one hour while roomates wore out shoes (what a good influence!) If you're going abroad soon, ask Roy about Spain, he enjoyed a 1/c cruise there. A lively guy who always knew where the action was and went there, his companionship and friendship will soon be the NFO's (great eyes) gain.

BRADLEY THOMANN

Brad came to Annapolis from Annandale, Va. home of the Atoms. This was an appropriate home for Brad as he was reknown for his height or the lack thereof. In fact Brad's bed was short sheeted for four years and he never realized it. Tho was an academic wonder at Navy, everyone wondered if he would ever be sat. Brad went to the Ac. Board plebe year and enjoyed himself so much he decided to return five times. Always an exceptional athlete, youngster year Brad found a sport he could really excel in, Nerf basketball. Brad was a great friend to all in the 30th. Company, he was always quick to lend you a quarter for a coke which usually came from Minni's drawer. Brad was an active member of Klub 30, the other half of the dancing machine and a devout Southerner. We wish Bro-Tho the best of luck in the future.



Bob came to USNA from Jacksonville, NC. A hard hitting linebacker he was right in tune with Navy ftball until he fell prey to the knife. After a brief run-in with JD he turned his athletic prowess loose on the company sports teams and soon became a leader on the Hwt-ftball and softball teams. During plebe summer under the watchful eye of Don Bennet and Grote Hyer he learned that the best policy for a plebe is not to be seen or heard. However coming from a Marine family and rooming with Cpl Vice the Marine spirit came out and he was soon out doing midnite recon raids which went great except for the help of NT Smart. This however was not to dampen his spirit for the Corps. He spent a wonderful, fun 1/c cruise with the Marine Corps in Hawaii. Soon he will fly for the Corps. From a distance the casual observer saw that Bob was a hard working mild mannered mid. But those of us who knew him best also got to know the hell-raising, fun loving guy that he was and whose friendship will always be a positive influence and great memories.

ROBERT FRANCIS TOMON

John came all the way from Phoenix to join the good times at USNA. He is one of the few guys in KLUB 30 that had his eyes set on Marine Corps since day one of plebe summer. For two years John worked on high grades in the mechanical engineering major and enjoying life at USNA as much as possible. During second class year the real John emerged. John's motto became 'bag till the night before the test then pull an all nighter." He also became known as the biggest flamer in the 7'PIT'. John spent a lot of time in front of the tube and giving E.I. in his major, It was major. It was during second class year that John earned the name BOOM-BOOM Williams. During first class year John settled down a lot and spent much of his time in Baltimore with his fiance. John has been a hell of a good friend to everyone in 30 and the Marines are getting an outstanding helicopter pilot.

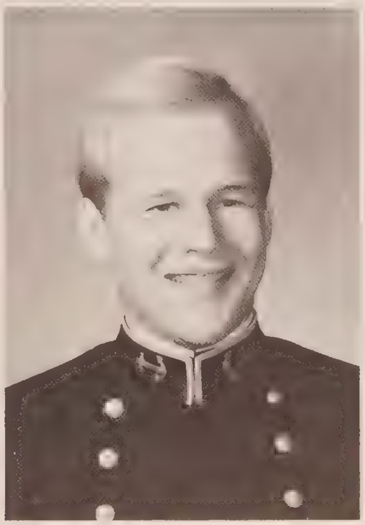
JOHN WILLIAMS

When Chris emerged from the depths of the Charleston, W.Va. coal mines equipped with pick, shovel and an enormous breathing apparatus he was fully prepared for his four arduous years of study at the academy. Chris adjusted very well here taking only two days to figure out what the shoes were for. He then proceeded to stamp everything in sight (BOOM C.M.WODE). Although his plebe summer weight loss gave his mother and Bob Heyer quite a scare, we've always thought of him as a 'fat puppy'. Any fears of Chris wasting away were dispelled by the sight of him enhaling mass quantities of food with amazing speed. Chris will always be remembered for many outstanding qualities. His speed, agility, academic prowess, and impeccable taste in women and clothes has become legendary. Seriously though CHRIS WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN, but if anyone ever does, just check out dad's homemade movies of the little darling (all 4 doz.). Chris has been a great friend and the fleet is getting a good guy.

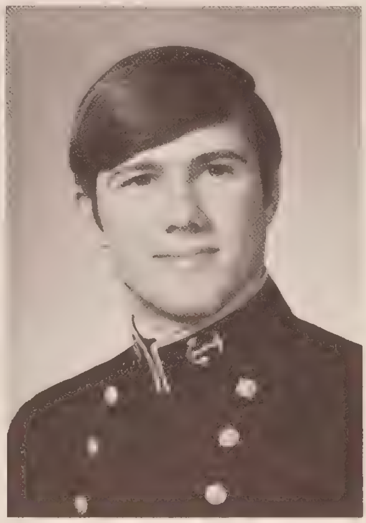
KLUB 30 would never have been the same without the arrival of LIQUID LEW from that action capitol of the east; Hampton, Va. Never an academic star Lew spent many a productive study hour absorbing the educational atmosphere of the wardroom. While holding down the position of company anchorman, Lew managed to avoid the long arm of the AC board. 8 (barely!). We all thought his real calling was M.E., since he had the only car in the world that got better gas mileage at 80 than at any other speed. Unlike academics, when it came to the mile run Lew looked at the challenge straight in the eye; excuse squad chit in hand. Let it not be said that Lew could not play a mean game of golf. Many a Friday was spent on the links with cooler close at hand. Some say that Lew was a big eater, but who could blame him for eating 3 doz. cookies one day. After all he was hungry. All kidding aside, Lew is good-natured and is well liked by all of the members of KLUB 30. Lew is shooting for Navy Air and we all hope he drives his plane safer than he drives his L1 mobile.

Bob came to Navy from a small town in East. Pennsylvania called Philly. During Plebe year Bob undertook an awesome task, the search for perfect gouge. This proved very exhausting for Bob, so exhausting that he rarely saw the hour of midnight. Bob was devoted to one thing at the academy, his buddy, they consulted at every available opportunity and were virtually inseperable in the morning. During youngster year Bob became a member of Klub 30. As communications officer he was instrumental in obtaining distant TV stations. It was during one of the Klub meetings that Bob managed to save the entire class of '78 in the 30th Company from the clutches of a terrible youngster-eating Lizard simply by holding up his screws book. Bob was starting D-back for the 150 lb football team his final 3 years at Navy. It was first class year when Bob fulfilled his ultimate goal, to BEAT ARMY. Congratulations and good luck in the future. Navy air is getting a good man (if they can keep you away from the beans).

CHRIS WODE



LEW WOLFROM



ROBERT JOHN WUESTNER

31st Company

ROBERT AIKEN

Aik graduated from high school in 1972 from Carbon Hill, Alabama. There were 56 people in my graduating class — there were 60, but 3 dropped out to work in the mines and Willy Joe Daniels got caught selling shine at the 4-H Club meeting, so . . . After graduation, Aik, in his beloved white socks, penny loafers, and crewcut (the veritable epitome of America's fine upstanding young man), immediately began the pursuit of his life long ambition, becoming a cloistered monk. It turned out however, that there is a marked scarcity of monastaries in Southern Alabama, and so, in 1974, Aik did the next best thing and accepted an appointment to USNA. "Oh, it was hard all right. I lived a very sheltered kind of childhood, and finding myself suddenly thrust into an adult role like that, I just wasn't ready. But my 4 years here have matured me, rounded out my personality, taught me to deal with responsibility and make sound decisions. Like my decision to go Corps. You see I've always liked to play in the mud, and . . . " Sure Aik. Sure.

THOMAS ALGEO

Against seemingly insurmountable odds Tom has proven that it really can be done. Striving for excellence, he was not an ordinary midshipman. From masquerading as a looney with a bomb to driving his car in T-court with the Dant as a passenger, those that knew him soon realized his potential. The Navy of course realized his potential as well and Tom spent more of his summer training with foreign navies than he did with the United States Navy. As a professional he is ranked completely off the scale and he should leave a number of lasting marks on Bancroft Hall. Tom spent many an evening burning the midnight oil and will never regret all those things that he learned during finals. Especially going from three to four oranges. Tom has contributed far more to the Academy than people realize, or are willing to accept. Anyone following in his footsteps will go far. He can do that which he likes the most, best.

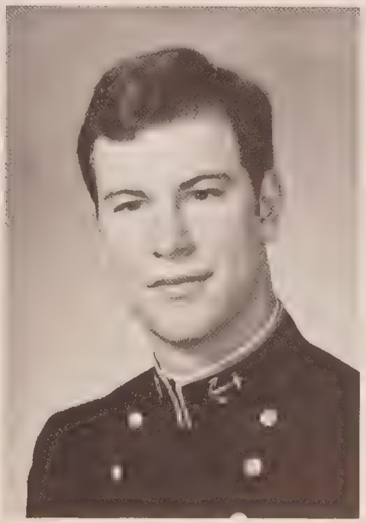
DANIEL J. BARND

Dan Barnd came from the wilderness of the Midwest to Annapolis via the Fleet and NAPS. Under the excellent leadership of Capt. Lohman, Dan decided that the USMC suited his lifestyle. Two years under Lt. N.P. (Nuc Power) made him look forward to Q-town. Never one to let business interfere with his free time, Dan filled his weekends and nights with study (double major in Management and Technology), honor boards, and MOOW watches. His late nights were equalled only by his afternoons in the rack. Dan will tell you that he earned his three stripes through hard work and efficiency — but don't believe him. He will always be remembered for his telephone and mud flaps. His Marine wardrobe should save him money when he gets to Quantico. Dan may be the only member of the Big Green to carry a club instead of a rifle.

Entering the Academy from nearby Silver Spring, Ron spent much of his time plebe year on the road. The chief lure for his weekly migrations was and still is his hometown girl. After plebe year, Rondo quickly earned the respect of his classmates as a party organizer and was usually the first to fill the trash can. With the close of youngster year, Ron witnessed a rejuvenation of his academic performance when he finally severed the umbilical cord to his rack. On the downhill race for graduation, Ron maintained his partying spirit, and his nearby home became a frequent rest and recuperation stop for his classmates after evenings in D.C. Ron's original intentions were to ride the waves, but he now intends to enjoy the beaches of Pensacola. Perhaps flying is also in the future.

RONALD W. BROWNLEY

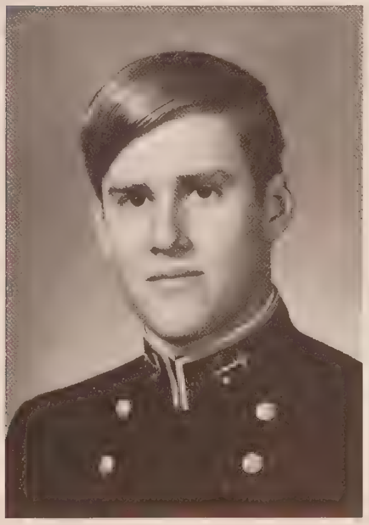
Bill came south to USNA from Hornell, New York. It only took Bill a few days to become properly acquainted with all the squad leaders. It was during these trying months that Bill acquired some culinary habits that earned him the title "steamshovel". Going on to bigger and better things, he decided on Systems as a way to achieve his academic goals. In pursuance of these goals he became an expert of many of the systems here at USNA (with a little help from the co. officer). Bill will always be remembered for his cheerful greetings when interrupted while attempting System and his marathon telephone calls to Towson. With a thorough knowledge of Systems and a burning desire to renew acquaintances Bill will depart USNA for Nuclear Power.



WILLIAM BURKE

"THE BARRON" hailed from the sunny town of Harlingen, Texas. After serving two years in the U.S. Navy, he managed to get into the Naval Academy and spent four years trying to get out. Always remembered for his ever present smile, the BARRON got the reputation of being very responsible; whenever something went wrong, he was usually responsible. With integrity and amiability, Vic will be a certain success in his Marine career. Memories include Christmas Formals, June Week, and the "CHOCOLATE COATED PURPLE PEOPLE EATER." The best memory is JOANNA, TABS. Solamente mis Padres pueden decir que soy. Muchas gracias Mama y Papa. Cada dia fue para ayudar a mis Padres y para que mis Hermanos no tengan que trabejar como yo. La familia de Jesus Camargo segira adelante. Soy Mexicano en mi corazon y Americano por nacimiento. Vivo para servir a Dios, Patria, Libertad, La Familia, Joanna. (all for you Joanna) Gracias estimados Padres, hermanos, Joanna y sus Paders. Thank you very much for everything, Joanna, you are an angel.

VICTOR BARRON CAMARGO



JACK A. CHRISTENSEN

Jack is definitely the kind of guy that you would like to have on your side when it comes down to picking teams. Whatever he lacks in natural ability, he more than makes up for in desire. He is the guy that brings the gouge to you before you have a chance to ask him for it. His sharp Erie, Pa. (or is it Palatine, Il.? or is it Westminster, Ca.?) wit is always there is make the worst situation comical (and the best situation terrible.) Jack rowed crew for a while but then a voice spoke to him which told him that crew was not a big enough part of his multiple to graduate him after what crew had done to his QPR. So he took to necking day and night and weekends. This left little time for booze and women but he rationalized this by claiming the combination to be fatal. He took only moderate doses of each, but never together. His only overindulgence was in food which he dearly loved. It could be the end of him one day but until then he has a lot to offer the Navy.

Roy attended USNA knowing what he was in for; but, somehow forgot and still came anyway. Spurred by the wisdom of Ole Marty — "Better to learn by misfortunes of others, rather that your own" — It seemed that a two year career in the Navy wouldn't be too bad, but the flip of a coin still has him with us. Living 5 or 10 minutes away (depending if the lights are red or green), playing four years of Lacrosse for "THE SLAZ", and by only going to Dahlgren Hall once in 4 years, (he doesn't like hanging around uniformed people), Roy made the Academy seem like "college". Come service selection night, Roy plans on picking 5 years of TAD, but if he can't have his first choice; he'll have to go with his second of San Diego, the sun, beaches, blondes, and maybe even a ship. Take it easy HOSS (that's the Maryland word for buddy)!!

JAMES ROY CRANFORD, III

Already a world traveller as the son of a college professor and a concert pianist, Sean came to the Academy from the suburbs of the Bay City. A worshipper of Admiral Lord Nelson, he was destined for the surface line from the first day of plebe summer. As Professor Lee's star Chinese student, he worked his way through many a night up the order of merit and was a common sight on the Supe's List. Strict and uncompromising when it came to the regulations, many an unwary mid felt the wrath of his Irish fury, though on some weekends he could be seen with some lovely young creature at his side. His brush with the contemporary Emma took place in the fall of 3/c year, and though short lived, the memory of KJ will linger. Always interested in "bull" related activities, Sean was an active worker in NAFAC and president of the Chinese club. A hard worker and competent ship driver after a summer with the Royal Navy, he should have an interesting career in the fleet. TO GLORY WE STEER!

MURRAY SEAN DONOVAN

Gary was born in Cleveland and it shows. Despite this drawback, he met a sweet young lovely who he's been with since youngster year. He wants to set the date but every time he calls she is not home. He bought a sky blue 260Z which has cost him more in speeding tickets than it did in purchase price. Gary truly enjoyed his first class cruise. He felt he was in touch with what was happening in the world. He was so impressed that he gave up his Semper Fi attitude and returned to USNA ready to select surface line. HOW PROFESSIONAL!!! What will he do if he gets out after his obligation is up? He'll be an Ocean Engineer, which means he'll make money and have fun like he was told Ocean Engineers do. P.S. I HATE THIS COMPUTER!!!!!!

GARY ALAN EISENMANN

Dave came out of the pool in high school long enough to accept his nomination. He was one of the fortunate few to meet a real woman here, but it was fate. He was soon lost and wedding bells were chiming. Throughout his years here he never let anything get in the way of his studies; no wife, no car, and no ceiling tile. Being an EE major isn't easy but Dave made it look like a piece of cake. It was fitting that Dave be Academic Officer as a firstie, but he cried for hours when he didn't get stripes. Though uncertain about his future because he got shot down on every NFO mission, Dave has nothing to worry about because there's always a great demand for men who can convert rocks into positive voltage at 400 hertz.

DAVID E. EYLER

EMMET DEWAIN FORBIS

Affectionately known as Bear, Dewain hails from Bellevue, Idaho which is better known as 20 miles south of Sun Valley. He had an eventful first summer as he came into disfavor with the other two E.D.s. Later on the fall, Dewain acquired his nickname when Perot got to his head and not to his wallet. In the spring of his plebe year, Dewain played that crazy Indian game and played as if the ball was his last potato. Go get 'em Nick. Youngster year was card playing time with F.K. (when he wasn't talking with Marnie and Henry) and the Bear ended up as the King of Hearts. Speaking of which, love consumed most of 2/c year. Now it's on to bigger and better things. Dewain has pursued his ocean engineering major fervently, even though he did bag it one semester with that crazy project, and now is destined for a career in subs. Just think I lived with a puke for 6 years.

JOHN TERRELL GOREE, III

Leaving behind an impressive career in cross country at beloved Druid Hills High, as well as a bevy of heartbroken Atlanta peaches, Jay journeyed to take up residence in far off Washington, D.C., at Bullis Prep, where his spirit of adventure continued to flourish. Plebe year turned out to be quite different from those earlier years of freedom and parties, but somehow "Gomer" survived the period of transtition, complete with honeys, babes, and "witches" remarkably well. Youngster year brought the "Gome" good fortune with a gal named Karen, who helped divert his attention toward such pleasures as country music, weekends in Virginia, Firebirds, and engagement rings. Equipped with his friendly, outgoing personality and beautiful bride, Jay will prove to be an effective leader in today's Navy.

ALLAN R. HANCKEL

Known to his friends as 'Hassled Hank', Rob came to the Academy from the bristling community of Virginia Beach. Born and raised in the social life, A.R. continued to stay in the limelight after his arrival, providing him with many opportunities to perfect his marching abilities. His professional development in this area was never utilized, however, due to his never ending search for a varsity sport that fulfilled his desires. Also recognized for his outstanding academic excellence, Hank soon determined that his chosen major, M.E., was not up to snuff with his desired goal, graduation, and switched to a double major: Management and Technology. Always on the go, Rob can be seen cruising the area in his beloved Mercedes Benz, many times by the wrong person. Despite many bad things said of or by A.R. through the years, one good thing can be said: he loved that girl.

WILLIAM JAMES HENDERSON

Bill came to join us in a way different than most, U.S.N.A. gave him a few extra days, prior to Plebe Summer, to decide if he wished to remain a civilian. He made the only possible choice. Even though Bill started three days late, he quickly got into the program and by Second class year he received the honor of being named Thirty-first company's ac. board rep. for 78. While this duty was a bit unpleasant and time consuming, he sharpened his EBERHARD FABER neck and managed to remain one of us. In fact, he became so absorbed in academics that he gave up two summers for extra study and was allowed to retake two of his favorite subjects: WIRES and BOATS, in his First class year. Coming from almost West Virginia, almost Pennsylvania, East Liverpool, Ohio, Bill grew up believing that fighting was natural, and many of his classmates told him so. This ability should put Bill in fine standing for the U.S.M.C. Hit 'em hard Hendi!

Hugsy came to USNA from Uniondale "Long-island" with lacrosse stick in hand. He has since become a productive member of the intramural team. Plebe year Jimmy was unsure about what he should major in. He opted out for the most difficult route double-majoring in Management and Technology. Jim could be found late at night mastering all of the concepts of his field of study. The rest of the time there was no doubt as to Jim's location. He could always be found, with amazing consistency, in his rack. Jim will never be forgotten for this exploits with the opposite sex, except by those exploited. Jim's sense of humor and quick wit in addition to the vast store of energy accumulated at USNA should serve him well as he pursues a career in Naval Aviation.

The most impressive feature of Jake is that he, when in a crowd, is easy to spot. If his 6'4" frame doesn't catch your eye, his gray hair does. Jake has proven his capabilities in the air, on the water and in the water. And I felt bad when he got cut from the swim team, even though he didn't wake me up at 5 AM anymore because he didn't have to go to morning workouts. Besides, he still had flying and sailing. With all this activity, one might be moved to ask: "Did he ever sleep?" The answer: Yes, and he snored. In the evening, after a tough bout with studies, he could always find relaxation in life's simpler pleasures – like bowling or cutting pictures of airplane crashes out of the Washington Post. Jake heads for a career as a Naval Aviator. He hopes to defy Newton by going up and never coming down. We wish him many happy landings.

Mark never has been able to leave the South, for no one can let "the boy" fergit where he comes from. Even now he talks 'down home,' shows his allegiance by rolling over the line to Virginia (or he has Susan come here), and still writes his family and friends. Yep, Mark has changed not too much since his earlier days in Albany, Ga. Georgia Tech may have lost an engineer, but one lucky former Georgia sweetie gained one up here. Besides his many social attributes and southern charm he did manage to do his work, as a way of passing the time between weekends. The Academy will lose one of its greatest escape artists in June, but the Navy will acquire a laugh and a joke when the going is not easy – a positive, optimistic leader.

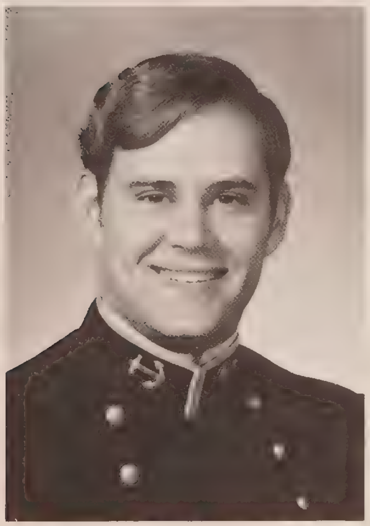
JAMES W. HUGHES

STEPHEN B. JACOBY

MARK WANE JAMES

RONALD M. LOVELACE

From the very beginning Ron had a jump on the rest of us at USNA as he was "afforded" the opportunity to report three days late. Ron struggled for the next four years not to change his way of life, but with the exception of a few military details, he succeeded. Only on a couple rare occasions did he ease his iron resolve not to study on weekends. In a crunch Ron could work harder than anybody, and the same goes for playing. Don't forget Notre Dame Plebe year, Supe's garden, Mardi Gras, etc. A co-president of the youngster Saturday and 2/c Friday all night wardroom set, Ron was half responsible for Rm. 8113's depleted supply of midnight oil. With baseball and partying at the top of his list of priorities (not necessarily in that order), it is remarkable that academics did not come much harder to him. He is a member of that small group of people with the ability to pull stuff out their ?#&. Duff should miss his bat and strong arm and Dahlgren, Georgetown and Hood will all miss his pillar of support. Good Luck!



RONALD J. McNEAL

Mischievous Ronny came to USNA from Texas, looking for life, liberty and happiness. Happiness and liberty however, became a thing of the past as he traded in his 10-gallon hat and spurs for a combo-cap and corfams. Life, he found, was most unbearable with "Hoagie" and "Piggly" standing in the way, but in time Ronny took care of these varmits in pure Texas fashion. Ron has always used his study time well: never missing a good movie or Monday Night Football. After a bout with the computers Ronny became an "all-around" engineer. Separate run-ins with "George" and the "Dufe" caused him to forgo varsity sports and become the "guiding arm" in company sports. Upon graduation, Ron will be trading in his horse for a flight career. F-14's ride better than horses anyway.

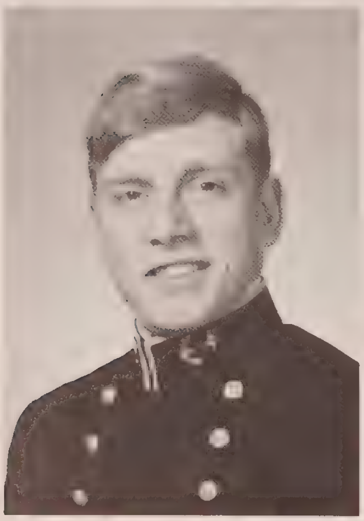
DAVID E. NIX

After a lifetime tour of today's new Navy, Dave settled down in Piscataway, New Jersey. It is from here where Dave took his diploma and left for the Naval Academy. Early at the academy, Dave was forced to question his choice of schools as he witnessed the departure of three roomates. He acclimated quickly, however and soon established deep roots in the comfortable sixth wing. Dave's popularity grew chiefly because of his aggressive spirit and partying nature. One of Dave's strong points has always been his ability to make quick, rational decisions. This ability was exhibited in his choices of major, car, and service selection. Owing to his background in Mechanical Engineering, his partying spirit, and his success at USNA Dave has decided to become a leader of the "GREEN MACHINE".

CHARLES H. PANGBURN, III

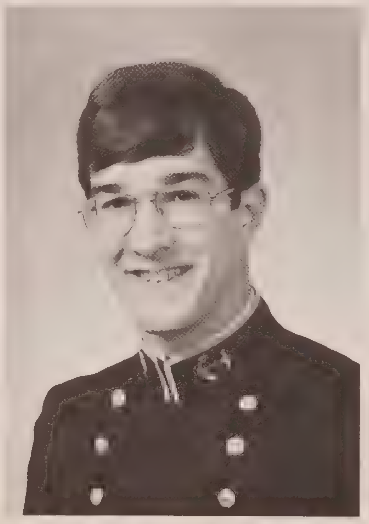
Coming from the small city of Millville in the sticks of South Jersey, Charlie hit the Naval Academy at a head trot but quickly caught on fire. Among his many achievements at the Academy, Charlie holds the honor of being one of the few to keep the same girl since entering. (ups and down don't count.) He has also won recognition for his ability to survive the Corvette or new car syndrome. As an underclassman Charlie was known for his virtuous behavior and devotion to the MHP. For this, he was duly rewarded first class year with the job of CAO. Charlie will best be remembered for his quick wit, sarcastic remarks, and partying spirit, but most of all for his dedication. With graduation rapidly approaching, Charlie will soon don the Marine Corps green.

Scott came to Canoe U. from the wilds of northern Minnesota. "Pitt" is a lumberjack and he's O.K.! While here at Navy the lad got involved in the Karate club. As a member of the club he distinguished himself through his hard work, by his second class year Scott was a black belt and as a firsty he served as club president. This industrious Finn put out scholastically in the infamous Aerospaced Dept. Although "Bro Sco" was keeping himself busy he still found time to lend a hand to others. Throughout his stay at the Boat School Scott has been backed by a sweet nurse named Mary. Our man knows when he's got the best, that's right they're engaged! Scott plans to go Marine Air and will no doubt excel. Even if no one can pronounce his last name, Lucky knows he's got it together.



SCOTT STUART PIHLAJA

Rich sailed into the Academy on a morning breeze from the "Windy City" and with quiet determination he navigated the storm of Plebe Summer with outstanding performance, always reaching out to tow his classmates along with him. These were to become the hallmarks of Rich at the Academy. The years that followed were filled with hard work in his mechanical engineering major, company 31, and steadfast training for the Boston Marathon. The "Polish Rabbit Commander" of Plebe Summer progressed to the Company Commander of 31. During this time his overall performance was high enough to keep him wearing Superintendent's Stars. His work has not been without reward: he is frequently seen cruising about in his polished up Jaguar with a beautiful local gal. We will never forget Polock and I am sure that every dawn in the fleet he will pause to remember those he left behind.



RICH POLEK

The Pride of Punxsutawney arrived at Navy just in time to head the class of P.E. Then, as befitted an actual member of the Ground Hog Club, one sunny autumn day Tony was startled by his shadow and took refuge at his desk, trying unsuccessfully all winter to nurture that thick shock of hair by booking under his flourescent study lamp. Since then he has only emerged to work out, go to class and hit an occasional striper board. It may be that the real reason Tony sports the Yul Brynner look is because his brain needed the room the roots of his hair were taking up. His grades are the evidence – a three or is it a four – eight. Notwithstanding, Tony is an unusually modest person, always the first to admit how poorly he did on tests, etc . . . Things seem to happen to him in fours – 4.0s, 4 stripes and a 400 Trans-Am. 31 expects – and hopes – that he will go far.

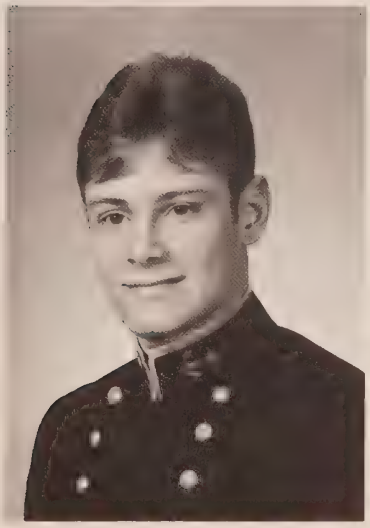
ANTHONY J. QUATROCHE

Born in Florida and raised on the Jersey Shore. Without a doubt definitely a Gratefull Dead fan. Have always enjoyed being outdoors, beer, football, women, and a not so rare swim in the raw. Many a beautiful person has come into my life, and to all I wish love & happiness. Looking forward to stepping out into the next adventure.

PFUNANDRE REDVICT

WILLIAM GRANT TIMME

After a year in the Air Force ROTC unit at Rutgers, Timbo opted for the Realistic Military Environment on the shores of the Severn. Over the hump of plebe year, Bill shot up quickly in his academics and was a regular member of the Supe's List with a handful of 4.0's in Mechanical Engineering. But he never let his thirst for knowledge stand in his way of having a good time on weekends as he became a card carrying member of the Officer's Club and frequented the local hot spots. Never one to get tied down with a female for long, he left more than one young flower in Hawaii after 1/c cruise. A staunch if nearsighted athlete, Bill had a wide variety of athletic interests, from soccer to swimming and was often seen working out in his Rutgers crew shirt. Choosing not to follow in the footsteps of his father, the Colonel, he has chosen the silent service as the recipient of his talents.



MARTIN RICHARDSON VALENSTEIN

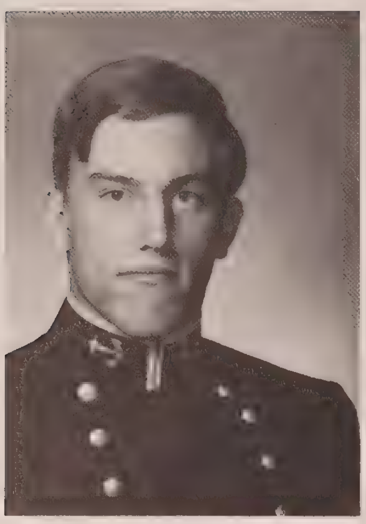
Rich has always been a firm believer in enjoying oneself and doing it up good. It's no wonder you can spot him with his black shadow, six pack and blowcomb haircut. It wasn't always this way though. As a plebe, he chose to be a narc, thinking it was the vice squad. Youngster year he "wrestled" with the problems of new-found freedom. This was short-lived as food and partying conquered pain. He now became well acquainted with the disco Dahlgren and cotillion scene only to be foiled in his efforts as a junior on the spiral staircase. Reigning ward-room champ, it took a move to sixth wing as a firstie to cure this disease, but then the fatal love bug struck. Never have the postal and phone services realized such profits. He has spent more time in Mish-ee-gun than USNA. Having chosen surface line the "Kitty Hawk" looks the best. The Academy hasn't done much to change Rich. As he ventures out into the fleet, what's to say but: "What were once vices are now habits".

GEORGE WADZITA

"Ziter" came to USNA from the sunny land of Phoenix, Arizona. A wizard of that old black magic, electrical engineering, he maintained well over a "three-oh" average, and could often be seen burning the midnight oil. Studies were not George's only interest, however, as his many magazines will testify. He was also renowned for his ability to spot a Corvette a half-mile away in a dark alley and identify its year, modifications, and type of tire tread. George's enthusiasm for them inevitably led him to buy a banana yellow 'vette. George's professionalism was well known to all, but that didn't mean he had no sense of humor. His occasional practical jokes and little displays of humor were severe trials to his roommates and friends. A die-hard nuke and bachelor, George plans to join Adm. Rickover's men in boring holes in the ocean. Good luck and may the Force be with you always George.

FRANK K. WAINDLE

Frank came to Navy from a prestigious Southern military school, the effects of which rapidly wore off. We have heard so much about Admiral Farragut Academy that we wonder which ring Frank will bang on desks as he moves ahead in life. Anyway, after a summer of special attention from the '75er who claimed he would resign his commission if Frank and the author of this biography both went Corps. Frank was ready for academics, and they were ready for him. A few close shaves with Spanish and Steam were nonetheless insufficient to daunt Frank in his (steady) progress towards Surface Line or NFO but most definitely toward his Southern belle, Carol. Carol, who is much better looking than Frank, is a lucky girl, and he, by company general consensus is luckier.



PHILLIP BRIAN BENOIT

32nd Company

The progeny of a career Army officer, Phil was your typical army brat. He harassed civilians in far away places like India, Egypt, Greece and London before finally settling down in Leavenworth, Kansas where he played football, track, and perfected his art of girl chasing and brew ha-ha's. As a plebe, Phil exhibited his leadership early and had quite a successful year with recon raids. During youngster year, the new privileges meant fun in the big town where Phil rightly earned the nickname "TWO BEER BENOIT". While at Navy, Phil persued his love for football by playing 150's, and it was during second class year that Phil acquired his present nickname of "BENO". After a summer of playing MARINE in Hawaii, and visiting a "GOOD" friend there. BENO cruised into first class year in his new Fiat X-1/9. First class year found Phil settled into the routine of graduating, long weekends and parties. BENO always liked the simple pleasures in life, a fast motorcycle, good sounds, a pretty girl, and an ice cold beer.

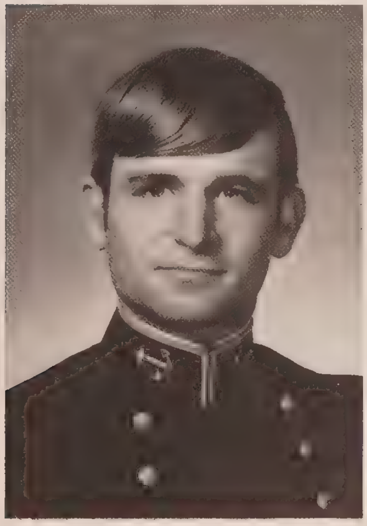
ROY A. BOOKMILLER

Pittsburgh's loss was Navy's gain when "The Book" packed his bags to take up not just a job but an adventure. Four years at the Annapolis Boy's Home proved no match for the big guy. From Plebe year when the lights went out before the Hillegas sanction to his firstie year Presidential pardon that dropped a "class A" before the ink was dry on the form 1, everything just naturally went Roy's way. The C.O. stated, "Roy talks a better game than he wants to play", but we all wonder if thats true as his vocal prowess got him into more trouble than out of it. With a unique personality, liked by many and unconcerned with the rest, Book was among the Admiral's 5% gang front runners. His talents were more acclimated to debate than the gridiron as he spent hours trying to sell his thoughts to us. And what a salesman! If he couldn't get his foot in the door, he put his foot through it! But all too often his foot ended up in his mouth!

PHILIP CLARK BRENNAN

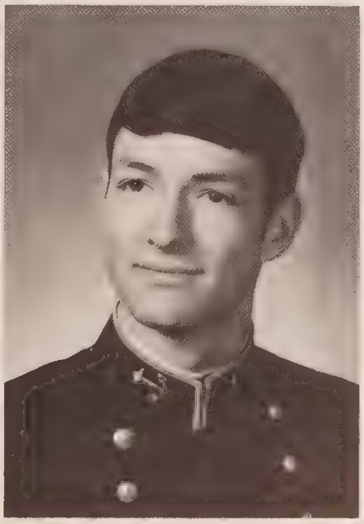
Philip Clark Brennan joined the navy and wandered out of Portland Oregon, to take on the world. After being in the navy a while, Phil decided that if he was going to see the world, he was going to go first class so he came to USNA to pick up a commission. Since then Phil has plugged and chugged (most of his chugging coming on Saturday nights) his way through four years of the Academy. At times it was wondered if Phil processed the stamina, drive, and ability to make it through the Academy in four years, but he always came through as if saved by a Divine Wind. Phil felt that four years of education at USNA wasn't good enough so he spent many of his weekends during first class year at College Park, Maryland, involved with the real process of higher learning. Phil helped make the four years at USNA a bit easier to bear. To Phil, we say, "may the Devine Wind always be at your back."

Hailing from Pocatello, Idaho, Craig gave up popcorn, grapefruit soda, and a year of fun at the University of Utah to excel for NAVY. The man from Potato Land had little trouble with Plebe Year, and quickly earned his nickname "Woodstock". Third Class Year had Craig hitting the books and setting up shop as the company's Stereo Rep. Second Class Year brought about new light with a certain special lady. And many times, he could be found setting records for late-night, marathon conversations in the 8th Wing Phone Room. Somehow, he still managed to earn stars. Firstie status finally arrived on Route 2 between Glen Burnie and USNA, and sometimes The Yard. Someday he'll probably remember the end of his favorite saying; "Life is like a bowl of oranges . . . "! A Flyboy turned Nuke by First Class Cruise, Craig feels that going down is better than going up. I am sure that he will attack all obstacles with the professionalism and zeal he gained at USNA.



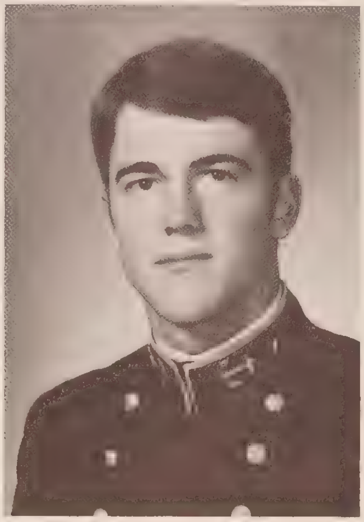
CRAIG RICHARD BUTCHER

"Lunch-Can" or "Ungowah" as he was sometimes called was always on time being late. Lon could be found late at night stalking the halls doing his various karate kicks and slipper launches while screaming "Aiyeeee!", or in a high voice "Look, Godzilla". When Lon came into a room you could guarantee two things. One, he would tie something in knots and two, he would forget something when he left. Lon, in an everlasting attempt to beat a certain friend's Trans Am was always modifying his Formula. Lon used to go out with girls on a round robin basis and would always tell them, "Don't call me . . . I'll call you." Majoring in wires Lon could be guaranteed to be up until 2 A.M. every morning but he enjoyed it. Nuke Power or NFO will be in for a treat when they acquire the "Ungowah".

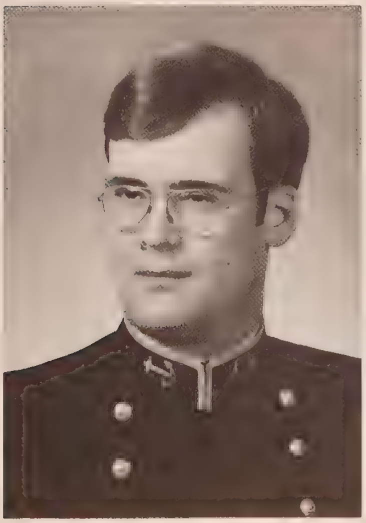


LON E. CHASE

Dan loves the outdoors and all the sports available there; skiing, sailing, diving to name a few. Alpine skiing is his nirvana, if he is not actually cruising down the slopes he is probably thinking of deep powder out West. DJ has tried to make his academy life as interesting and varied as possible. Armed with a smile and enough curiousity to kill any cat; Dan went to USAFA for a semester, tried the SEAL life style, and sailed Trans-Atlantic on the USCGC EAGLE. Being unconventional from the start, Cos took pride in not being a Mid. In this spirit he brought Bwana Merc to USNA to dwarf mere sports cars. In his crusade against that which is boring, Dan met a formidable opponent in the ME Department. Dan's interest in the nonacademic aspects of life seemed to grow exponentailly as the years rolled by, most weekends are now spent out on maneuvers. Thankful that he had the opportunity to live in the country, Dan left the farm in Illinois to become a fighter pilot. With this life long goal in sight, Dan is thinking of the NASA space program, liftoff!



DANIEL JOHN COSTELLO



DANIEL LEE COX

Dan was born and raised in Kansas, a big man from big sky country. He wanted to come directly to USNA but U of K and NAPS intervened. Always athletically inclined, Big Dan switched from basketball to crew on arrival. Hubbard Hall, EE, and other interests didn't mix, however, and Dano gave up crew. With a healthy appetite for food and bending regs he became an expert in drill. "He who will not risk, will not have fun," became his motto. Studying has never been Dan's forte and EE was a never ending source of aggravation. It is not unusual for landlocked families to produce seagoing men, probably because coastal dwellers know better. The Cox clan follows this trend. Dan has two brothers in the Coast Guard and one in the Navy. Two younger sisters and his parents complete the group. Dan's favorite pastime is bagging rays at the beach followed closely by cruising in his Vette with the top down. Dan will be doing his cruising on surface ships after graduation. He doesn't know how long his Navy life will last but he is determined to excel.

JEFFREY LAYNE EGGLESTON

Jeff could have lettered in 3 sports at Navy. These were eating, sleeping and girls. He could have been captain of the varsity studying team. He became a Naval Architecture major because what better place to learn about boats than at the Boat School? Somewhere along the line the call of the sea beckoned and Jeff answered. He soon became a hard core Surface Liner. Jeff wasn't all work and no play though. He used his weekends wisely (he got as far from USNA as he could). He usually had a harem of girls to choose from too. By the time First Class year arrived with even more liberty, Jeff could be seen making frequent trips to Richmond to see his special someone. Also in becoming a Firstie, his major changed to Graduation and going on to bigger and better things. Jeff will probably make Naval History. He will be the first live, floating ship model to be used in the Rickover Hall tow tank.

PETER C. GALLATI

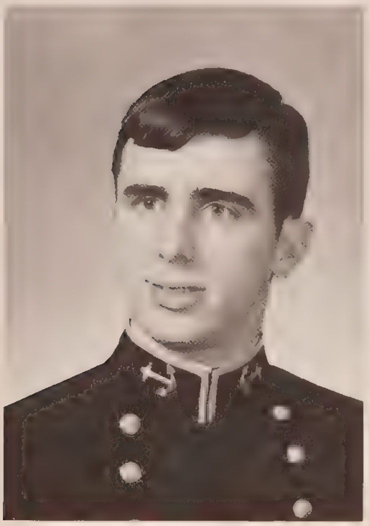
Peter's four years at the Naval Academy have been an uphill battle. He kept the lowest profile possible, which explains his overwhelming popularity. His most famous saying, "You don't have to do anything, but it helps if you do a little."

VICTOR GUILLORY

Vic came to USNA hoping to reap the many benefits – fast cars and fast women. Instead he bought a camaro and signed up for the lonely existence of a submariner. Nuc Power figured he had something on the ball when he took two girls to the Ring Dance and had both emerge unscathed. His grades were always good, too, but that was due to the E.I. he received from his teacher "friend" on three-striper libs. A WELCOME addition to the fleet – may he and his "Astro-Trimmer enjoy smooth sailing.

WILLIAM P. HESSION

From Brooklyn he came in a big gold car. All the way thinking "This has gone too far". I don't want to wear the Blue and Gold. Four years passed and the joke's getting old. He's now from Hawaii – the sun and the sand. With a pretty redhead who likes his brand. The Friday night parties would end his week. When dressed as Groucho he looked so chic. He was a bona fide member of the 5%. The wreck of his car was more than a dent. He's never been known to sweat a thing. Right through Bancroft he used to ping. He's a seasoned veteran of the camping trip. So he gulps his beer – he doesn't sip. The GodCarter quickly became his name. It gave him an image – his ticket to fame. No T-shirt was safe when Bill was around. He'd rip them and stomp them into the ground. Soon our Academy life will end. But forever and ever Bill is our friend.



THOMAS WAYNE HOVATTER

With a chaw a day and a chow package a week from his parents, chemistry was the main pursuit, until his fiance moved up to Annapolis to help him through University of Navy, and a bright yellow Firebird entered the liberty scene in second class year. Over the four years, the Navy taught Thomas how to get sick in airplanes and ships and histerically bored in subs, so, with the instincts of Alabama, young Thomas became enchanced with the kicking of rears and name-taking ways of the Corps, God bless it. Leaving those memories of plebe summer with '75, long afternoon P-chem labs, summer cruises, the nightly dip, blowing grits in swimming class, plebe summer with '81, and his beloved roomate, Tom looks forward to wedding bells and wedding swells and the ways of the Marine Corps ground. With continued determination and help from his wife-to-be and his fine parents, Tom's horizons look healthy, for the Corps, grad school, and maybe even a chance on his own farm.

Mike, a day student from Annapolis, came to the Academy knowing all the coaches, all the professors, and the academic dean. His father was the Chief of Police of Crabtown, so Mike had connections inside and outside the Academy. Mike was a very patient person, as long as everything went his way. He controlled his temper very well by merely screaming, slamming doors and throwing chairs. Mike was a typical bagger though. He'd do anything for a youngster afternoon. His scheduling of five youngster afternoons and no saturday classes one semester is a feat to be admired. Mike was hooked by a beautiful Silver Spring girl named Holly and they are now dancing to the tune of June Week Bells and then a trip to Pensacola where Mike plans to fly P-3's. Good luck to the both of them.

MICHAEL L. KALNOSKE

Ray, playfully known to his classmates as KWONG, made the long haul to USNA from Odenton, Md. Plebe summer appeared to be Ray's biggest challenge, when he astounded everyone by falling asleep while standing up. Ray has had his share of luck, if that's what you want to call it. He has survived every board available at USNA even his most feared, the diving board in the Natatorium. Being a man of simple tastes, Ray decided he didn't like his first vette, got another, and finally settled on a used V.W. We all wish Ray the best of luck in whatever service he finally chooses, but going by past experience we doubt he needs it.

RAYMOND R. KWONG

RAND DAVID LEBOUVIER

Rand left Baltimore to live with "mother B" four years ago and hasn't regretted more than a fourth of his stay here. He made friends easily and as quickly as he picked up nicknames. Once Rand set his priorities straight and realized that partying Mon. thru Fri. was no different than on weekends, he soon set a personal best of six pitchers at one sitting. As an English major he knew just what bull to give the ladies of his choice but never did fool his Fellow Five Per Cent. The Masqeraders knew just what parts to give him over his four years. "Good guys never finish first," he would say. Randy always kept an excellent military bearing, even though his Sunday night purges got out of hand at times. Rand was indecisive about service selection, but finally found Surface Line to be mighty fine.

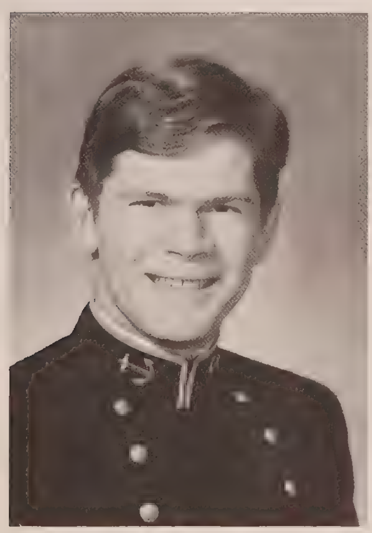
JAMES G. LOEFFLER

Jim came fresh off the gold-paved streets of Long Island to the Naval Academy with high hopes of being a Navy lacrosse player and excelling in its tough academics. However, during plebe year he quickly forsaked these aspirations in order that he might become 32nd Company's top defensive fieldball player. In addition, he intentionally let his grades slip so he could be personally introduced to the Superintendent, the Academic Dean, and various other important people. After all, he always said, "It's not what you know, but who you know." In the following years, Jim became so professionally-minded he stayed every summer, using the excuse that he wanted to bring up his cum. in summer school. With his obvious dedication to the Naval Service, Jim will make a good surface liner, and an even better pilot.

RICARDO MARTINEZ

Coming from the Great State of Texas? Rick quickly found a longlasting friend, his rack. Rick acquired the nickname "Rack" and was often found setting endurance records on his mattress. One of Rick's achievements was getting his dream car, a Trans Am with which he would not hesitate to pop the clutch and leave the trail littered with 'Vettes, mustangs, and Camaros. He would even do it in front of the Crabtown cops. Rick felt strongly about what he wanted to do for service selection. He wanted to go Nuke Power or Air or Surface line. Rick was smart in that he didn't let a girl rope him into a June Week wedding? like some of his friends. "The heck with them if they can't take a joke" was one of Rick's favorite sayings. Rick's special brand of procrastination will always be with us as he used to say "Don't do today what you can put off until tomorrow".

D.D. came to USNA from a small town, in the foothills of Signal Mountain, called Worthington, Ohio. In high school, Doug was an innocent youngster, a stout Mormon, and a track star. Well, at least he still runs. Doug managed to turn it around 180 degrees with the help of a little influence. He became one of the five percent and was awarded his Black N for his efforts. He found Ocean Engineering too specific and he wanted to broaden his horizons so he changed to a more General major. But Doug set his goals early in life. He wanted to be a High Plains Drifter but For a Few Dollars More he decided to run the Guantlet and be a Marine Aviator. Sure he'd never have a Fistful of Dollars but he'd be the Enforcer of the air. Doug's dream became a reality second class year when he began cruising the highways with the cool wind in his hair. This is the way we'll all remember Doug the free spirit he brought to many a party and get-together. He'll be right at home in an F-14.



D. DOUGLAS MILLER

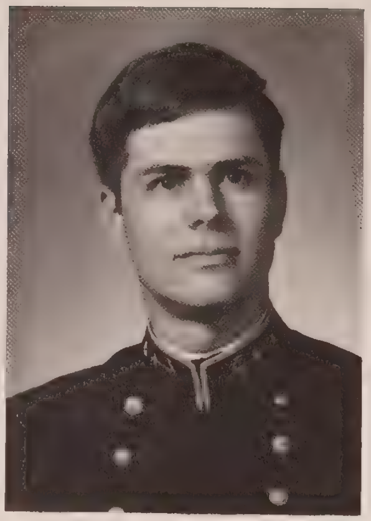
Disappointed after not having been picked as a first round draft choice Murph decided being a midshipman was just as good. With Marine air firmly in his sights, he and his friend Roderigo the Anaconda made the long journey from Canada to Annapolis. At first the training was tough for him because he did not understand the meaning of "cleaning up" his room, but he soon learned where the dust could be hidden – in his clothes. Tim decided to become a Physical Science major thinking it was the Academy's equivalent to Physical Education. He became an honored member of the Five Per Cent with his Peaking Out on weekends (and weekdays too). Despite his occasional hearing problems and the unusual lack of growth on his cranium, he is determined to go corps, or back to Canada. Canada would gain a fine little rugby player and lose a considerable amount of its beer supply.

TIMOTHY PATRICK
MURPHY

Rhett came to the Academy from the thriving metropolis of Onyx, California (population 40). After a stunning career as the football team's quarterback, he came to the Academy to continue his athletic prowess. He demonstrated this love for athletics by spending hours running the O-course on the Varsity O-course sub-squad and many fun-filled hours in the pool proving his swimming ability on the Professional Rock Squad. The Dude, as his freinds know him, was determined not to allow the Academy grind to disturb his relaxation. To assure this, he maintained a 3.5 CQPR in Engineering Physics with never more than 10 hours of study a week. But when Admiral Rickover's followers approached him, his financee told him and them NO! So Admiral Rickover's loss is Navy Air's gain.

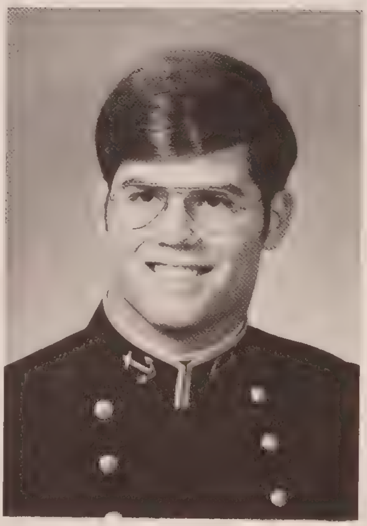
EVERETT H. OLIVER

A mid from the start, J.D. was born in the Naval Academy Hospital. It is rumored that his birthmark says, "Property of U.S. Navy". A Navy Junior, he did some traveling around and went to Punahou School in Hawaii. Finding it no challenge he graduated a year early, spent a year starring on the Caltech football team (proudly rated the worst in the nation), and was finally ready for USNA. Life here was never a real challenge for him as he had the gouge from the start, having memorized Reef Points before entering. Studies were a breeze as his 4.0 shows and he had the system wired enough to become 2/c Brigade Commander and make a similar showing 1/c Year. When not enjoying the rack he found other pastimes. Their names changed each year. Mark my words — J.D. is destined for success.



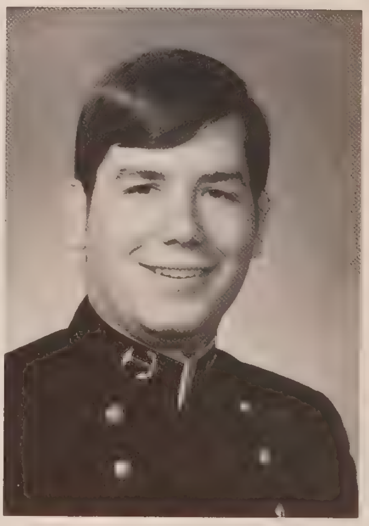
JAMES DAVIS OLIVER III

The magnificent Wizard, Oz packed it in from the emerald city and followed the yellow brick road to the efficiency and confort of a USNA garden apartment. He rapidly acquired a knack for the fast paced living, and did everything from drinking with the boys, to throwing people off bridges. Mike spent hundreds of hours in his room taking inventory of the things he'd pilferred over the years. Random stack of PLAYBOY, PENTHOUSE, and other less cultural works, back issues of FIRE ENGINEERING mingled with exams saved since catechism, 2 calculators, 3 battery chargers, his sponsor's antique tablecloth, 4 toothbrushes, 6 swimsuits, 2 lamps, and one large roommate. But when it came down to brass tacks, Oz had what you needed.



G. MICHAEL OSLOVAR

Paul came to the Academy from the "great" state of Georgia, but he never seemed to learn to speak the English language. He was a Varsity member of the Conditioning Squad, and counted a few Triple Crowns among his other achievements. As House Manager of Masqueraders for three years, he put many of the guys in the Company to work on the Productions. Paul was also highly qualified in the Wardroom as he spent many hours of hard study there. His room was a thing to be proud of due to his obsession with cleanliness. He never failed to sweep out before a Formal Inspection. Though a Mechanical Engineering Major, Paul had a solid minor in the subject of girlfriends. Not one to overdo things, though, he never had more than five at any one time. Paul spent first class year trying to decide between Nuke Power and a Reserve Destroyer out of Newport, R.I. (No one seems to know why Newport was so important). But, whatever he chooses, Paul will be a success because if that Georgia Boy from Plains can do it, so can Paul.



JEROME PAUL RAKEL

The Hawk left the Fun Capitol of Illinois for the Fun Capitol of the Navy full of hopes for academic excellence, but EE quickly cured him of that. He also came with a dim view of settling down for any length of time, but a lovely Army brat cured him of that, too. Finally, he wanted to be a Marine, but the Corps itself cured him of that. Famous for the cry, "I don't mind doing my job as long as it doesn't interfere with libs!", Bill was as scarce as a three dollar bill his Firstie year. Prone to try anything once, he dabbled in such pastimes as parachuting, scuba, a 50 mile run, and even Batt Suicide (Football). His one great success was as a Space-A vacationer — MAC ended up making him an honorary member. In all, a good man with a bright future.

WILLIAM W. SOER

Gary has to be one of the most colorful guys to ever attend this proud institution. He has given Thirty-second Company some of the most humorous situations ever a mid could perform, from running nude through elementary schools to diving out of moving vehicles. Gary has maintained both personality and control during the two Class A's. Never known to turn down a drink or woman — no matter how much they had aged — Gary was the heart-throb of many a senior citizen. This mid has been a friend to all and will surely be a welcome addition to the Marine Aviation community.

GARY THOMPSON

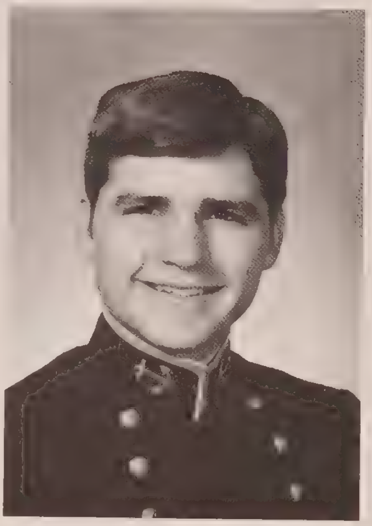
Richard Arnold Tillman arrived in Annapolis with his eyes wide open, looking for the challenge that he had heard so much about. Tilly found that the most challenging thing about the Academy was trying to keep his eyes open, but he pushed on, learned a lot, and became a true professional at everything from boxing to Company basketball. Rich left his heart in Augusta but thanks to some sweet smelling letters was not too unbearable to be around. You could always tell when Tilly got a letter . . . Tilly was a lover of the rack, his car, and the woman back home . . . not necessarily in that order. He enjoyed his stay at the Academy and even tried to be an engineer . . . Thank God for the divine wind . . . Fair winds at your back and you will enjoy surface line . . . it's mighty fine, now that you are in it.

RICHARD ARNOLD
TILLMAN

33rd Company

RONALD AASLAND

Oz descended on us from Ettrick, Wisconsin . . . yah, neither had we. With his black framed glasses and his quiet ways, the firsties (75) had him pegged as a child prodigy/striper material. He was the sole unfaltering surface-liner from the start to finish. Anybody with a collection of lead warships must be a terminal case. As always, he was faithful to his long distance romances and was known to spend many a weekend in 'Mother Bancroft'. Our chief hall rat achieved his first command as the C.O. of Tango company for '81 plebe summer. First class year he was renamed Snoopy and was often seen flying in his brown box on the beltway. He'll probably turn in his brown box for a Spruance out of his new hometown, Oconto, Wisconsin . . . Yah, neither had we. We'll always remember you Ron. How can we forget Aasland spelled double A beep beep s-l-a-n-d . . . you probably just wanted to be first in line. Watch our Groshkov, Snoopy is on your tail.



GREG BAUR

To most of us, Bobo seemed to stroll into this fine institution from sunny California, as the pick of the Baur litter. He quickly learned the rigors of Plebe year and the wearing of the uniform (well, most of the outer clothing) and rose to great judicial ranks as the Deputy Vice Honor Chairman. Looking at Greg, you would never know his ability at marathon running, and using "sore legs" as a sick call excuse has won him Brigade-wide renown. He spent most of his free time beating his Bible, boxing for Navy, lying prone thru 1/C formations, and getting love letters returned "Not At This Address". His spirit and height will always be remembered by his classamtes, and we wish him the best of luck in the wearing of the green (he shoulda' been a lumberjack) of Marine aviation. We're still waiting for him to explain why he stuck around for Christmas leave (studying?), and his whereabouts at the 1977 Army-Navy game. We're guessing honor business, or some such thing. God bless you, Bo, and see you soon.

MICHAEL J. CONKLIN

Donk, known as the rack king, appeared at USNA after a 45min drive from Arlington, Va. Plebe yr was a breeze (I have never been fried for my rates, Sir), the beginning of a 4 yr diet, and the producer of the 1st Youngster J.G. of 33. Football was high on his list of priorities, but he excelled on the Rugby field after plebe yr. His intentions were always the best when it came to studies, and osmosis in the rack was his favorite position, which he utilized every spare minute. Donk was always known to be the life of his parties, especially when seen worshipping the Ralph god. Seriously, Donk could drink with the best of them. An ankle operation his firstie year didn't stop him from keeping up his swinging image of driving a 280Z while juggling girls between weekends. His laundry service was very efficient, his Mom used Downy, and she never missed folding a piece of clothing. The Academy might just as well have been called a weekday camp for Donk because all weekends were spent at home playing the role of a civilian; hair and all! GTHJ8434

MICHAEL G. DASOVICH

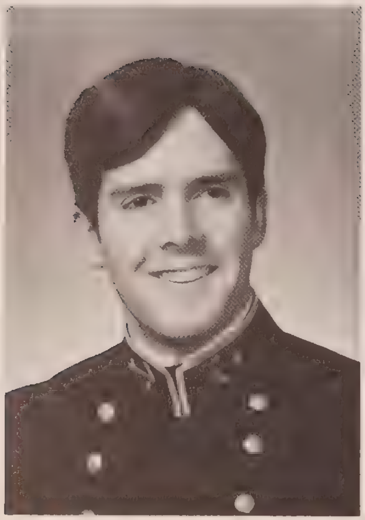
Mike, affectionately known as Radar, came to the un-college from Newport, RI. He brought quite a few things with him, including enthusiasm, inquisitiveness, and a head of hair that looked like the product of a stray finger stuck into a nearby electrical outlet. After the usual insane plebe year, Mike settled down and became a typical lunatic upperclass. This was particularly obvious after he decided to go Corps. Mike served one tour of duty as a varsity football manager, but gave it up when he found that it was more fun massaging ankles at Marie's than taping them in the locker room. Continually on the excused squad, his pile of chits could fill up a whole room. Mike's future as a Marine aviator is certain to be enhanced by a newly developed technique in helicopter flight that he hopes to perfect, in which the helicopter rotates about a stationary blade. Mike's qualities of loyalty, dedication, and steadfast friendship will certainly carry over and guarantee him a successful future.

JAMES J. DeGREE

Jim reported to nursery school on the crest of a wave from Santa Ana, Calif. JJ's goals were to end up on a reserve ship, play football, and marry Tracy. Few will forget the turnaround Navy football had in '76. Everyone will remember that's when Jimbo Elrod became a def. end. Bimbo's career was cut short by a knee injury in '77. Jim, not one to rack alot, was considered a pencil neck in comparison to his roommates; he studied about 4hrs. a week. Jim was never one to sweat except where his hair was concerned, he had to look like a civie on leave. Elrod was a hit with the opposite sex, he'd smile, say oowee, and they'd wander over. Don't worry Trace, they were just friends – except Mildred. While most bought sports cars, Jim saved for a bus for the small litter he and Trace would start after graduation (?) Jim will not forget Kev, Donk, Luca, TABLE 78. He's always talking of his family – they're the best. His ring (HIT THE BEACH tells it all. In 5 you'll find JJ, Ace, and their 5 kids in a shack on the beach. Thanks Kow.'s GTHJ8434

Bill Dietzler left a promising future of picking rocks in the lakelands of Minnesota and came to Annapolis as a stellar example of America's finest. He was so impressive that he had to spend the next four years trying to convince everyone that he wasn't as squared away as we thought he was. His plebe year black N was our first clue. Dietz had trouble establishing his goals while here at Navy. He always wanted to be a forest ranger, but since there was no major for it, he decided to become a pilot. With the help of a few understanding friends (Dunk, Smitty, Obe), Dietz found his niche in life – the back table at Rudy's with a PBR. Perhaps his greatest complement came when Charlie Daniels offered Dietz a beer. He knew in his heart that he was at last a Good old boy. Bill's greatest dilemma in life is probably women. Rather than try and figure them out, he decided upon an alternative – marry one, but who and when is still up for grabs.

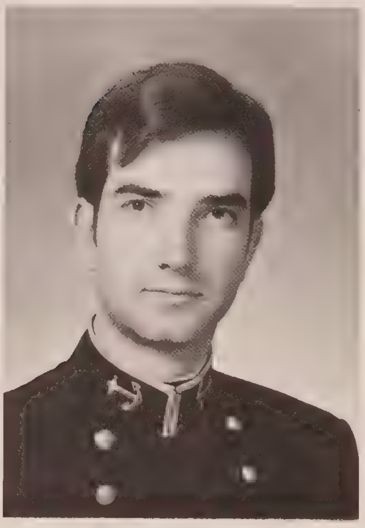
WILLIAM DIETZLER



MICHAEL JOSEPH DINN

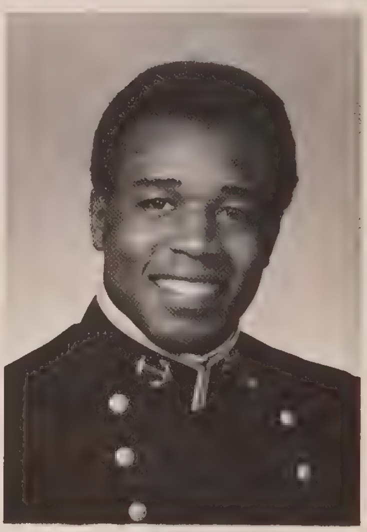
"Gunga" Dinn practically fell out of his crib and into a uniform. Fresh from New Mexico Military Institute, Mike validated plebe year and will graduate with seven years of spiffies and study hours. He spent the bulk of his time tearing into books and juggling formulas for the Good Admiral Rickover. His free time was invested in setting track records for Navy's Varisty and playing Don Juan to a lovely local Peach. As our main three striper for four years, he aided us tremendously in breaking in three different company officers. Mike's prize possessions include a calculator that can be set for stun, a class ring with a purple jellybean on it, A Celica that gobbles up railroad ties, and a cactus named Juanita. As our time at Navy quickly runs out, we find Gunga still trying to convince people they don't need a visa to visit him in Albuquerque and spouting his service selection creed – I'M psyched for Nuc Power, but I passed my eye test." Maybe he will come to his senses. God Bless, buddy, and make us proud.

A classmate named Driggers once told Rick, "Never let academics get in the way of your education." He didn't.



RICKEY LYNN DUBBERLY

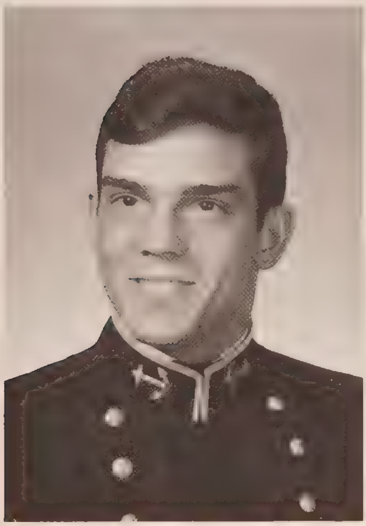
Duffy bounced from Albany, N.Y. into Harbor Town with his purple high tops and the aspiration to become a gyrene. Then he supported himself while covering for a classmate's chow-call. Bonzo made his mark in intramural B-Ball and as 4-yr member of the Rugby Club. While most folks start off with 32 teeth, Duffy had 12 pulled and still had 30. His head could always be found between a nice set of cheeks (He played 2nd row) instead of buried in the books. Thus he became a regular at Summer School and a semi-annual visitor to the AC Board. During Plebe Summer, the plebes of 33 were ruled by an iron hand belonging to IDI AMIN DADA DYER. They were looked upon as the USMC drill team at USNA (YETEMO). As our resident pimp, Bonzo bought a Cordoba and could be seen strutting around Annapolis with one of his young ladies sitting proudly next to him. Few will wear the green prouder than Mike since few worked harder to graduate. GOOD LUCK ALWAYS, IDI!!!



MICHAEL A. DYER

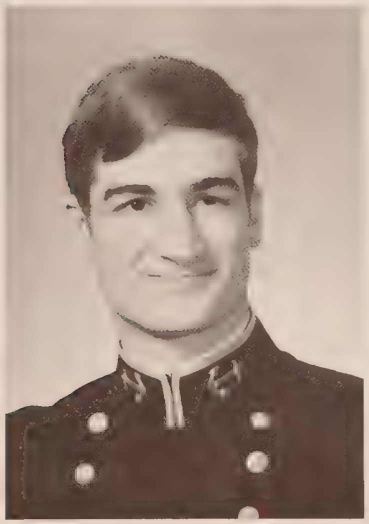
THOMAS DEAN ELDRIDGE

Tom arrived from Virginia but preferred to claim Florida as home. His bloodline was right, his brother a nuke. Throughout plebe summer Blade worked long and hard. Things really began to shine for Blade, especially his shoes. As academic year arrived Blade drew a bead. He also tried his hand with the rifle team. Despite excellent rifle skill, Blade was forced to give up rifle for fear of losing his intramural soccer scholarship. The Hulk would be proud of the muscles Blade has developed carrying mountainous stacks of books to class. Is Blade joking when he says that's all he uses books for? Oh well, the Hulk can't read. At home on the ice as well as off, Dorothy Hamill wants Blade only for his body. Give up dear you'll never pry him away from the TV. Professionally, Blade would prefer to join the brotherhood of nukes. But one in the family is ample. With the way Blade has handled two pieces of tail, he'd make a fine F18 pilot. Wherever he goes Blade will excel, and only service selection will decide where. (PHE?)



KEITH JOSEPH HAAR

Navy recruited in Minnesota for a prospect with ability and came up with Keith. Keith began his career with his head pointed in the right direction but his feet propelling him sideways in the dizzy izzy Plebe Summer. Later Plebe Year, Haardee pursued a Trident Project on ocean bottom farming but found a knockabout to be the wrong thing to plow with. Keith soon turned his attentions to soccer, giving three years to Navy's Varsity before directing his efforts toward distance running and marathons. Academics were within grasp also with Keith quick to lend a hand or a look at his stars. As for extra-curricular activities, Haardee could be found on any phone available, authorized or not, for a call to Kimmie, drinking iced tea by the quart, or out giving a Spitfire a workout trying to drive it. He soon mastered the machine as can be vouched for by the state police of several states. A blonde beauty from home joins Keith in June '78 to live happily ever after in the Corps.



CHRIS GERALD HARTMAN

Chris came to Canoe-U from the other side of the world, sunny California. As a result, his love for cold weather is only exceeded by his love for physical pain, which if the shape of his nose is any indication, must be considerable. The upperclass loved playing rates with him plebe year. They couldn't figure out if he choked so much because he was forgetful or because he hadn't had anything to drink for the last 39 meals. Chris could always be found either studying, playing pick-up games, consulting the rack, or driving out to the northern neck boondocks. A person who could write all day and say nothing, Chris did the only sensible thing and majored in Nav Arch, surviving on his instincts for searching out the gouge. He even passed some along, but if he did it himself, there was sure to be something wrong with it. A nutrition nut, he has been taking zinc tablets methodically. Don't know what for, but they must be good for something. Right Betsy? Surface Line will be fine when Chris joins their community.

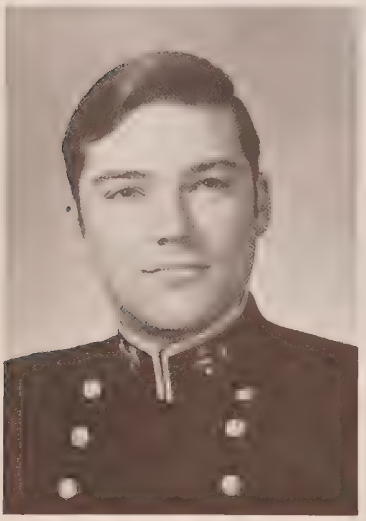
The Animal was born on July 3, 1956 and died on July 8, 1974. On June 7, 1978, after four years of hard work, the Animal will reappear as an officer and gentleman.

DANIEL LEONARD HOLOUBEK

The most difficult part about getting to know George was learning to pronounce his hometown, something some of us still have trouble with it after four years. George was famous for his quick wit, his somewhat insane sense of humor, and his ability to enthrall us all with some story. Whenever you came into George's room, you could be sure he'd give you a cheerful greeting, like "Get out of here Dogface!" or something similar. But what really set George apart from the rest of us was his addiction to the rack. It wasn't so much the quantity as the quality of the racking which amazed us all. Since George had the uncanny ability to stare at a book for hours and then not have the slightest idea what was in it, he is looking forward to the day that he can escape their clutches, make a quick pit stop in OCONOMOWOC to marry Snapper, and then settle down to the casual life of Naval Air. We all wish good luck and success to someone who will be a friend for a lifetime.

GEORGE WILLIAM KERSTEN

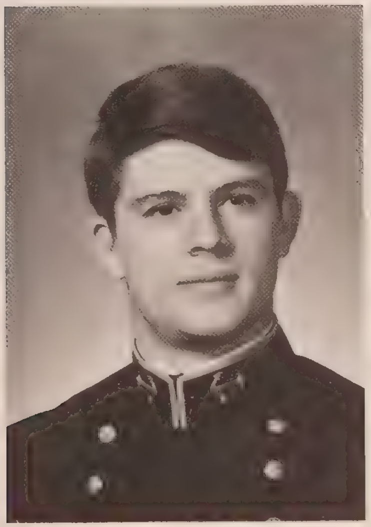
Keager spent the majority of his time at USNA actively engaged in one of his many pursuits such as racking, wargaming, racking, driving YPs, or sometimes just racking. Studying was completely foreign to him and yet he was always the one to pull the good grades. He was frequently heard to say that the score received on a test is inversely proportional to the amount of time spent studying. Originally an avid aviator and an Aerospace major he decided around second class year that he would prefer the cold dark depths to the clear blue sky, and so another aviator went subs. He will always be remembered by his favorite famous naval saying, "Rack hard, Rack fast, Rack often!"



WILLIAM O. McKEAG

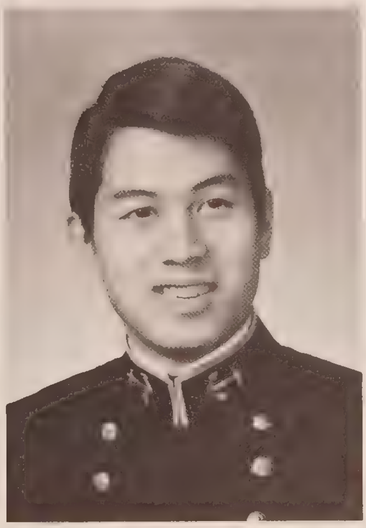
DUNCAN McLEAN

I'm too tired to spend much time on this and don't have too much to say anyway but I'd like to thank all my beer drinking buddies for trying to keep up . . . a noble but futile gesture. As per request: OBE loves pork, elrod loves california (land of fruit and nuts), deitz loves ???, gail loves tom (but i tried), and I love PBR and redneck music.



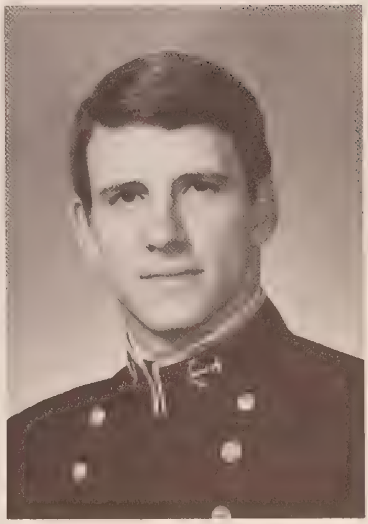
BRENT J. OBENOUR

I CAME:
On the 8th of July, 1974.
I SAW:
USNA, several thousand miles, and four years pass.
I FROWNED:
At the things wrong. At the apathetics who had so much offered but took so little with them. At the fools in powerful positions who played us as pawns. At the mile. At the MHP. At changes in myself and my friends. At four years passed.
I SMILED:
At the good times. At being westbound on I-70 to Kenton, Ohio. At weekend binges with Dunks and Smitty. At Sunday mornings when my head hurt. At shooting a ten. At going to sea. At leaving. At changes in myself and my friends. At four years passed.
I LEFT:



DENNIS OTOSHI

Always present were the Golden-Gated memories and a cable car ringing of other times as notes sent and letters received brought thoughts of the other distant shore. Star-blindness faded as darkness was felt and frowns all uniformed in their navy blues watched winter clouds pass in their eyes right procession. Rain fell as you counted the numerous tears of others that had found refuge on your shoulders. To have lived without was to learn to grasp again and hold it to your breast with a child-borne fear of losing it once more. Then the tropical white warmth of smiles, the embrace of hands and hearts, as 990 caps were thrust high. But, there was no time to linger. Ships were sailing and youth itself was passing on as we said goodbye.



JOHN HALSTEAD ROGERS

Two men have come to mean the world to "John Boy"; one he met while in high school, the other shortly after arriving at the Academy. The former, Jesus Christ, has helped him see life in a more eternal perspective, summarized well in the following verse from Hebrews: "All discipline for the moment seems not to be joyful, but sorrowful; yet to those who have been trained by it, afterwards it yields the peaceful fruit of righteousness." The other man is the Great Coach Potter. It has been said more than once that Coach Potter tried for two years to get rid of the "Boy", but then gave up. Coach showed John Boy that there is much more to squash than a won-loss record, and gave him a deep appreciation for the sport, as well as others involved with it. One of John Boy's "collateral duties" has been compiler of "Famous Contemporary Naval Sayings", a duty he hopes to maintain, penning those "mighty fine" gems of the surface line. Sorry Rico, John Boy couldn't make the Green flying team.

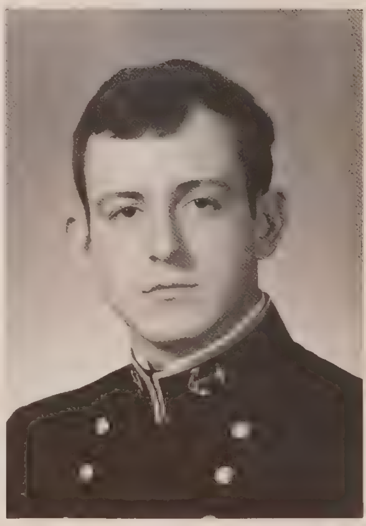
PAUL JOHN RUSSO

The Rock (some people call him this because he looks like a granite boulder with moss growing on it, but that is not the case) currently hails from Media, PA.; but he has lived on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line, as well as "south of the border." He is best known for his personality (some say he is perpetually perpendicular) his looks (he is too often mistaken for a dumb Marine), his desire to become a submariner (dumb bubble-head), and his annual Army-Navy pre-game drink-in. The Rock's claim to fame was earning a YP command during his stay at USNA. When he wasn't studying (which was most of the time!), he could be found either (1) racking out, (2) boob-tubing, (3) wargaming ("dragons and fairies" was his favorite — he even developed the same personality of his leading character — a dwarf!), or (4) building models, purses, lead soldiers, etc. Will he stay in long enough to be able to retire? Only the SHADOW (and UNCLE SAM) knows for sure!

Thank You, Jimbo, Archie, Sturge, Mike, Joe, Ed, Pat, Flan, Leon, John, Rich, Bob, Otto, Toby, Jim, Red, Ray, Don, Tom, and my big friend Soy'ez . . . Po. Thank You Roy. You have all made my life here very enjoyable and I will never forget the good times I've had. I pray for your success and well being. Good luck in all that you do . . . remember the Bro's.

KEVIN RYAN

This ex-mayor of Bloodsworth Island rode out of the FMF into '78 to win the hearts of '81 in Blood Alley. Plebe year he was dropped behind enemy lines into the hands of the Aerospace Department, and presently plans to receive his "Combat Action Certificate" this June 7th (he was recommended for this once in 1976). His nickname 'CPL Rock' was won in his gallant forty-minute offensive against the instruction pool. Late one night he was captured by an Italian from Pittsburgh and will be serving a life sentence in her POW camp commencing this June.

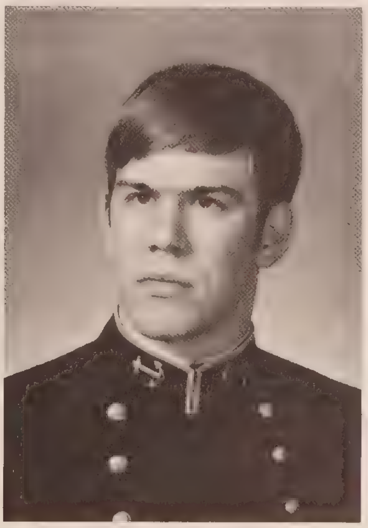


GARY SHARP

Tom, soon to be known as Luca (the cute one), came to Uncle Sam's day camp from Sioux City, Iowa. 1 of 14, and not the smartest of Ma & Pa Sudbeck's kids, Luca became a management major (sorry Hymie, He's gonna be a star for the Mean Green Machine). Destined to be a stud for the Big Blue – he heard the call of The Rugby Queen; her beer parties & a Class "A" Plebe year. Few will forget the friend Luca made on the bus returning from Phila. Surprisingly successful with the young girls & never one to fall in love (yea), he did have $90 phone bills! 2/C yr. brought Beatrice and many happy hours were spent in her warm confines. Luca, not really a student of the rack, was taught to appreciate it 1/C yr. by his roomates. Jose (Havrilla) was hesitant about letting the 3 most squared away guys in the co. room together; Luca solved the problem by getting 2 stripes 1st set. He was corralled as a Firstie & was known to make many a juant to Youngstown, Ohio (even 2/wk). A charter member of MNC, he always slept with his feet out. G T H J 8434.

John Weidner came to boat school with visions of becoming a fine naval officer. Instead, Weedo directed his efforts toward twelve ounce diminishing curls and trying to show everyone that he was a rugby player and not just the coach's pet. His claims to fame at Navy included being Pop Concert chairman (It was dark over Westphalia in April of '45) and 33rd Company Buckeye rep (God bless Woody Hayes, apple pie, and Jack Daniels). Weedo will probably never forget his first class cruise – all he has to do is look at the scars on his arms to recall good times in Copenhagen. While everyone has their best remembered quote, none can match those now famous words that were first uttered by Weedo in the summer of '74 and that still touch a warm spot in every heart of 33rd Company . . . "Does it taste good?"

THOMAS K. SUDBECK



JOHN ANDREW WEIDNER

EDWARD M. WYNNE

Ed came to the Academy from a Florida high school which was about as far away from his home as the "Boat school". He soon came to be known for two of his most distinguishing characteristics, his over propensity for consumption of coke, and the less than stellar effort he put into his academic endeavors. As a varsity tennis manager for four years, Ed really supported the team, even though it meant some sacrifices, like not being able to march in any parades since plebe summer, and having to sign in at evening meal. Ed had the distinction of being one of the first of the company to buy his new car. It was too bad that it was in the shop during most of the warranty time, after his pair of wrecks (neither of which were his fault.) One of two E.E. majors in the company to last all four years, Ed plans on working for Uncle Hymie after June 7.

34th Company

DAVID JOHN BARILE

HOME: Boundbrook, New Jersey
AGE: 22
SERVICE SELECTION: USMC
ECAs/HOBBIES: TT Club, Owners Box, Ice Capades, Sons of Italy, CIA Fan Club, BFV Fire Team Leader.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Varsity Track Captain, Passed Computers (Thanks Aris), Projectionist PQS on TRUCKEE.
BOOK: "20 Steps to a Lovable Personality" by Al Cantello.
QUOTE: "Irv Who?"
PROFILE: Studious and soft-spoken; frail, probably due to picky eating habits. Helmet size 80 meters (USNA record).
CLUB: THIRTY-FOUR

Home: Wheaton, Illinois
Age: 22
Service Selection: Restricted Line
ECA's: X-rays, Bethesda, "Tabs for Timmy," Risk, "Alice" keeper, BFV kidney donor, K.M.S.
Accomplishments: thickest medical record, Company Backgammon champ, keeping Martin out of trouble, five kidney stones, not getting engaged.
Quote: "Hey Sus, what's on the tube?"
Book: *Caring for Your Kidneys*
Profile: an engineering expert (as displayed by the PCR), this midshipman's once excellent health deteriorated rapidly due to long and tedious hours of study.
Helmet size: 145/98.
Club: THIRTY-FOUR

SCOTT HAROLD BURNS

HOME: Lancaster, Pa
AGE: 22
SERV/SEL: Nuclear Power
ECA's, HOBBIES: Rappelling rep, Swimming EI, Owner's Box, BFV RIO, TT Club, Eyebrow rep
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Power Volleyball, Middle name, Best Room in Company/Best Man in Plt/Slash, BUD/S
BOOK: "Organic Chemistry Made Easy" (not yet written)
QUOTE: "I will never run another PCR gouge session as long as I live . . . Who threw that sugar cube?!"
PROFILE: Fears water, Thrust into a leadership situation, Dave became "deeply" involved with his squad, Helmet size 6.5
CLUB: THIRTY-FOUR

DAVID HOWLEY BUSS

LOUIS RICHARD CIRELLI, JR.

HOMETOWN: Port Chester, New York
AGE: 22
SERVICE SELECTION: Surface Warfare
ECA'S/HOBBIES: Power Lifting, Power Eating, Vienna Boys Choir, Sons of Italy, cooking.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Track, Football, 25 Taco Club, Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval, Four-wheeler Hall of Fame, Forensic Society, BFV Ship's Doctor.
BOOKS: "Eshbach," "Once and Future King" by T.S. White
PROFILE: Company hard rocker, wasted away to 190 before becoming a shot-putter, worked his way through college as a short order cook.
HELMET SIZE: 16 pounds
QUOTE: "It only takes 2.23 seconds . . . "
CLUB: THIRTY-FOUR

MICHAEL ROBERT CLENDENING

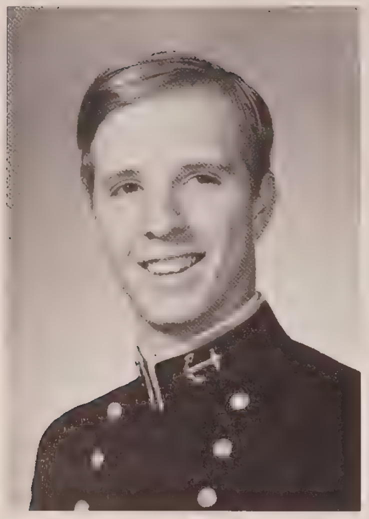
Home: Yardville, N.J.
Age: 22+?
Service Selection: Geophysics
ECA's: Owner's Box, BFV Wingman, Var. Soccer, Carl Ullrich Fan Club
Accompl: Soccer Co-Capt, Ac. Boards (All ECAC), USNA PGS, 2.0 & GOoo!
Book: "Annapolis Misfit" by Kurt Schneider
Quote: "Collaborate & Graduate"
Profile: Peaceful & Law abiding?, Mike was a strong supporter of the American Free Enterprise System. Food and clothing rep.
Club: THIRTY-FOUR

VACHEL PATRICK DOWLER

Home: Mount Vernon, Illinois
Age: 21
Service Selection: Nuke Subs
ECAs: All-Star Rack Team, Marathon Club, Society of Nonverbal Communication, BFV NavAid (Fl 8 sec)
Accomplishments: DOOW, PCR Superman, Narc, 1978 List of Lights Foldout
Books: "Alice in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll and "Ship Design for the Mentally Handicapped" by Dr. Rameswar Bhattacharyya
Quotes: "I came back . . . to Lemon Pledge," and "But I don't want to be a mushroom!"
Helmet Size: 6'7"
Profile: Winner of Paul Williams Look-a-like Contest. Sleeps with a shark and roomed with Renee Richards first class year.
Club: THIRTY-FOUR

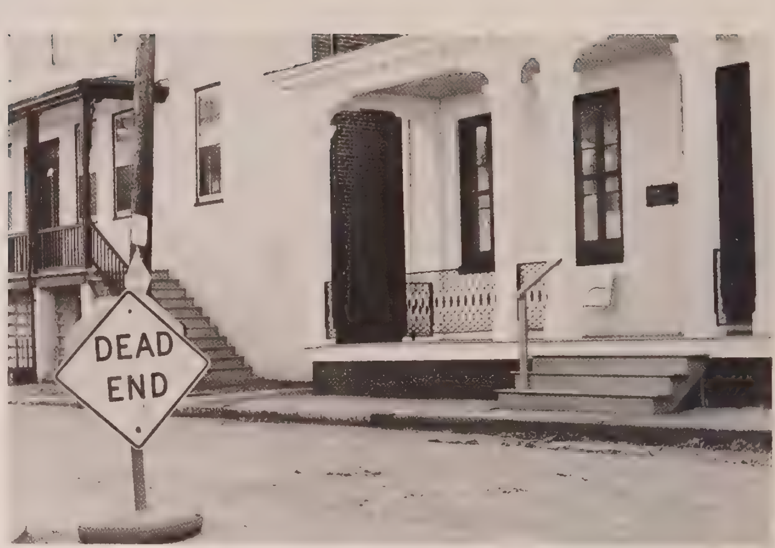
WILLIAM GEORGE FELL, JR

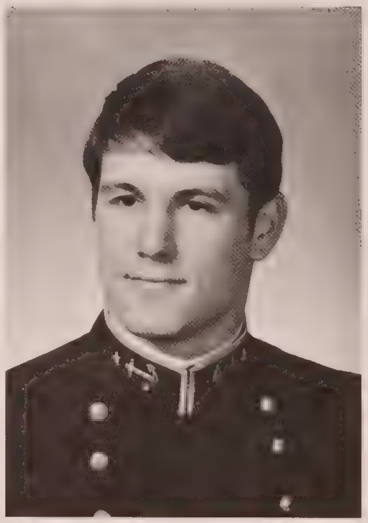
HOME: R-R-ROOTSTOWN NEAR R-RAVENNA, OHIO
AGE: 8 TO ADULT
SERVICE SELECTION: MARINE AIR
ECA'S: OWNER'S BOX, TT CLUB, ICE CAPADES, BFV COMM OFFICER JUNGLE JEFF FAN CLUB
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: FOOTBALL (1, 2, 3), DRINKING (1, 2, 3, 4), EATING GLASS GORILLA, BILLHANDLER
BOOKS: "PLAIN SPEAKING" BY WERTE MILLER "GREEN EGGS AND HAM" BY DR. SEUSS
QUOTE: "GIVE ME AN AUDIENCE AND I'LL GIVE THEM A SHOW"
PROFILE: ARTICULATE, CULTURED AND WELL-MANNERED. IDOLIZES FELIX UNGER
HELMET SIZE: 2.000 NM (GREAT CIRCLE)
CLUB: THIRTY-FOUR



ERIC CHARLES FORBES

Hometown: Interstate 81
Age: 22
Service Selection: 1: Navy Air
ECAs: Driving, Winning friends, Asking questions, Wardroom Pres.
BFV Billet: Signalman
Accomplishments: Track, Airborne, Nancy, Dana, Poster Child for Easter Seals
Book: Unsafe at any Speed
Quote: Sed velimus non vexalus
Profile: A good friend and cheerful companion, Fid was always the first on everyone's list. Soon to be a regular Grandpaw Pettibone.
Helmet Size: One size fits all





ANDERSON BARLOW FUNKE

HOME: Too far away . . . San Diego in Sunny Southern Cal
AGE: A child prodigy at 21
SERVICE SELECTION: Surface Line (EDO or OUT)
ECA's: Officers' Christian Fellowship; Visiting a certain family from E.P. Church (with a certain very pretty daughter!); Water skiing on New Years
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: He's still single, isn't he?? Development of the true Theory Z Leadership . . . ZZZZZZZZZ. Stars and stripes — Batt Cdr
QUOTES: "You only go around once in life so why not make it forever?", "I know not what my future holds but I know Who holds my future — J.C."
PROFILE: Quiet and amiable but when he speaks he's profound.
CLUB: THIRTY-FOUR

DAVID WENDELL HEINTZMAN

HOME: Albany Orygun.
AGE: 22
SERVICE SELECTION: Nuke(d).
ECA's: Matchmaker Society, outdoors, ONJ fan club.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Stars 'n Stripes, DOOW qual'd.
BOOK: CELICA Owner's and Servicing Manual.
QUOTE: 'I don't think EE is all that difficult, do you?'.
PROFILE: Wires gouge man, born three striper. Helmet size: 1.978 kW.
CLUB: THIRTY-FOUR

EDDY DEAN KEE

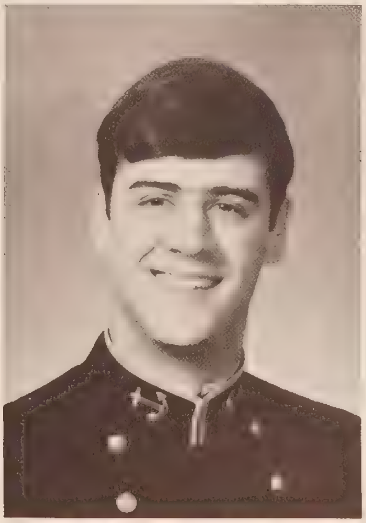
HOME: Sunset Texas
AGE: 24
MAJOR: Systems Engineering
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Ulysses" by James Joyce
OBSESSIONS: Girlfriend, learning, good literature, and many transitory esoteric interests.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: FELL IN LOVE, read a few good books, learned how to sail, and traveled a good deal. Also a TRIDENT SCHOLAR and President of the American Nuclear Society Student Chapter.
QUOTE: The Absurd familiarity with which people absorb such amazing phenomena as television, rock music, and the daily news will always astound me. What would life be like without television?
PROFILE: Obsessed, intelligent, and self-motivated. A true scholar committed to solving all puzzles put before him.
CLUB: 34

MARVIN E. KING

HOME: Montgomery, Ala.
AGE: 22
SERVICE SELECTION: Surface (or thereabouts)
ECA's: Black Studies Group, PRC, WRNV, "TT Club", "Swim Team", BFV OPS
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: 150's, Company Lights, Brigade Champs '74, Curlee's adopted son, cave dweller
BOOK: "Water Survival" by Coach "Log" Higgins
QUOTE: "The sky's the limit, since what goes up may not come down!"
PROFILE: Talkative and outgoing, Marvin from the start found it hard to keep a straight face. But then, so did his roomates, prof's, Co. Officer . . .
HELMET SIZE: 2 Standard Deviations

Home: Randallstown, Maryland
Age: 23
Service Selection: Navy Air
ECAs: HGH, 'tiqueing, hot imported sportscars, Stereo of the Month Club, plant watering, BFV MAA
Accomplishments: Lax, endured Bobby, Paula's "Pumpkin", Mr. Congeniality for August 1977
Books: "Schaumb's Outline of Economic Statistics" and "Grizzly Adams" Quote: "Running plebes is the sport of kings."
Profile: "Shy and reserved, Ken was always noted for his love of small, furry animals. Follows girls field hockey teams and their coaches avidly.
Helmet Size: 80 watts (per channel) Club: Thirty-four

MARYLAND
THE NO



KENNETH MICHAEL LAW

HOME: Fort Worth, Texas
AGE: 21
SERVICE SELECTION: Nuclear Power
ECAS: Impressing people, Lucky Bag rep, hop rep, beacheads, Western Maryland College.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Sailing, living with the genius, PCR wires gouge team, International Ball, BFV SN.
QUOTE: "He's my roommate."
BOOK: The Care and Feeding of the Texas Armadillo
PROFILE: This longhorn's verbal abilities improved greatly over four years. Once able to converse only with steers and other Texans, remedial English has placed him on a level with most SNs (and damn Yankees.)
HELMET SIZE: 720 Verbal.
CLUB: THIRTY-FOUR.

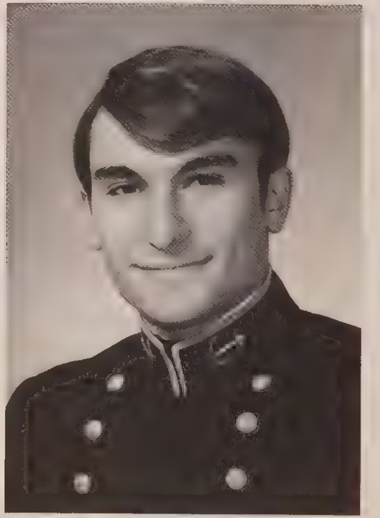
BRYAN KEITH LIVINGSTON

TONY G. MARTIN

HOME: Dothan, Alabama
AGE: 22
SERVICE SELECTION: Navy Air
ECA'S: Blondes, Honor REP, Backgammon, Banana, BFV Legal Officer
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Acquired Fiancée, New Pencil Sharpener, and New Knee; Never Lost His Accent
BOOK: "THE DEFENSE NEVER RESTS" by F. Lee Bailey
QUOTE: "The honor concept will be strictly adhered to."
PROFILE: Sophisticated, Prefers Mature, Experienced Women. Helmet Size: 3.75 X 7.25

RANDALL AMES MASTERS

Home: Sewickley, Pa.
Age: 22
Service Selection: Navy Air
ECA's: Choir, Glee Club, Scuba, Demo Derby, Karate, 007 Club, BFV CAG
Accomplishments: La-X, Laverne & Shirley, Roommate's sister, two cases of beer 2/c year, Most Improved Player Award
Favorite Book: "How to . . . "
Favorite Quote: "Stall Spin Crash Burn"
"But the Book said . . . "
Profile: A man of many interests, Randy has dedicated massive amounts of time and energy to achieving his present QPR.
Helmet Size: 850 cc
Club: Thirty-four

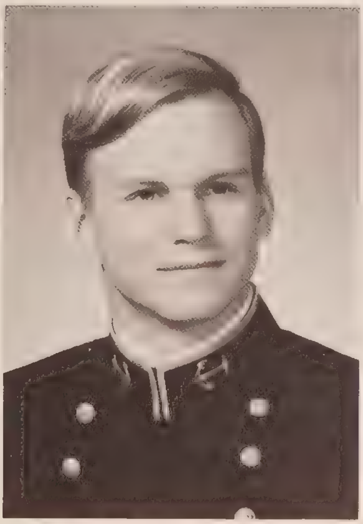


ARIS PETER METRAKOS

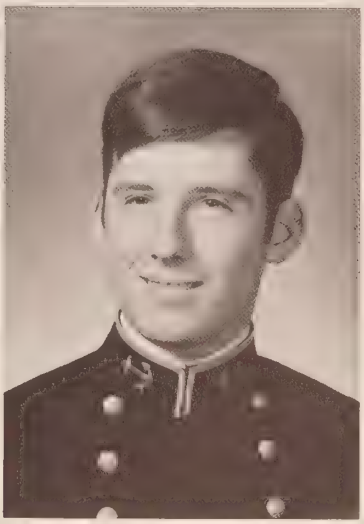
HOMETOWN: Milwaukee, Wisconsin
AGE: 21
SERVICE SELECTION: Navy Air
ECA'S/HOBBIES: TT Club, Owners' Box, Ice Capades, CDR Billy Look-Alike Club, BFV Absentee, Goat Herders of America.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Airborne, Mark Spitz Award, Academic Combacks, Rickover Mutant Society, concealing the hair on his toes from the rest of the World for 21 years.
BOOK: "The Hobbit"
QUOTE: "Is she your sister?"
PROFILE: Kind and benevolent; concern for others' feelings.
HELMET SIZE: 1E37, 1E37
CLUB: 34

Home: Parkville, Md.
AGE: 21 (soon)
Service Select: Navy Air
ECA's, Hobbies: Sustaining damage, BFV DCA, USNA Polar Bear Club, Civies Patrol, Going Home
Accomplishments: Swim Team, Water Polo, Making Friends, Getting Home
Favorite Book: "How to Win Friends and Influence People" by Dale Carnege
Favorite Quote: "Gee Dad . . . some of my best friends are named Moses."
Profile: Tall dark and handsome, little Bobby's rep as a woman killer grew, but what did he do with the bodies?
Helmet size: 1980 (cm)
Club: Thirty-four

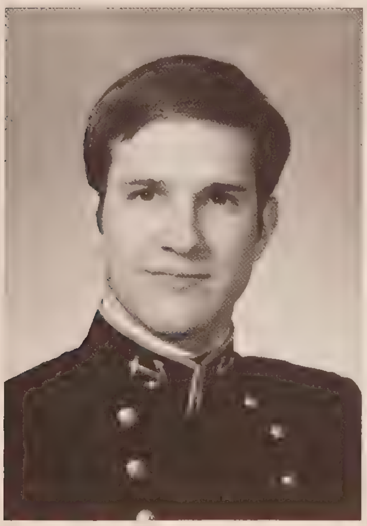
HOME: West Boylston, Massachusetts
AGE: 23
SERVICE SELECTION: Nuclear Power
ECA'S: Amateur Radio Club, Scuba Club, Flying Club, BFV
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Sailing, Special Sea and Anchor Detail, Back shaft regular, Napsten
FAVORITE BOOK: *Pumping Iron*
QUOTE: "What's that scraping noise?"
PROFILE: Thoughtful and hard working Herb joined Club 34 and touched all of our lives.
CLUB: 34



ROBERT EDWIN NOVAK, JR.



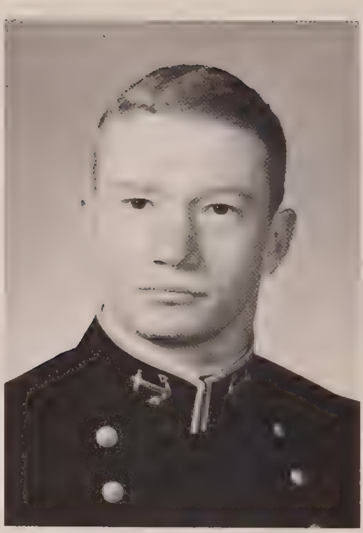
HERBERT J. NYBERG



KEVIN C. RAWSON

Home: Bethesda, Md. (outpatient)
Age: 22
Service Selection: Surface or Nuc Surface
ECA's: Gardening, coathanger rep., Drumb & Bugle Corps, Log Rep., Popular Concert Committee (operations), 1978 Lucky Bag Staff, Catholic Choir, BFV Human Goals Officer
Accomplishments: Yawl Instructor, winner of the Billy Kilmer lookalike contest
Book: "The Population Bomb" by Paul Evduan
Quote: "Is anybody Sitting here?"
Profile: Reserved and inconspicuous, K.C.'s hidden qualities were a surprise to all
Club: thirty-four

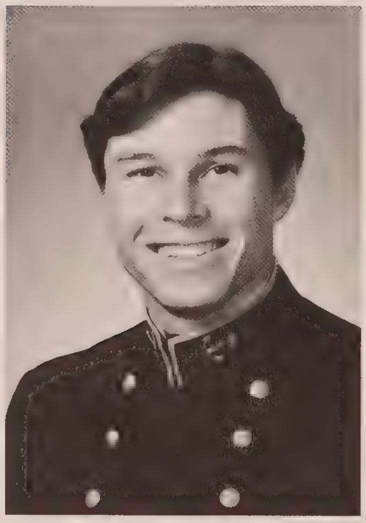
HOME: Shady Valley, Tennessee
AGE: 22
SERVICE SELECTION: USMC
ECAs/HOBBIES: TT Club, Owners Box, Ice Capades, Company Barber, BFV Fire Team Leader
BOOK: Frederick Forsythe: "THE DOGS OF WAR"
QUOTE: "HEY BOAAYYY"
PROFILE: Calm, sensitive, and introverted. Who could have guessed Pogo was the campus director for SDS? Helmet size 12 ounces.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Brigade Boxing finalist, jungle warfare school (cliff diving champion), Richard Petty Driving School Honorary Doctorate (cum laude).
CLUB: THIRTY-FOUR



RICK LEE REECE

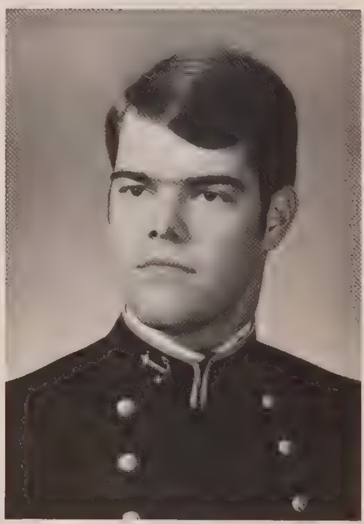
JAMES B. STALLINGS, JR.

Home: Raleigh, N.C.
Age: 23
Service Selection: USMC
ECA's: Airborne, Big Brothers, Semper Fi, Jump Club, BFV Mission Commander.
Accomplishments: Jungle Warfare School, Jump School, Green Beret, Co. Cdr, LT Parks' favorite houseguest, Parade Rest Rep.
Book: "Marine" by Chesty Puller
Quote: "It's not the size of the ship, it's the motion of the ocean"
Profile: Frustrated mercenary and revolutionary jungle fighter, Jim came to us from the swamps of North Carolina to the swamps of Panama.
Club: THIRTY FOUR
Helmet size: 11 ⅞



JOHN B. STURGES

Home: Los Altos, California
Age: 23
Service Selection: Navy Air
ECA's: Owner's Box, Ice Capades, TT Club, Dorkish translater, BFV hair boss
Accomplishments: football, C.O.D., 2 USNA interception records, All-East, All-American, straightening his arms, Dork trainer (Olympic Class)
Book: Sports Illustrated
Quote: "He says . . . "
Profile: VOUTSPOKEN AND PROFESSIONALLY ORIENTED, John's dislike for television is well known, enjoys soft music, once attended formation.
Helmet size: Gold with a bird cage
Club: Thirty-four



PAUL K. SUSALLA

Home: Sanford, Michigan
Age: 22
Service Selection: Surface Warfare
ECA's: Redheads, P.L.O. (Polish Liberation Organization) Backgammon, Army party Rep, B.F.V., B.F.P.
Accomplishments: Co. Cdr Plebe summer, King of company sports, master of finance.
Book: TV Guide
Quote: "We seem to be $60 short, if everyone would just chip in . . . "
Profile: This waspish midshipman, spent 4 long years avoiding the wardroom. His studious attitude kept him going through the long winter nights.
Helmet size: 10
Club: Thirty-four!

Home: Flood City, Pa.
Age: 21
Service Selection: Navy Nuclear Propulsion Program
ECA's: choir, scuba, President — distance running club, BFV support officer
Accomplishments: Juggling oranges, girls, roommate, Boston Marathon, M.E.: no effort, Bing Crosby lookalike contest winner.
Quote: "I'm Company Commander next set!"
Book: Runner's World.
Profile: Flip's aloof manner and hair-trigger temper made him the company exile until he "Found it."
Helmet Size: 26 miles, 385 yards
Club: Thirty-four

HOME: 76 Green Chevette
PROFESSION: Drinking
HOBBY: Studying
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: The Gospel According to Kou
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Eileen
QUOTE: #$%&" if they let you and if they don't #$%&"
PROFILE: Phil came to USNA a tee-totalling pencilneck with visions of NUKE POWER from COAL MINE 33, Pa. After three years of intensive care and training Phil poured into first class year as one of the boys. Good luck Phil in the Corps.

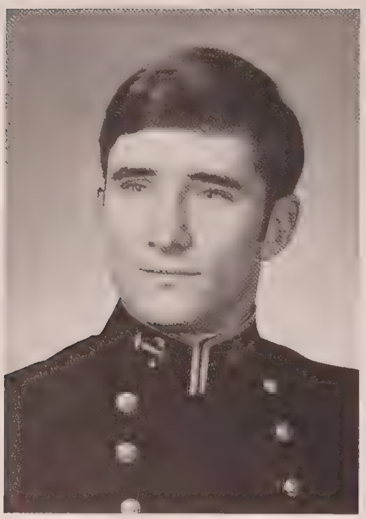
DAVID S. WILSON

PHILLIP J. WIECEK

RRIN WAYNE YOUNG

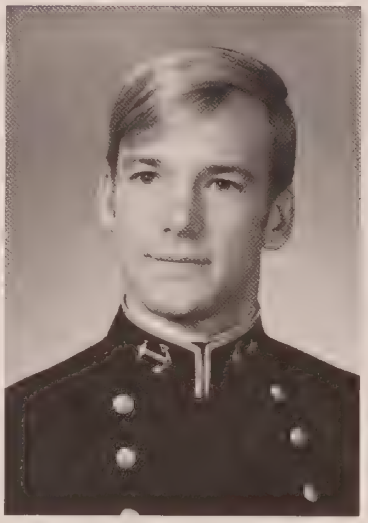
HOME: Jacksonville, Florida
AGE: 21
SERVICE SELECTION: Heads — 2, Tails — 1; **SURFACE**
ECA's: Black Studies Club, Chess Club, Parachute Club, Backgammon, BFV Liquid Cargo Officer.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Airborne Qualified, Boxing, Class Treasurer — '75/'76, Company and Regimental "Fine'em and Assign'em"
BOOK: "The Story of O"
QUOTE: "Very Well"
PROFILE: After receiving a Presidential Appointment through a Navy Father who served as a Bancroft steward in the late fifties, Wayne, being easygoing and at the same time tactful, decided to hang loose, roll with the punches, and let destiny lead the way.

35th Company



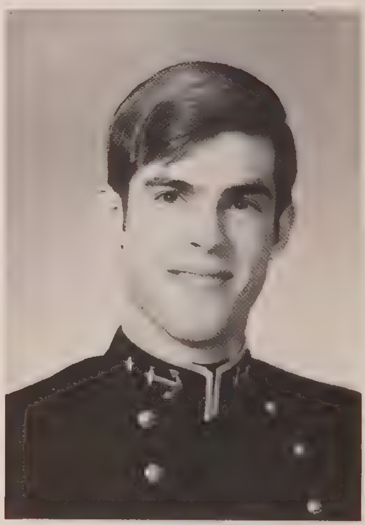
JOHN RICHARD BENSON

Rich came to USNA after a year in preparation at NAPS. Upon his arrival Rico was quick to establish himself as a member of the gymnastic team, but had a difficult time making the academic squad. After a try at being an oceanographer, Rico decided that being an applied physcist wouldn't be bad. So it was "Phy-Sci, Qpr-High" for Rich. Rico was forced to maintain a shy and unassuming manner because of the problem he had of attracting gals when he didn't. As a winner of the Iron Mid award second class summer, Rich proved that you don't have to be big to be tough. Despite his low profile and his economical car, Rich had a big heart for people and his Lord. And although he would rather stick around and feed home-made cookies to his plebes it's off to Navy Air for Rich. God bless, bud.



ROBLEY JAMES BLANDFORD

Young Robley Blandford, hailing almost any place in the world you can imagine but most recently from Charleston, blew into the Boat School from the mysterious Far East . . . and has had us in total amazement ever since. Plebe year was a bag, but one dark night should have warned us of things to come when a certain alumnus tried to rally our hero and shame into coming down from the hall to drink with him. Robley abstained but this was the last time he would. Youngster year changed Rob into the best drinking, carousing, womanizing hound that Crabtown has ever seen. We will not soon forget that the C.H. in hot pursuit stopped at nothing. And who will forget the masterful performance at Army 2/c year when he introduced us all to the real reason we take so many swimming classes at Navy. Yes, give this man a bottle and a skirt to chase and there is no telling where it might lead him.



MARTIN EDWARD BUSHIKA

Marty "Bohica", the man with the plan. Work hard and play hard, but not necessarily in that order. Bush discovered early that beautiful girls were placed on this earth to spend his time and money in huge quantities, while gaining little results with them. As a EE major Marty easily established input potential with the girls and found a common wavelength, but just prior to resonant frequency he would overcharge a capacitor and short circuit — farewell to another young lovely. MIT was not good enough for this North Adams, Mass. boy; he opted instead for a 3.75 at Navy. This 'true grit' can be found at the library as the Beatles put it, "eight days a week." Also, he managed to put some time in at the gym attempting to bulk up — Marty have the girls noticed yet? Well, Bushky, we are thankful you are going to Uncle Hymie's underwater kindergarten so you can bore all the nuke pukes with your story about how Stevie Nicks kissed you. Hope your reactors stay critical.

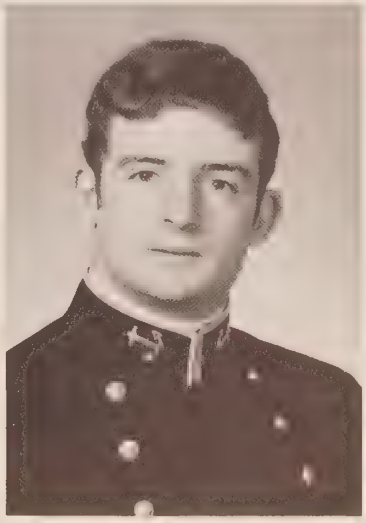
After a year at Mt. Herman Prep, Peter found himself in Bancroft Hall and was well into 3/c year before he realized where he was. After running cross country plebe year Pete stayed with sailing for the duration. Academically Fang had no real problems except with probs and stats and EE, which he liked so well that he took them both twice. There was something unique about Fang in that he was a quadruple threat academic, conduct, aptitude, and honor boards . . . all in one year. For this accomplishment he received a transfer to 35th Co. to help out with their performance cases. Being a regular Boston guy, Pete could always be counted on to help a friend. Always in a humorous mood, Fang had no difficulties adjusting to the demands placed on him by his Superiors. With the madness Tubba experienced in the past four years he is definitely an outstanding prospect for CNO. May the Star of David shadow his every step.

PETER S. CRAIG

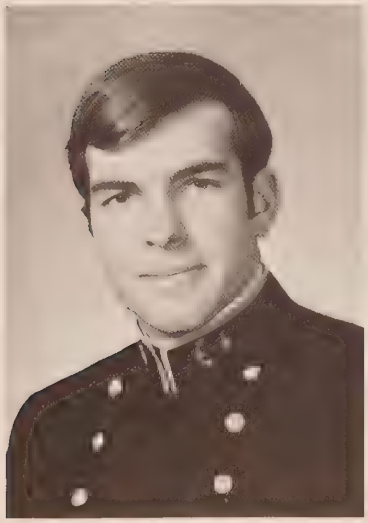
Upon his landing at USNA, Corey quickly earned his nickname. Coming in as a home grown mama's boy from the previously unrenowned town of Coos Bay, Oregon, he tried to put it on the map with his exceptionally bold antics. The upperclass were amazed, but meek and mild mannered Corey was still our hero. Seemingly the quiet type, in a blaze of glory he shot down one of our favorite segundos with a first degree splash of the lacteal fluid extracted from the female of the bovine species. He aspired to bigger and better things youngster year. We remember his attack for Miss Lenny, a poor unsuspecting Georgetown waitress. Second class year he set a record for receiving self-inflicted injuries on the same day two years in a row. Our Aerospace airhead became a nuclear motorhead and received his subsonic flying quals with an 85 mph (make it 120?) pap. Taking Harry for a joyride? He's your baby now, Hymie. Good Luck.

COREY DEAN ESKEW

Joe was born on 24 May, 1956 at the Philadelphia hospital and two years later decided that USNA was the place for him. Out of a small New Jersey high school Joe wanted to play football for Navy. Most of his fall semesters were occupied running into people slightly larger than he, but he didn't complain because it turned out he had the best offensive line ever to play at USNA to run behind his senior year. It would suffice to say he enjoyed the game and it was good to him. His enthusiasm for the school itself slightly overshadowed his enthusiasm for the library. (There are greater sins.) After the big day in June, Joe would like to see the inside of a cockpit quickly and often. He would like to express his regards to the oldest pilot of them all for just about everything.



JOSEPH A. GATTUSO

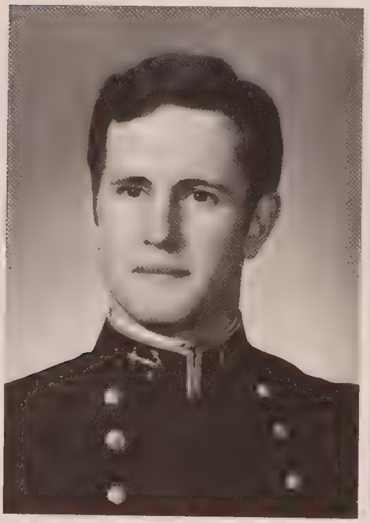


TIMOTHY P. GOLDEN

So famous was Bellmore that they named his hometown after him, tucked it in between Bellmore Rd. and Bellmore Ave., and put a copy of the BELLMORE LIFE in every mailbox. Came to Navy to repair some of the damage done by his flaming 4-striper brother and made some progress in the dereliction movement. Forsook a promising Duffball career to save his weekends. Bravely fought strong pencil-neck tendencies by spending as much time as possible on the road home to N.Y. and Carol on the endless search for Yankee games and James Taylor concerts. Occassionally known to pack up his accordion in the Bird and make some coin playing gigs on the Wedding — Bar Mitzvah circuit. Survived the traumatic loss of a three year roommate, the great Mexican guru to simoltaneous Ac and Honor board frame-ups. Rumored to be tight with a buck, he was really a secret contributor to the home for wayward Aggies. Looks like June Week wedding and on to the fleet. As Carly might have said, "Bellmore your the best."

Underwater and all wet is the way Gary likes it. For him the perfect weekend is spent driving 400 miles to some old rock quarry or something to go diving. Especially if it was frozen. Of course everything goes better with a little Sause along. Wedding bells have been tolling since first class summer. We think the detail weakened his resolve. Washington, Pa., is his old stomping ground or was till the citizens shipped him out. Oceanography tamed him down a little but don't think he lost any liberty, especially three striper liberty, over it. It must be added that the debate team lost a real champ without Flash to yell for them. Right or wrong he put up a great argument. Bon Voyage, Gary.

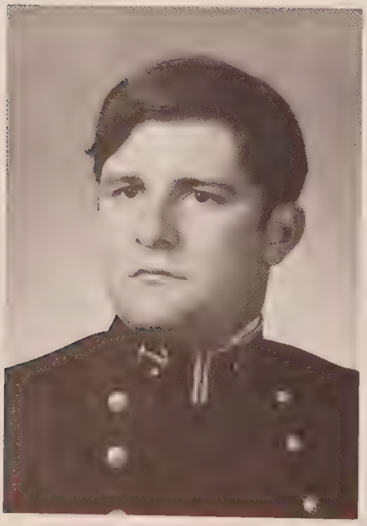
One of the boys, Jeff came to us from Washington & Lee after deciding that Med School wasn't likely. Initially an athlete, playing Joe Duffball, he has since joined the ranks of frustrated jocks playing Co. sports. Never one to take anything lightly, he Q.B.'ed the Andy Bushak Memorial Heavies Team and is known to have socked a baseball over Farragut field lights. Since youngster year he has shown us that thru rigorous training in the rack, chow packages from Mom and seconds at meals anyone can get "HEAVY" at Navy. Crash felt that two years at real college exempted him from studying leaving plenty of spare time in the rack and hence his nickname. How can we ever forget his daring exploits in Dahlgren on Saturdays, his Blackbird and those endless weekend trecks to Reading, Pa. Planning to take his best option and go for the fun, sun and girls in P-cola we're sure he will do well but, let's just see how long he can stay single after Graduation.



GARY LEE GORDON

JEFFREY KNAUER

Rick came north from P-cola and beautiful beaches to be confronted with academics and the frigid cold weather of Annapolis. Since he decided not to worry about studying, he was never seen with any reading material except for various mags or the T.V. guide. For four years, he has been waiting to return home to sunshine, Pearl Beer, and bronzed skin women. As he vows never to leave the south again, his return to P-cola and flight school will be welcomed by all.



RICHARD EDWARD JESMONTH

MARK VERNER LINDSTROM

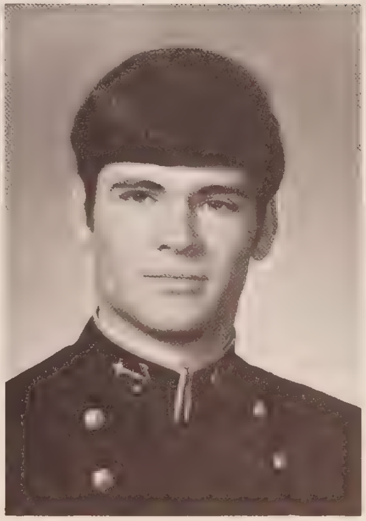
Vern, a native New Yorker has been famous over the years for his easy going attitude and ability to take advantage of any situation given half the chance. A.M.F. Voit as he is sometimes known, has been working on his quals for Recreation Officer on Diego Carcia. He now owns more sporting goods equipment than special services, everything from skiis to surfboards. Now a Floridian, he has furthered his quest to retire as a beach bum after his career or indentured servitude, whichever ends first. After June, it's two surface years in Jax, and then flight school and NFO in P-cola.

RICHARD JOHN MOONEY

Mooney arrived from San Diego, Ca., took one look at the weather and had a coronary on the spot. During the summer he received a one week vacation and Dr. Brant's initials on his knee. Plebe year taught him that he wasn't the only person that could speak German and decided that engineering was the place to be. He was wrong. Youngster year (as well as 2nd) found him either trying to study or trying to forget about studying at Dahlgren at a $1.65 per shot. A dye-in-the-wool misogimyst, he broke his fast during Firstie summer and swears never again (class of 73, Moonpie?). WRNV provided a great spot to hide. After two years time he rose to Asst. Station Manager and hasn't done anything since. The cheapo-cheapo is losing both channels now. The Pit is trying to fight his way into Nuke Power, but will probably become a Master Chief.

THOMAS ORVILLE O'BRYANT

Characterized by majestic hearing apparatus, Toob brought along a toothy grin and a southern drawl from sweet home Alabama, Huntsville, Alabama that is. Destined to be an Ocean Engineer, rocket (Reed) problems forced him to take a more General view of life. The outdoorsman spent his first years taming wild animals; but the tamer became the tamee as a lovely princess entered his forest. A letter a day makes the twinkle in his eye stay — any bets lately with Holly? We discovered first Class year that "beanpoles" are susceptible to breaking as he attempted a double twist flip during the first play of an intramural b-ball match. His poor friends have done more suffering than he listening to him complain. No matter how much he changes we will always recognize this true friend. Good luck Tommy.



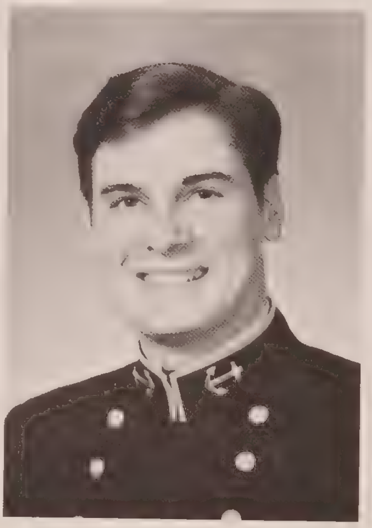
DAVID KEVIN OWEN

Our man Deke from Battle Creek, arrived with one girl and left with another, having "passed" through unlucky 13 in between. "Have a good time" and "Don't sweat the small stuff" were his guiding lights through the reefs and shoals of a 4-year USNA career. How he and Bob Pierce ever lost the car in the Field House parking lot after a wild night second class year is beyond us — more small stuff! He managed to pull above a 3.00 cumulative, but certainly not with any loss of libs. He lettered in conduct earning his Black N youngster year. A better than average athlete, Duck has shown his skill on and off the tennis court, taking his lessons from Fish-Bud, in search of "carry over" sports. These skills should serve him well in his future endeavors — eh Julie? Deker is used to those long cold Michigan nights, but chances are that Pensacola sunshine won't slow him down as he embarks on his career as a NFO. Good luck, Don!

Once upon a time our Little Napolean traversed 3000 miles from sunny San Jose to capture the great walls of the Naval Academy. We must say that he has succeeded. His often embattled frame has survived the tortures of swimming, the blisters of sit-ups, and deadly 6:30 mile runs. His academic prowess has enabled him to conquer most academic frontiers with few casualties. In fact, he has risen to Trident Scholar status between bouts with the pad monster. In search of the heroine of his life, this romantic GIANT has swooned many fair maidens, young, younger, and youngest alike. Through it all, the XO has always emerged a winner in his own mind awaiting his final encounter with MISS RIGHT at Waterloo. The future frontier for his next war game is Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, where his new opponents will be Hula girls in grass skirts, and his favorite weapon a lawn mower. A fitting assignment for this dynamic Eyetie. Good luck on assembling your army to conquer Waikiki!

DENNIS M. PRICOLO

Affectionately called "the great white whale" by his friends, Dick came to Canoe U. in July from Friendship, Maryland, weighing only 165 lbs. He sweated the place so much that by November he was "slim and trim, at a thin two ten (lbs.)!" He enjoys expensive clothes, and fast, foreign cars and women (was that said correctly?!). That is, women plural until Olga! As a varsity sabre fencer, he's swashed buckles from the Eastern's to the National's. Dick's biggest hobbies are fishing, and teaching Roger how to hunt! He became active in the Sportsman's Club his plebe year, and eventually became vice-president, and then president. His main ambitions are: Olga; a collection of Duesenbergs; and a large farm in the country (he's a farmboy at heart!). So far, he's been thinking of going Marines (. . . and Nuc Power, and P-3's, and . . . !). Whatever it is, SMOKE 'EM, DICK!!!



ROBERT EDWIN RICHARDS JR.

Zorba the Greek has always been a ladies man — too bad Dorothy Hamill never had the pleasure of his acquaintance. The Minnesota gentleman bebopped to Canoe U. via land since his rubber duck swam better than he did. Throughout his career as a mid he never lost the gut feeling he experienced when he first glanced into the depths of the learners pool plebe year. Often resembling Snoopy as he leaped and bounded in the air, "bright eyes" could make even Doc glow with radiance. Typical of math majors, the tightwad bought a big beautiful car with a rinky-dink V-6. We love the clown though, and even nominated him for company cutie in his flowing laundry bag. Someday in the near future we expect a wild voluptuous Grecian queen to brighten up the life of this aspiring nuclear power candidate.

STEVEN JOSEPH STAMOS

Marty came to this esteemed institution from wild and wooley Washington State and spent four years trying to indoctrinate the whole East Coast on the virtues of Spokane, Washington . . . (God's Country, as he puts it). Having hardly ever spent a weekend in the hall as an upperclass, Marty could often be seen escaping Annapolis for the mountains or his girl's house in his Triumph sports car which was always a "convenient" distance from the Hall during Youngster and Segundo years. Amazingly enough, he is one of the few guys that managed to keep a girlfriend during the long four years here . . . and 3000 miles away, at that! Marty was a yawl skipper, too and was known for having a fast, but extremely fun ship. He came here planning to fly off the deck of a carrier, but now has seen the green and is off to Quantico, then Pensacola where he'll marry his first love and fly his second.

Somehow life comes easy to Bob, and he takes things quite in stride, being very competent in just about any endeavor he applies himself to. "Voter" has borne that quality throughout his four years here at USNA. Coming into the world by way of Denville, NJ on 27 August, 1955, he came to Annapolis from Orange Park, Florida where he's spent the majority of his wonder bread years sunning, surfing, working out with his springs, and generally breaking all the girl's hearts. With nary a hair out of place, "Hollywood" took well to the academics while finding some time for a few sets of tennis or rolling a few balls for the company league. His one great accomplishment has been his ability to convince one of the most beautiful girls in Florida to marry him upon graduation. Good luck "Boberino" . . . here's to Navy Air and a happy life. God bless.

WILLIAM MARTIN THAMM

ROBERT A. VOGT

From St. Cloud, Minnesota, "Rog the Dodge" came to the Naval Academy Country Club with tennis raquet and swim suit in hand, and became one of those rare individuals with enough time between academics to use them! He majored in Electrical Engineering, which has been his favorite hobby ever since he electrocuted his 2nd grade teacher! His many other hobbies include ice skating, fishing, and teaching Dick how to hunt! Rog is quite the do-it-yourselfer; he makes his own archery and fishing equipment, and has a collection of tools so complete, he often becomes the company tool box! (He also builds compact metal boxes with lots of wires, diodes, coils, rectifiers and other weird gizmos inside . . . the boxes don't do anything . . . he just builds them! Rog decided to become a hard core Nuc when he found out he validated the "predunking test" when he fell off the knock-about! With Roger's professionalism and dedication, he should go very far. To a good guy . . . GOOD LUCK!!

MARYLAND
S35924

ROGERT DWIGHT WATKINS

36th Company

JAMES MCLEOD CARR, III

James McLeod Carr, our Jimmy, came to us hard on the heels of a love affair with the Colorado Rockies. Although he never planned to stay past the first week, Plebe Summer proved to be such fun that Jimbo decided to stay in for the duration. Plebe year Army-Navy saw him become one of three Knights of the Clanking Belt Buckle. Late night strolls on 14th St. proved his ability to handle trying social situations. Little sis going to Mary Wash gained her plenty of dates and a brother-in-law for Jim. His inability to effectively hide a flashing grin or a warm personality earned Jim the dubious nickname of "Button" and the enduring friendship of us all. While spending more time lending an open ear to classmates and looking for regs to break than he did with studies, Jim managed to keep his grades high. Most important, though, he has earned our respect and confidence of his continued success in the years to come.

"Buck" is what most folks call the "blond bomber" from San Diego, California. Following the footsteps of his older brother Pat and setting the pace for his younger brother Thomas, he strode into the Halls of Enchantment with confidence and his stride hasn't slackened yet. Buck's ready smile has won him many friends and his professionalism has gained him the respect of all who know him. Whether his future will show him the wonders of the Nuclear Navy or the more down-to-earth environs of the Marine Corps, Buck's winning ways will earn him success in all that he does.

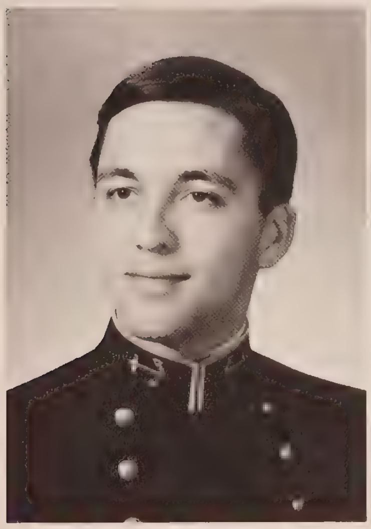
EARL M. CONNALLY

Every Midshipman plays some role in molding his company's common personality. Matt has certainly contributed more than his fair share to ours. When he wasn't cruising up Route 2 toward his sponser's home he was usually pursuing some romantic interest, although not necessarily successfully. Matt undoubtedly spent more hours composing letters to young ladies than on all of his oceanography projects combined. After learning to fly P-3's and perhaps even ending his bachelor lifestyle we can expect a brilliant, if not lengthy, career from this southern gentleman.

MATTHEW G. DURANSKE

ROBERT J. ENGEL

Bob earned our fond respect and admiration with his own inimitable style that he brought with him from the boonies outside Philly. Living life to the fullest at the academy (in the short interval between weekends) he always followed the philosophies: "you only live once and grab for all the gusto". Consequently, Bob tackled several adventurous assignments in Buzzy's with the Black "N"ers good times with Maz and the boys, and assorted Dahlgren adventures. We could always count on something up his sleeve, from quarterbacking the lightweights to planning raids on Army. Bob has been steadily working his way to Surface Line from plebe year marching and academic prowess to nightly dart games and marathon calls to B-More. We are all looking forward to seeing that familiar grin and hearing that distinctive laugh in the fleet for years to come.



JAMES DAVID GAFFORD

Jim came to the Naval Academy convinced that Navy Air was the only service selection and proceeded to validate most of Plebe academics. He then found he wasn't satisfied with one major. Even two majors couldn't occupy all his time, so he found other diversions. The Glee Club, Chapel Choir, D&B, and Log all granted him weekends as a Plebe and extra ones as an upperclass. Jim never met a girl on Glee Club tour he didn't like. His days began by arising in time to make first period and catch more z's. He spent his afternoons either at ECA's or impersonating an athlete at intramurals. His evenings were spent building model airplanes until the Late Show came on. He would then Rack until the cycle could start again while his calculator recharged. No one knows how he kept his grades up, but it's rumored he talked the computer into doing all his homework. Being the only one able to talk back to the computer, Jim programmed himself into a Brigade staff job. First class year brought the poor man's van and no formations, but even the computer couldn't get three.

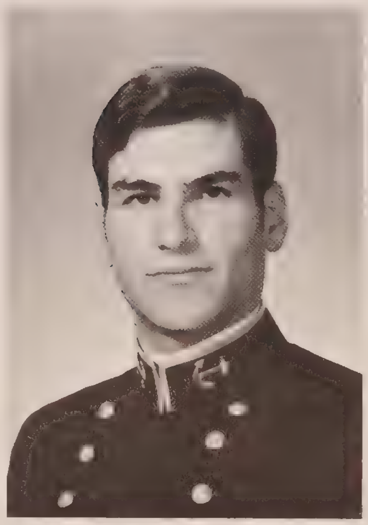
FREDERICK A. GRAF

Fred arrived at Navy from sunny California with briefcase and black glasses already donned. After surviving Plebe Year with "Boo Boo", Fred realized his mistake and then made an even bigger one by moving in with R-O for the remaining three years. Poor Paul. Poor Fred! Fred's more notable accomplishments include three years on the pistol team and an ability to make friends and pass potatoes that no ordinary mortal could possess. He was a great driver too, just ask Reni. If there was one thing Fred could do well it was impress people. He impressed Bud so much that after Fred informed Bud he was a "professional manager of violence" Bud informed Fred he was an aptitude case. After four years of Marine Engineering we are sure Fred will do well as a Nuc submariner. Good luck Fred, fair winds and following seas forever.

WALTER HABERLAND

Walt came sailing into USNA from sunny California on visions of traditions and hopes of learning. Then came plebe year and visions of rates filled his head, and left his hopes floundering. Somehow his efforts got him a respectable position in the class both in academics and among his classmates. Known for his diligent studying and desire to excel, it appears nuclear power will be one long all nighter. A serious professional is definitely the best description for Walt, along with his high standards and devoted loyalty. What more could one ask for, except his cheerful disposition and for only those he knows, his singing. There is no doubt among those he knows that submariners will have at least one hot driver among them.

Scott was probably the only guy in the class to walk in from home on I-Day. Living outside Gate 3, or Gate O as the case might have been, had its advantages, like civies and driving in town Youngster year. His folks always had room for drags on the weekends, which beat walking to Perry Circle. Following in his brother's footsteps, Scott started with the M.E. Department, only to discover that being an auto mechanic has nothing to do with Mechanical Engineering. So to repair his foundering love affair with the Jag, he switched to General Engineering. The Jag for three years mercilessly henpecked him until at last on Friday afternoons a red blur could be seen leaving a garage on Captains' Row. Seeking to avoid answering car questions, Scott hid from the car club for three years, only to become its president. Two outstanding car shows and much work with the Car Committee have set up future Mids to reap the benefits of car deals without getting "bricked". Scott goes to join the Surface Fleet which needs people who understand things mechanical.



SCOTT ELLSWORTH HOFFMAN

Norfolk Academy to Naval Academy . . . plebe wrestling . . . Who won the Notre Dame game? . . . Who cares? . . . Just a start! . . . boozing in Eastport . . . Christmas . . . not a good present . . . Youngster Cruise . . . Halifax . . . black eye . . . dummy in Deke's office . . . kitchen table . . . pulling Azelias in Norfolk . . . St. John's . . . worn out . . . summer fun . . . Do you like horses? . . . Army . . . after only 6 hours? . . . Georgetown . . . driving in Durham . . . Yellow Cab . . . "I just smashed my Z!" . . . Starboard Battalion! . . . Summer chases . . . Summer captures . . . blue lights . . . Looking for the right one! If you ever get to the top, look Bryan up; he'll be there.

CHARLES BRYAN HUNTER, JR.

Granted, Rick did start off kind of slow; (just ask the Gools), and this is not to say that he ever picked up the pace; (just ask Coach Lenz), but one thing is definite, Rick is sure and steady. I never knew Rick not to finish anything he wanted to do . . . be it a chow package, a dart game, a TV movie, or just a good book;Rick got things done! He was our one and only "W.J." which doesn't mean that he was a man without direction. Oh no, Rick always knew where he was going; whether it was to class, to bed, or straight for the triple 20's. It took him a long time, but Rick finally sung and danced his way into all of our hearts. We always thought Rick was a very lucky guy. He always did great in class, and God only knows the "bennies" this guy got . . . but in the long run, I don't know who was the luckiest, us for having Rick as a classmate, or Jackie for having him forever!

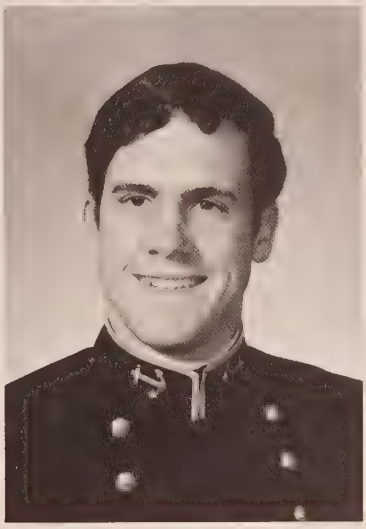
RICHARD LOWELL

JOHN MARRINUCCI

The "NOOCH". What else can you say? He came to USNA from a small town near Boston called Walpole (or is it Wophole) to be a pilot, and now it looks like the nukes have him. But who knows, even he doesn't. It doesn't matter though. In his 4 years here he's earned and he got everything he wanted. John played varsity soccer for 3 years on top of excelling in the classrooms. He takes life easy and can party with the best. He's no different when it comes to girls either. From local townies to Hood girls to a politician's daughter, John's not biased (his favorite is his gramma anyway). Vodka and his vette (Hey, cabbie!) are his pets. So from the land of Aerosmith and Boston, John came to leave his mark on 36th Co. and the academy. Don't tell him sound waves are colorless. He would be the first to tell you that music is Deep Purple. Whatever his service selection is, the Navy is getting a hard worker, a good officer, and an excellent person.

WILLIAM R. MARTIN, JR.

Bill arrived at USNA Day Camp after a long flight from Rota Spain. Soon after the oath of office, Billy saw the light – while his classmates read Reef Points, Bill read "The Harrad Experiment. Ac year Bill placed himself on T-Tables, and . . . plebe year was gone! 3/c year saw Rota Rat with the Silver Streak, youngster tube, records, one roommate gone, another who injured him, and a management book. Dreaming of F-14s and NFO, Rota quickly learned to fly the rack, and soon became an All-American on the rack team. To the amazement of NAV-WEPS experts, Rota seeks the rack actively, semi-actively and passively with 100% accuracy. Bill leaves here without the Streak or Black Betty, but he still has Debbie. In his wake he is remembered as Disco Boy, wardroom fashion designer, founder-cinema 6th wing, Orange Crate co-pilot, Mr. Burger Run, Uncle Bill, and a room decorator whose work the Dant came to see. Those he leaves will be slow to forget his humor and personality. Bill, like his VISA card, should be accepted worldwide.



MICHAEL M. MOORE

Mas-o-menos sailed, sailed, and surfed his way to USNA from the sunny isle of Puerto Rico, where he quickly became immortalized for his infamous Naval Saying, "I'm not God, sir!" Should make Reef Points with Clarence. Aside from trying to maim and mutilate his roommate by choking, cutting, and slashing, his main activities at Canoe U included four years of Varsity Sailing, being the Captain of the Navy sailing team, Tonka driving, becoming a lifelong member of the Buzzy's Brigade, minoring in Naval Architecture while majoring in last minute all night gouge hunting sessions, and trying to convince himself that Nuclear Power is the way to go. The only midshipman ever to have a seatbelt on his chair, Mas has drifted his way into the hearts of his classmates and friends, and will remain in our thoughts and prayers wherever he pings.

ANDREW MICHAEL NIENHAUS

"Go West, young man," But Drew never was any good at directions. Taking a wrong turn at the Arch, Drew came from St. Louis to USNA. home of Disco Dogpen. Half-drowned from water polo and thus not responsible for his actions, Drew signed up to be a physics major. Many a reveille bell saw him still working the same problem he had begun the night before. He earned his coveted Navy black "N" plebe year for "just a sip" of the first of many warm Schaefers. But with the Green Machine, relief was just a short (to Vermont?) drive away. While other guys were taking short walks off the fourth deck ledges, Drew managed to cough up an easy NPQ. After all, anyone who swims 4000 yards a day and gets A's on the mile run is obviously unqualified to withstand the rigors of staring at a CIC scope for four hours – right, BUPERS? But have no fear, Drew, Pork Chop Line is Mighty Fine. Drew has become the friend of many and respected by all. Don't forget the Bird and Leroy. Do it up!

RENALDO PILI

Joining us in the summer of '74, Reny traded the sun and surf of So. Cal. for a rifle and a copy of Reef Points. Plebe year proved to be more than Reny counted on. Much to his amazement Reny found out early that the Navy wanted him to do things their way. Consequently he found himself marching off demos for drinking. Besides marching, Reny was occupied by a major operation in which the Navy literally scarred him for life. The years seemed to improve from there, or did they? Reny always had the full ride to UCLA in the back of his mind. Known for not liking the conservative East Coast chicks, Reny spent most of his time cruising in his van, listening to Bowie or giving trims. Reny, known better as Rufus to his friends, never sweated anything, taking things as they came. He will be long remembered for his easy going manner, dependability and of course his love for the West Coast! The Nuclear Navy is getting one of the academy's finest!

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

The Captain hails from the Southern town of Huntsville and soon found out that the word fried didn't mean chicken. Always the outgoing and friendly type, Jim managed to win the admiration and friendship of the first class when he decided to cut through 2/c alley and join them for some C.B. Needing something to wash those donuts down, Jim became a member of the Buzzy's brigade and was soon seen on the regular commute run from 6-2 to Main (O). Much to his disappointment plebe year ended and Jim was a new man. Bulk was soon hauling in one of the highest QPR's in the company and spent many hours helping his friends through Steam, Wires and Nav. During the week Jimbo helped the Batt. Football team to one of it's few winning seasons in ages. The weekends usually meant a 2 hr. endurance run to Mary Wash. or to one of the girls we never knew about. Knowing that an English major is the quickest way to Hyman's heart, Jim's going Nuke Power. If Jim's success here is a measure of what's to come, he's got it made.

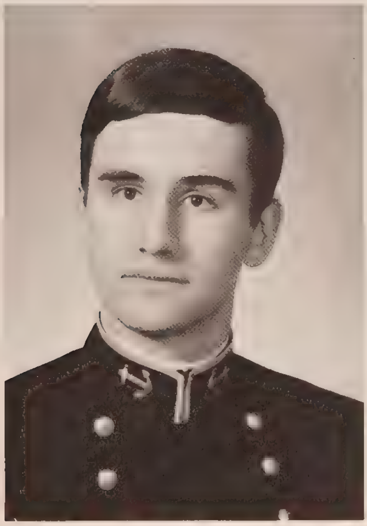
JAMES LEROY POINTER

More commonly known as the perfect mid or pencilneck (as shown by his stellar academic performance – 2.0?), Spike sailed to the Academy on twin aircraft carriers with the intention of becoming a nuclear powered helicopter pilot. Mountain-man Mike almost didn't last as a Mid; he decided to quit at least 50 times but each time decided to stay. Why not, there is no better place to – get this – an excellent education? I guess he couldn't do without our marathon joke – telling sessions during study hour and after taps. Torn between a Peterbuilt and a 340 'Cuda, Mike ended up getting a 68 Monaco, a 340 Challenger, and a 78 Camaro, all at the same time. I'd wager that he's one of the few Mids to own 3 cars, give most of his money to his girlfriend and still have enough money to buy 25 boxes of Pop-tarts a week! All-in-all, Mike is probably one of the most-liked, easygoing guys I've ever known.

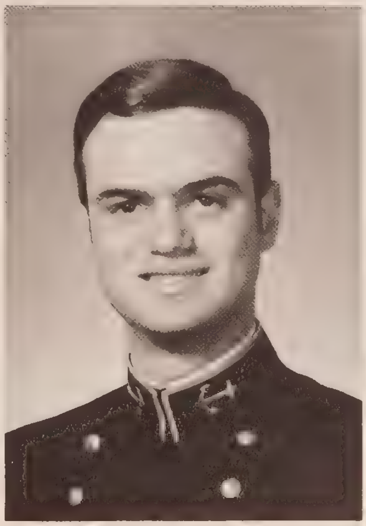
MIKE P. ROSS

From the beginning, Paul's interest in Navy Air was obvious and he is still remembered for his expert aircraft recognition Plebe Summer. "Ro" has managed to keep himself very busy the past four years with company sports, a year of varsity sailing, and a valiant effort at the javelin for Navy track. He still found time on the weekends for his eternal search for the "primo chick" and practice for the Indy 500 . . . on the Pennsylvania Turnpike! Paul's more memorable moments at the Academy include a very "drafty" P-rade for the Secretary of Defense and earning the well deserved title of "Sub-God" on Plebe Detail. We know that Paul's open, forthright personality has gained him lasting friendships and he certainly has a fine future ahead of him as a Naval Aviator.

Muk-loo, Coach Higgins, Bud . . . who is Ralph Scaffidi? Who knows? Scaf has his own unique personality, but it is often hard to distinguish it from the million or so people he imitates. Vibrant and friendly, R.P. would walk up to anyone and say "Hi, you don't know me but I thought it was about time that you did." "Whooooo??!!" Actually, Ralph loved Annapolis so much that he spent two Easters, two summers besides Plebe, and a Christmas here. Though he was fighting thru academia for four years, he made up for all the hard work by stepping out on the town with some high brass ladies. Rumor has it he's got a date with Amy in ten years. Ralph has lived his years here from dilemma to dilemma: roommates that never worked out (especially a neck-braced invalid bagger) and obstacles that never got scaled quite fast enough. "Funny Man" Scaffidi – 36's personal comedian, and also, "a personal friend of mine" to each of us. So, who is Ralph Scaffidi? Who knows? Who cares? (We all do bud, that's who).



PAUL ROSS



RALPH P. SCAFFIDI

DUANE DAVID SCHOON

Duane Schoon came to us from the corn fields of Manson, Iowa. It was the biggest thing that happened to that town since the indoor toilet. However, "Skooner" adjusted very quickly to the big "college" scene and with me as a roommate successfully yup-yup yoed it through an entire year. Only problem was he managed to get 3.0's and I only 2.0's. His most famous quote occurs around finals time: "Boy! I sure blew that test." However I've never known him to raise his QPR less than 0.5 when they're all over. Duaner performed many feats during these past four years to win our hearts. The most notable was his version of The National Anthem at the 1976 Army-Navy game. That's the only time I can remember nobody wanting to be around him. As a first class Duane got to play Dad to several lucky high school grads during plebe summer. (They loved him! His smile has always given him away!). So keep smilin' Duane and show the fleet what a true model mid can do.

Fresh from beautiful Beech High in Savannah Ga., USNA was taken off guard by the arrival of Mike . . . a 17 year old with a 6 year old spelling ability. Bull was the company jock who finally gave it all up first class year when he realized it was more fun running around on the weekends than running around the track. Famous for pulling "little Mikey's" on everyone, Mike enjoyed the close company of his friends. He could often be found in compromising positions while joking (?) or nadling. Easy going, full of sophistication, one of Mike's major dilemmas was "acquisition of the ladies." Between a rabbit on the overlook and an elephant backstage, Mike's best efforts were always fruitless and his greatest dreams were of a girl from years-gone-by. But Mike deserves better, and no doubt, he will carve his own path to glory . . . thru a successful career and a beautiful young lady by his side.

MICHAEL SEARS

DARRYL MARK SECORD

From out of the deep valley of the mountainous areas of the Pacific Northwest came the Wolfman. Our company's official wardroom rat, Darryl was often seen there, or in the frig, or in transit between the two. Starsky and Hutch would be proud of their #1 fan because Casper didn't miss too many shows. Besides being a capable athlete on the company teams, Darryl was a true student in his own right. He endeavored to gain an absolute mastery of such diverse fields as Naval Architecture, Physical Science, and the Nilsson ratings. Casper is also well read. His personal library would not be shamed in comparison with the Nimitz Library. During his first class year, Darryl's van took up much of his spare time, as he spent most of the fall fixing up the interior of his "Green Machine." Having been a former Nuc, Casper decided to visit the other two Navy communities, as his service selection is Navy Air with a Surface Line option. Keep on Truckin', Casper.

*MARK CHARLES
STRASSER*

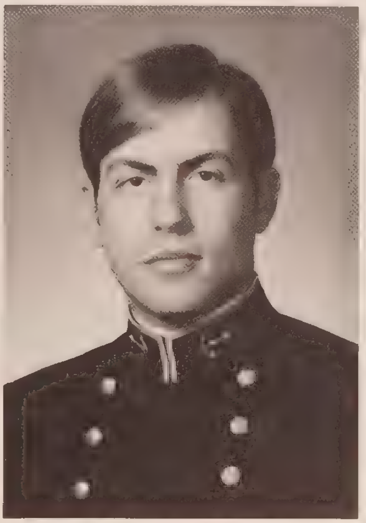
After majoring in tennis at Redwood High in California, Mark, racket in hand, flew east with athletics on his mind, only to find that Deke and Bud had other ideas for him. Never one to love books, Mark had a perfectly legit reason not to study – he didn't want to risk ruining his eyesight. After all, the Bird wants to fly. He's already managed to qualify at low altitude flying in both a Firebird and his silver-blue 'Vette, successfully eluding the dreaded radar. Winner of a fast serve contest, Boomer was always a gracious winner, and many's the opponent he left with an improved backhand and a desire for a rematch. Homesick for the California sun, Mark initiated many of us into the Cult of the Perfect Tan, with services held nightly on beautiful Blue Beach. With unparallelled professionalism and generosity, he once made a contribution which would ensure that the circular-file organizers could always have fresh-pressed trou. If his years here are any indication, Stras will quickly make his mark in the air community.

KIMBER JAMES TAGESON

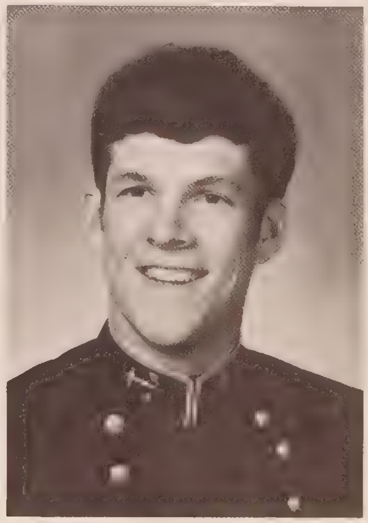
Kim drifted in from "small town" Michigan having graduated first in a class of 39 people. Plebe year started off pretty rough, giving rise to thoughts of packing it in. Thanks to a special firstie, Kim decided to stay with us and he began the long climb up the Nuc Power trail. Despite frequent cries of, "I don't want to be a Marine Engineer!", Kim excelled, building up a substantial QPR and giving a lot of free EI. Upperclass years at Navy have found Kim taking unprecedented interest in females, submarines, and his own spiritual life. Kim has come a long way in all facets of life since leaving high school, and is certain to go much further in years to come. Keep on smiling!!

Kurt came to the Academy with an excitement and enthusiasm that has not died in the four years he has spent here. Never believing in only half a job, he has been totally engrossed in a succession of exciting endeavors, from soccer to sailing to scuba. Always known for his social graces, we will never forget his clanking belt buckle at Army-Navy or his cheerful greeting: "Allons-y gaiement . . . " Kurt smoked through his four years, sweeping everyone away in athletics and academics, to say nothing of sweeping away any women that perchanced to be anywhere near. Kurt had women perfected to an art. Having settled down with a true masterpiece, he has decided to retire from the sport of women chasing. Thanks for leaving us a few Kurt. Having watched Kurt do consistantly well at anything he tried since we have known him, we are confident that he will be just as successful with anything he tackles in the years to come.

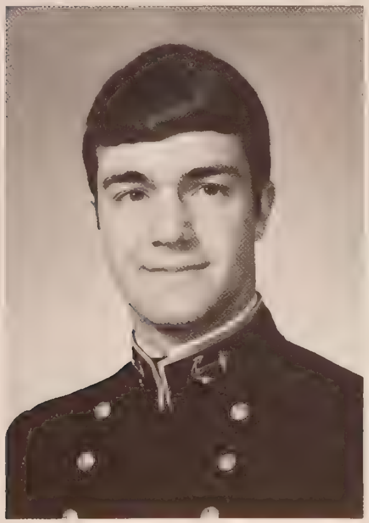
Tom Trudell better known to his friends as Tommy The Stick was a mysterious transplant from the Air Force with his initial sights on flying. He is best known for his unfailing source of zany ideas from electric mouse traps to extravagant experiments with carbide and his unshakeable devotion to a certain young lady his entire USNA career. His high QPR and one 4.0 semester did not take him above his classmates, although it may have helped his roommate who had a bad case of The One Five Three's. Even though he had his differences with people Tommy was well liked and who knows, he may even be a terrific nuke. The Brigade will be losing one of it's most creative people but the fleet will be gaining one of the best innovative officers USNA can send.



KURT WALTER TIDD



TOM CRAIG TRUDELL



LESTER ALAN WALLACE

Les, Wallet, one-five-three; Wally by any other name is still Wally. Wally came from twenty miles outside of nowhere, someplace in Ohio, and no one has yet to find it on a map. After a bad case of the one-five-three's youngster year, Les decided to grace Phi Sci with his presence, changing from Ocean Engineering. If Les had his way now, he'd be a day student at USNA, commuting from Mary Wash. where he's spent as much or more time than he has here. As long as no one looks at his grades, Les will have no problems in the fleet, and we all wish him the best of luck.

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